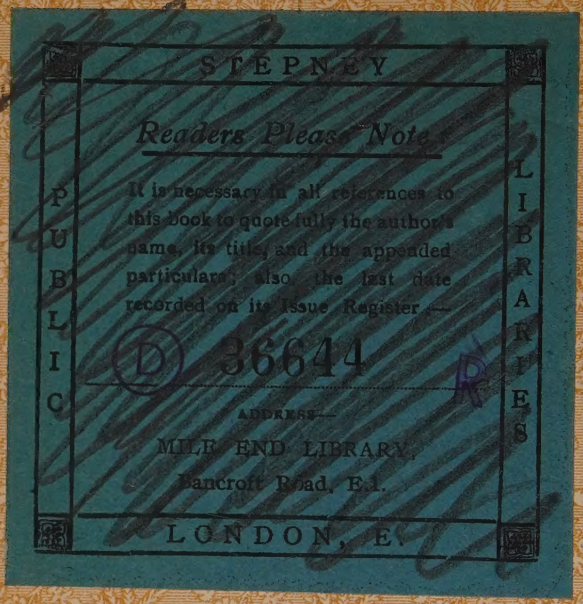
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THE LIFE

OF

GEORGE BRUMMELL, ESQ.

THE LIFE

OF

GEORGE BRUMMELL, ESQ

COMMONLY CALLED

BEAU BRUMMELL

BY

CAPTAIN JESSE

UNATTACHED

Author of "Notes of a Half-Pay in Search of Health," etc

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PREFACE.

PROTECTED by the example of the amiable author of "The Deserted Village," who did not consider the biography of Beau Nash too trifling a subject for his pen, and encouraged by some little success in a former attempt at authorship, I venture to take another shot at that target which still continues to be the object of my ambition—the approbation of those who read. The desire to please is not, however, always attended with success, for the very simple reason, that it is impossible to please everybody; and those who expect to find in the Life of George Brummell a delightful dish of scandal, will, no doubt, exclaim, "His shot has gone very wide of the mark." I could, it is true, have served up one so hot, that it would have shrivelled up the ears of the most inveterate lovers of it; but, to repeat the anecdotes I have heard the Beau relate, of the orgies of Carlton House, of tippling Dowagers, doating Ex-chancellors, shy Generals, and b——d Jewels, etc., etc., forms no part of my intention; and, even if it were desirable that Brummell's gossip on such subjects should be repeated, it would be impossible to vouch for its authenticity; for no one so delighted in mystifying and hoaxing people as he did, or could so readily find imaginary, and very plausible, proofs, when the truth of his fictions was assailed.

That he wrote some detached papers in the shape of reminiscences, there can be no doubt: many passages in his letters prove this. In the centre of his diminutive garden, under the ramparts at Calais, which he frequented a good deal during the summer months, there

was a small pavilion; and here, when the heat obliged him to lay aside his hoe or rake, he amused himself with his pen. The common-place book in which he inserted these memoranda was secured by a lock, and one of his great friends, who, in his way through Calais, occasionally spent a portion of the day with him in his retreat, informed me, that Brummell once drew his attention to the manuscript—calling it, "his book of life," and saying, as he turned carelessly over the leaves, "Here is a chapter on Carlton House; here one on Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince; this is devoted to Lady H——," etc. This book was in his possession at Caen, and, as it lay on his table, he sometimes pointed it out to his visitors, remarking, that it contained recollections of his own life, and descriptions of the gay world he had formerly lived in. Indeed, it appeared almost as if he kept a diary, for, dining one day at Mr. Villier's, he said to the lady of the house, "Mrs. Villiers, I was looking at my journal yesterday, and I see, that it was on this very day two years that I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance." These, and many other reasons, render it more than probable that Brummell not only recorded the events of his past life, but also of each day, or perhaps week. Nothing, however, has been heard of these papers since his death; perhaps they were destroyed by him when imbecility had set the seal of unconsciousness upon his actions, or he may have delivered them up, for a pecuniary consideration, to those who were most interested in obtaining possession of them. It is, however, a highly honourable trait in his character, that he did not, amidst all his troubles and difficulties, publish them for his own benefit. When in jail at Caen for debt, he said to Monsieur Godefroi, one of his fellow-prisoners, "I have letters of the Royal family, of Lord Byron, and others, the sale of which would produce me more than sufficient to pay my debts; but I will not part with them, for I should compromise several families." Mr. Leleux, his landlord at Calais, also informed me, that a London publisher had offered his lodger a thousand pounds if he would give up his memoirs.

"When this proposition was made to Mr. Brummell," said Mr. Leleux, "he was in great distress, and I frequently asked him why he did not accept it? To this he usually made some frivolous excuse; but on one occasion, when pressed hard for his real reason, he said, 'I promised the Duchess of York that I would not publish any notes of mine during the life-time of George the Fourth or his brothers; and I am under so many obligations to her, and have such a deep respect for her generous and amiable conduct to me in our early friendship, and since, that I would rather go to jail than forfeit my word. She is the only link that binds me in this matter.'" At Brummell's death several packets of letters, tied up with different coloured ribbons, and carefully numbered, a miniature, a silver shaving-dish, a gold ring, and a few silver spoons were found in a trunk at the hotel. The miniature and letters were taken possession of by the vice-consul, and the remaining effects by the landlord, in liquidation of an account which had only been partially cancelled. This person said, that in the same parcel with the letters was another, containing a great many locks of hair. They were each of them in a separate envelope, and, on the outside of one, in Brummell's hand-writing, was the following remark:—"Lady W——, la femme la plus coquette du monde." From the foregoing remarks, therefore, the reader will understand that, with the exception of his letters, and the poetry taken from his album, I was not assisted in the compilation of this memoir by any papers left by Brummell, nor by any obtained from his family (to whom I applied), for they had none to give me, but by information which I collected from various sources. Amongst the numerous attempts that have been made in the novels of the day to delineate Brummell's character, Trebeck, in Granby, was the only one that he considered successful. I once heard him say, "Lister must have known those who were intimate with me:" from this clever and entertaining book I have made one or two extracts. The principal portion of the materials, however, from which the sketch of his early career has been drawn, was procured from friends who

were intimate with him. The description of the last years of his life is the result of my own observations, and that of those who were constantly about him. To them, and to those noblemen and gentlemen who were kind enough to reply to my inquiries, I beg to return my acknowledgments; and in conclusion I have merely to add, that whatever imperfections the work may have, whether as to the choice of subject, the style, or execution, I have carefully refrained from any attempt to enliven it by the introduction of anecdotes, which, though witty and amusing, would have wounded the feelings of others. In this, at least, I trust I have not failed.

W. J.

Junior United Service Club,
March, 1844.

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CHAPTER I.

Early distinctions in dress—Milton's Eve—The Roman exquisite—The native princes of Britain—Hotspur's fop—The Beaux in the reign of Charles the Second—Beau Hewitt—Beau Wilson—Beau Fielding—Beau Edgeworth—Beau Nash—Petrarch—Lord Byron—The Abbé Délille—The Prince de Kaunitz—English fops.

THOSE who yet remain of his generation, but who were not acquainted with the subject of these memoirs, will, no doubt, be astonished that any one should have taken the trouble to be his biographer, and much wonder what there can possibly be to say about Beau Brummell—unless, indeed, it were to give the impertinent witticisms currently reported of him. But of those contemporaries who knew him intimately and still survive, few will be surprised that I have found some amusement in collecting the scattered reminiscences of so singular a character.

The term Beau is now very nearly obsolete, and Brummell, to whom the term in its popular sense was erroneously applied, will, in all probability, be one of the last persons distinguished by that sobriquet; but before entering upon this memoir, perhaps a few words respecting the most notorious of the species so denominated may not be out of place. From the earliest ages there have always been individuals vain enough to be completely absorbed in the study of dress, yet this can hardly be matter of astonishment, for every one must allow that vanity in the abstract is coeval with humanity; and it was, possibly, under this conviction that even Milton suffered himself to accuse Eve of contemplating her beautiful form in the looking-glass of Nature.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
Pure as th' expanse of Heaven ; I thither went
With inexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I went down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me : I started back,
It started back ; but pleased I soon return'd,
Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love : there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not, etc., etc.

Paradise Lost, book iv.

Distinctions in dress, it may be inferred, were at a very remote period highly prized, or the venerable patriarch Jacob would not, in the indulgence of his parental vanity, have selected "a coat of many colours," as the most gratifying gift he could bestow upon his youngest and favourite son ; a gift which was probably valued by Joseph, not only as a proof of his father's affection for him, but also on account of its being a garment of peculiar beauty, and superior to those worn by his brethren. The hope expressed by Sisera's mother, that her son would find amongst the spoil of Barak's camp "a prey of divers colours of needlework on both sides," has also been adduced as an evidence that the princes and great men of Israel were fond of arraying themselves in glorious apparel, and far from indifferent to the decoration of their persons.

Of the toilette of the Hebrew beau or belle, however, few details have been preserved ; but no such blank exists in the history of the last conquerors of their nation ; of *their* dandyism many and amusing par-

ticulars have been handed down to us in those works which treat of their domestic manners, after riches and luxury had increased in Rome, and corruption had stamped the character of her citizens with effeminacy and voluptuousness. The tunic of the Roman exquisite was often of green silk; he painted, rouged, and curled his hair, wore a great number and variety of rings, light or heavy, according to the season; and the most superlatively finished fops had the hairs, even of their legs, plucked out by the roots with small tweezers, called *volsellæ*. In this state of things, it was very natural that the dress of the women, which had been, till then, modest and simple, should become the chief object of their attention, and so completely was this the case, that a lady's toilette and ornaments were called her world, *mundus muliebris*.

But a refined state of society, however it may excite personal vanity, is certainly not necessary to its development; it is exhibited by the savage, in the taste he displays in the choice of his beads, shells, and feathers, and the variety and elegance shown in the designs of his tattooing; and it is highly probable, that when Julias Cæsar landed in Britain, he found some of our native princes much better painted than others, and their blue tints of a brighter hue. Perhaps the iron age of chivalry, when women's hearts were won in coats of mail, not in silk tunics, was more free from dandyism than any other. In the days of the Crusades men thought but little of themselves, and, excepting in the splendour of their armour, and a gay plume or scarf, still less of their outsides. The gallant Hotspur's indignant description of the finical fop, "who shone so bright and smelt so sweet, and talked so like a waiting gentlewoman," is one of the earliest, best, and most entertaining given in our language. In the reign of Elizabeth, the distinguished men that her vigorous mind induced her to select for her companions and advisers, were remarkable for the

bravery of their attire, for they were obliged to fall in with the taste of their imperious mistress, who devoted much time to the adornment of her person : it was, however, reserved for the court of that luxurious monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, who never permitted even his own valet to see him without his full-bottomed wig, to give effect to that spirit of coxcombality, which was introduced into England at the Restoration, by the rakish and rollicking cavaliers who formed the unprincipled suite of Charles the Second. His reign produced a host of *beaux*, at which time the term appears to have been first used, and amongst others was applied more particularly to Hewitt, Wilson, and Fielding.

The first of these worthies, Sir George Hewitt, afterwards an Irish Viscount, which peerage seems to have died with him, had the credit of being the individual from whom "gentle George Etheredge," though himself the involuntary original, is said to have drawn the character of Sir Fopling Flutter, in the "Man of the Mode"—the prototype of all the fops in comedy. The Viscount appears, also, to have been one of the first persons who reduced the robuster "damn me" of the preceding age to the modern "dammee;" since become the consumptive "demmee" of our own. In Sir Walter Scott's edition of Dryden, we have, in Rochester's farewell, an example of this mincing innovation of Beau Hewett's :—

> Had it not better been than thus to roam,
> To stay and tie the cravat-string at home?
> To strut, look big, shake pantaloon, and swear,
> With Hewitt, "Damme, there's no action here."

Wilson, too, another Beau of that day, is described by Grainger as a most mysterious person. He was the younger son of a respectable family, and entered the army, from which, after a short service in Flanders, he was dismissed for cowardice, when he returned to England with forty shillings, borrowed from a friend.

Here, to the astonishment of every one, he in a short time appeared the brightest star in the hemisphere of fashion; his dress, table, equipages, and stud, being perfect, and his hospitality profuse. As he seldom played, and was not known to have any intrigues, it soon became matter of lively speculation, how he contrived to support all this state; many of his friends tried to worm out his secret, but without success; for, though his conduct and conversation were apparently perfectly open, he was in reality so guarded even in his convivial moments, that no expression ever escaped him that could give a clue to the source of his wealth. Some said that he possessed the *grand secret* of converting meaner metals into gold, and others that he had robbed a Dutch mail of a package of rough diamonds. But a more natural solution of the mystery attached to Mr. Wilson's proceedings, is given in some intercepted letters appended to a work published in 1708, entitled Memoirs of the Court of England, in the Reign of Charles the Second; and which seems to have been much read at the time, for it went through several editions. In one of these epistles, it is stated that Beau Wilson's ability to pursue his extravagant career was owing to the liberality of the beautiful Duchess of Cleveland, with whom he intrigued; but the details of the story are so singular and minute, that the authenticity of some of them may fairly be doubted. Mr. Wilson was killed in a duel by that Prince of schemers, Mississippi Law, who it is said ran him through the body before he could draw his sword in his own defence.

Beau Fielding, who stands on record as the best-looking of the beaux, and is mentioned by Swift, as one of those "who made mean figures upon some remarkable occasions," was of a good family in Warwickshire. Being intended for the bar, he was sent to London early in life, but, giving way to the temptations of fashionable vices, soon abandoned that profession. His

person was exceedingly beautiful, and he took infinite pains to set it off. Charles the Second was so struck with his figure when he first saw him at court, that he called him the "handsome Fielding." From that moment, he became the most conceited of all fops, and was not only vain and expensive in his own dress, but fantastical in that of his lacqueys, who usually wore yellow liveries, with black sashes, and black feathers in their hats. His courage was of the same quality as that of his contemporary, Mr. Wilson, his greatest piece of heroism having been to run a helpless linkboy through the body in St. Martin's-lane. One evening, however, in pushing forward, to show off his dress and figure, at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he trod upon the foot of a lawyer named Fullwood, who thereupon instantly challenged, and wounded him, but who, singularly enough, was killed in a duel with a Captain Cusack the same night. Fielding also received a severe caning from, and was subsequently wounded by, a Welsh gentleman of the name of Price. His excesses and extravagance at length consumed his patrimony, after which, he subsisted upon his gallantries and the supplies that he obtained at the gaming table, where he was generally successful. To repair his shattered fortunes, he eventually married a connexion of Dean Swift's, the only daughter and heiress of Lord Carlingford. By this lady, a zealous Roman Catholic, he was converted to her faith, and probably induced to attach himself to the cause of James the Second, for whose service he raised a regiment in his own county, and whom he afterwards accompanied to France, where he lived handsomely on his wife's remittances.

When this lady died, being again in difficulties, Fielding once more had recourse to matrimony for a subsistence, but this time he was completely taken in by a certain Mary Wadsworth, who had assumed the name and character of Madame Delaune, a person of great

wealth. Discovering the fraud he soon forsook her, and subsequently espoused, when in her sixty-first year, Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, the reputed mistress of his predecessor, whom he treated with insolence and brutality. This occasioned a prosecution, and on the 4th of December, 1706, a year after this marriage, he was tried and found guilty of bigamy at the Old Bailey; but, when sentence was passed upon him that he should be burnt in the hand, he craved the benefit of clergy, produced the Queen's warrant for suspending execution, and was admitted to bail. After this he became reconciled to his false Mary, and styles her, in his will, his dear and loving wife. Beau Fielding was the Orlando of the Tatler, and died of a fever at his house in Scotland-yard, in 1712, at the age of sixty-one.

The next on the list is a member of that family which, through the talents of both father and daughter, has become so distinguished in this century—Beau Edgeworth. It is to him that Steele, also fond of dress in his younger days, and called a coxcomb by his libellers, alludes, in the two-hundred and forty-sixth number of the Tatler as, "a very handsome well-shaped youth, that frequents the coffee-houses about Charing-Cross, and ties a very pretty ribbon, with a cross of jewels, to his breast;" in a note to Goldney's edition he is called the "prince of puppies." Colonel Ambrose Edgeworth died in the Bridewell of Dublin, having been out of his mind some time previously to his death.

Beau Nash, who was usually styled the "King of Bath," follows next. "His prosperity," says Butler, in his Chronological Exercises, "was of long duration; and if a man who supported himself by gambling and intrigues can be said to deserve prosperity, it was justly due to this celebrated character; but at length age and infirmities approached; and though Horace says, we should preserve consistency to the last, it appeared ridiculous to see grey hairs and decrepitude aping the

gaiety and hilarity of youth." Beau Nash was buried in the Abbey Church at Bath, on the 3rd February, 1761, having lived to the great age of eighty-eight: his funeral obsequies were conducted with much parade and solemnity, and at the expense of the corporation.

There were, no doubt, during this period, many other eminent fops besides these; but it is observable, that, a man was never distinguished by the title of Beau, if he had any thing in him superior to it; that is, assuming that the epithet means a fop, which, in the words of Roscommon, is, "a man of small understanding and much ostentation." Still, and inconsistent as it may appear, very superior and clever men have bestowed far more than necessary attention upon their dress. Petrarch, in writing to his brother, says, "Recollect the time when we wore white habits, on which the least spot, or a plait ill-placed, would have been a subject of grief, and when our shoes were so tight, that we suffered martyrdom." Lord Byron avows that he had "a touch of dandyism in his minority," and "had retained enough of *it* to conciliate the great ones, at four-and-twenty." The Abbé Délille, who, besides being a priest, was also a poet, and, perhaps, the ugliest man of his day, lost so little of his personal vanity, that, even in mature age, he invariably had his hair dressed with powder *couleur de rose;* and the Prince de Kaunitz, who wore satin stays, passed a portion of every morning in walking up and down a room in which four valets puffed a cloud of scented powder, but each of a different colour, in order that it might fall and amalgamate into the exact *nuance* that best suited their master's taste. "Ils étaient," observes a French writer, "des dévots à l'élégance, et en cela ils méritent nos respects; mais étaient-ils élégants? Voilà la question." Upon Rafaelle, the most spiritual of painters, has the epithet, "coxcomb," been irreverently bestowed. Nelson, who wrote the Companion to the Fasts and Festivals, and who is supposed

to have been the author of The Whole Duty of Man, was a splendid dresser: it was from him that Richardson drew his character of Sir Charles Grandison. Charles Fox also, who, late in life, was one of the most unostentatious, not to say slovenly, men about town, was a macaroni in his youth, and, with his friends Lords Carlisle and Essex, wore red-heeled shoes! At this period the coxcombality of dress was necessarily great, for muffs, velvets, ruffles, gold lace, and perfumed powder, were then the usual appendages of male attire. We might, and with reason, imagine it was a woman, and not the Earl of March, a great sporting character, who, writing to George Selwyn, at Paris, in 1766, says, "The muff you sent me, by the Duke of Richmond, I like prodigiously, vastly better than if it had been *tigré*, or of any glaring colour—several are now making after it:" and again, in 1776, he remarks, "Pray bring me two or three bottles of perfume to put amongst powder, and some patterns for velvets that are new and pretty." But perhaps the most remarkable instance that can be cited in proof of the fact that a feeling of dandyism sometimes forms a component part of a great mind, is that of the late Marquis Wellesley; to whom, almost to the last moment of his life, and when still in the full possession of those vigorous and intellectual faculties, the evidence of which forms one of the most brilliant historical pictures in the public annals of this and the latter part of the last century,—a piece of rich waistcoating was as much an object of attraction and delight as to his handsome and youthful secretary. Indeed it is said that this nobleman frequently sat alone *en grande toilette*, decorated with his blue ribbon and the garter, as if intending to appear at a royal levee, or a chapter of the order. But to return to the period at which the macaronies flourished, (who, according to the testimony of Horace Walpole, were travelled young men who wore long curls and spying glasses,) the adoption of broad

cloth made sad havoc with the tastes of such men as the Duke of Queensbury; and the beaux who came in when muffs and velvets went out, were of a very different description. One of the most notorious was the late Lord Harewood, called, from the singular *penchant* he had for imitating the Prince of Wales in his dress, Prince Lascelles. Of this mania he was cured by Fox, Sheridan, and Wyndham, who persuaded his Royal Highness to allow his queue (which it was then the fashion to wear) to be concealed by the collar of his coat. He readily consented, and during dinner, for they were all dining with the Prince, one of the three called Lascelles's attention to the fact, who, completely tricked into the idea that the queue was cut off, appeared the next day, to the amusement of the conspirators, without his own. Colonel Montgomery, also a friend of the Prince of Wales's, and the unsuccessful principal in the duel with Captain Macnamara, was in the habit of dressing like the Duke of Hamilton, and thus received the sobriquet of the Duke of Hamilton's *double*. Another fop of this century was a Colonel Matthews, who, being extremely distressed at the loss of one of his front teeth, determined upon having it replaced by one drawn from another person's jaw, trusting perhaps to that jargon of the doctors called "healing by a second intention." He was fitted accordingly, but, horrible to relate, the saliva, or something, adhering to the tooth, inoculating the system, brought on a cancer in the mouth, of which he died.

Though many others might be enumerated besides those I have mentioned, I will close the list with the name of the venerable patriarch of the Beaux, who still survives, Sir Lumley Skeffington. He is said to be entitled to the enviable denomination of the most amiable of the genus *beau;* and a distinguished author, who allowed his pen to dwell briefly on these matters some years ago, says, "that under all his double-breasted

coats and waistcoats he never had any other than a single-hearted soul."

Having brought this sketch of the principal Beaux upon record to a close, I will now enter upon the life of him who Lord Byron said was one of the three great men of the nineteenth century, placing himself third, Napoleon second, and Brummell first. To this postulate it is not my intention to offer any support; but I think there is sufficient evidence to show that he ought not to be classed with the Beaux, if, as I have before remarked, a beau is a fop, and a fop a man of small understanding. But if I prove my own assertion, what then? Does it at all signify whether his reputation remains as it is or not? No. Then "Le jeu, vaut-il la chandelle?" Yes, if the first portion of this biography amuses the reader, and the last pages excite reflection. Some indeed will smile at the moral Brummell's life conveys: others may perhaps agree with me in the views I have taken of it.

CHAPTER II.

Brummell's origin—The death of his grandfather—Lord Liverpool patronizes his father, and subsequently introduces him to Lord North—Made private secretary to that nobleman—The Richardson family—George and his Aunt Brawn—Lord North's regard for Brummell's father—Instructions for a Prince and for the Representatives of the People—Mr. Brummell's retirement from public life—Donnington—Sheridan and Miss White—Death of Mr. and Mrs. Brummell.

BRUMMELL'S origin, like that of many greater men than himself, was humble. A French journalist, who wrote a biographical notice of him a few months after his death, says that "his grandfather, the first of the Brummells and the founder of the family, was originally a Treasury porter, a situation which he obtained through the patronage of Lord North, and that prudence and industry enabled him to give his son a good education;" also, "that he succeeded, through the kindness of the same nobleman, in procuring him employment in that office." A writer in a late periodical has asserted that Beau Brummell was the son of a confectioner; and others have described his father as having been in Lord Bute's household. But these accounts are all, or nearly all, equally incorrect. George Brummell's grandfather was in business in Bury-street, St. James's, and might have been a confectioner, though I have no evidence of the fact; he was buried in St. James's-churchyard, in a corner of which his tombstone may still be seen, and on it the following inscription: "Here lies the body of Mr. William Brummell, who departed this life the 31st of March, 1770, aged 61 years." His wife's death is likewise recorded thus: "Also the remains of Mrs. Jane Brummell, who departed this life on the 27th of July,

1788, aged 73 years." An uncle of the Beau's, Benjamin Brummell, of the Treasury, who died in February, 1816, is likewise buried in the same vault. Within a few feet of Mr. Brummell's grave is that of the celebrated Tom Durfey, a tablet to whose memory is inserted in the wall of the church itself, facing the west entrance.

Not being in affluent circumstances, Mr. Brummell, like many persons in business in the present day, let a portion of his house, and, fortunately for him and his family, not only "the spirit of Jenky arose," but Jenky himself; or, in words less Ossianic than those of the song of Scrutinaria, his lodgings were taken by Charles Jenkinson, afterwards the first Lord Liverpool; and it is said, I know not with what truth, that his distinguished lodger was attracted to the house by the perfect penmanship of the *affiche*, "Apartments to let," written in his son's, the Beau's father's, best hand.

Mr. Jenkinson, as is well known, was not only clever, but remarkably laborious; and though one of that administration contemptuously spoken of as "all the hacks," in contradistinction to the one yclept "all the talents," it should be remembered that hacks are more useful than race-horses; and that his lordship, instead of closing his career like the high-mettled racer, in a kennel, died in ermine trappings, and left a very comfortable *écurie* to his successors, while the "talents" hardly left a shed to theirs.

Brummell's father was but a boy when Mr. Jenkinson came to lodge in Bury-street, but his active disposition soon attracted that gentleman's attention, and, pleased with his quickness, he made him his amanuensis, and, when joint secretary of the Treasury, in 1763, he obtained for him a clerkship in that office. In this subordinate situation young Brummell remained for some time; but fortune is generally the friend of industry, and his unremitting attention to business and strict integrity, together with Mr. Jenkinson's recommendation, who was

a lord of the Treasury in 1767, induced his successor, Lord North, to appoint him his private secretary. This nobleman honoured him with his friendship, and continued him in this confidential post during his administration; that is, from 1770 to 1782, when the Marquis of Rockingham took office. It is rather curious that clergymen at this period sometimes held the situation of secretary to the first lord of the Treasury; the Rev. Mr. Walker had that appointment under the Marquis, and the Rev. Mr. King under the Duke of Portland.

Advanced thus, in all probability beyond his most sanguine expectations, Mr. Brummell's shrewdness and intelligence were constantly exerted; and he not only succeeded in obtaining emoluments under his new patron, but drew a prize in the lottery-office of Mr. Richardson, by marrying his youngest daughter. She is said to have been one of the prettiest women of her day, and not erroneously, if the artist who executed the miniature of her, now existing, was not a Lawrence, or a rival of Mr. Brummell. But though this marriage must have been a very eligible one for the young lady, it does not appear that the connexion exactly suited the ideas of the Richardson family, who were fond of pedigree, and claimed to be descended from no less a personage than Sir W. Richardson, chief justice, in the reign of James I. The shield of the chief justice is still to be seen in the painted window of Lincoln's Inn; and his monument, which is in Westminster Abbey, is near to that of the celebrated Dr. Busby, who wielded the birch so vigorously and successfully during the fifty-five years that he was master of Westminster School. Mr. Richardson's objections, however, were probably softened afterwards; for another daughter was not so fortunate, and married Mr. Vernon, an actor; a third sister espoused a Mr. Hughes, a very respectable person in the City; and the fourth married a gentleman of the name of Brawn, who had a farm near Lilbourn.

George Brummell occasionally paid a visit to his aunt Brawn; and one of the earliest episodes remembered of his childhood is, that he was one day guilty of crying most bitterly, because he could not eat any more of her ample damson tart. The eldest son of Mr. Richardson, who succeeded to the lottery-office at his father's death, was a great friend of the late Mr. Coutts, the banker, and an expensive man about town; he died early. The second brother was in the navy, and sailed in the Alarm frigate, the first in the service that was coppered; he was also on board the Centurion, the ship in which Lord Anson circumnavigated the globe. At his brother's death he replaced him in the lottery-office.

How very highly Lord North appreciated the services of Mr. Brummell, is satisfactorily proved by the lucrative appointments which that minister conferred upon him; for, at his decease, he held those of Receiver of the Duties on Uninhabited Houses in London and Middlesex, Comptroller of the Hawkers' and Pedlars'-office, and Agent and Paymaster to the out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital, the net salaries of which amounted to two thousand five hundred pounds per annum. As Mr. Brummell enjoyed such a handsome share of the good things in the gift of Lord North, called by the pamphleteers of the day "the God of Emolument," it was not only natural but fair, that he should occupy a prominent position in the squibs so frequently launched forth against his master, and with justice too; for perhaps no country with free institutions ever suffered so much from the obstinate "honesty," perhaps his admirers will exclaim, as England did from the colonial policy of that minister.

In one of the pamphlets I have alluded to, entitled "Instructions for a Prince, with State Maxims and interesting Papers, found in the Cabinet of the King of Lunaria," the author gives the following letter from a certain secretary to a newly elected member of the

House of Commons;—that secretary was Brummell's father; and the note is supposed to have been written by order of Lord North.

"Sir,

"Permit me to congratulate you on the honourable seat which you have lately obtained in so honourable a manner. I inclose you, by order of my master, Lord N——, a copy of instructions drawn up by himself for the use of *his* members.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"&c., &c., &c.,

"William Brummell."

The instructions to the representatives of the people were as follows:—

"1st. You are to use your best endeavours in bringing over the opposition.

"2nd. You are never to play the orator, lest you should stumble on unseasonable truths, (applicable to some cases in the present day;) an Aye or No, judiciously employed, is infinitely preferable to the finest rhetorical flourish.

"3rd. You are not to be absent from duty on any pretence whatever.

"4th. Good posts will be provided for your relatives and friends; but, if they cannot be immediately given, you are not to murmur, or threaten, or even talk of conscience.

"Lastly. You are to pay implicit obedience to the will of the minister."

The expenditure of secret service money is thus humorously made out by the same author; the initials only of the names of some were given in the original—I have filled them up.

"To my dearly beloved cousin the Earl of Bute, the Mazarin of Lunaria, for his care of me in my nonage, 20,000*l.* per annum.

"To the Earl of Mansfield, the Solon of the age, as a reward for his assiduity in new-modelling the laws, 5,000*l.* per annum.

"To the Poet Laureat, Mr. William Whitehead, exclusive of his salary, for making me the paragon of princes and humbling my enemies in the birthday odes, 500*l.* per annum.

"To sundry posts and pensions in the Lords and Commons, in order to secure a majority in both houses, value 300,000*l.*

"To several of the poorer and more noisy patriots, 30,000*l.* per annum.

"(N.B. We are making daily converts.)

"To a common-councilman of Lunaria, for his speeches at the halls, and endeavouring to persuade the liverymen of London that they have no will of their own, 500*l.*

"To a lord of the Admiralty, (probably Charles Fox,) to enable him to purchase a new suit, and that he may appear at Court with clean linen, 100*l.*

"To Lord North, he having a very large family, seven children, and a very small income (only 20,000*l.* per annum,) for his assistance in raising Lunaria to her present height and prosperity, a douceur, 50,000*l.*

"To Edward Gibbon, Esq., for 'An Essay on the Art of Sinking in Politics; or, Rules for the Ruin of a State,' 500*l.*

"To the commissioners, cash to bribe Congress, 100,000*l.*

"To Oberea, queen of Otaheite, my sole, yet powerful[1] ally, for dolls, beads, ribbons, etc., value 2,000*l.*

[1] As the *powerful* may by many be thought somewhat questionable, the following extract from Captain Cook's voyage is submitted to the reader: "The fleet of Otaheite, which I then saw, consisted of 210 vessels, besides smaller ones to serve as transports, &c.; and it appears from an accurate calculation, that the whole island can furnish for immediate service 68,000 able men." No despicable assistance to Lunaria in her *present despicable* situation.

"To divers new writers for puff and panegyric, 10,000*l.* per annum."

These were indeed glorious days for the writers of "puff and panegyric." Major Topham, the editor of the *World*, actually succeeded to David Hume's pension.[1]

After Lord North's resignation, Mr. Brummell retired to the country, and in the year 1788 served the office of high sheriff for Berkshire. In the immediate vicinity of his seat, the Grove, near Donnington Castle, a place famous for having been the residence of Chaucer, and for its spirited resistance to the Parliamentarian army in the civil wars, he was eminently distinguished by his private virtues, particularly in his exertions on behalf of the infant poor, many of whom he benevolently rescued from ignorance and destitution; and by them his loss was truly deplored—for it was felt. Nor was he forgetful of the duties of hospitality to his affluent friends; the hall-door, though it hung upon an old-fashioned hinge, yielded easily to the touch of his numerous visitors, and the Grove was universally acknowledged to be one of the most agreeable houses in the neighbourhood. That such should have been the case was not extraordinary. Mr. Brummell had for twelve years been in habits of intimacy with perhaps the most delightful of companions, who, whatever might be his political obstinacy or manœuvring to retain office, was possessed of more *bonhomie* and powers of pleasing all that came within reach of his conversation, than any other of the great public men of his time.

The society which Mr. Brummell received at Donnington was of the best and most talented description; both Fox and Sheridan visited there, and tradition has

[1] Major Topham died at Doncaster on the 20th April, 1820. He was known to the lovers of the drama by the many prologues and epilogues which proceeded from his pen; also by several minor theatrical pieces. He likewise wrote a Biography of the celebrated and eccentric John Elwes, Esq.

still preserved the remembrance of one of the practical jokes, in which the latter was so fond of indulging. It was played off on a Miss White, a spinster, who had passed her grand climacteric, but whose vanity was so little tempered by age, that Sheridan, in one of his frolicsome and persuasive moments, succeeded in inducing her to believe that Mr. Harris, the proprietor of Covent-garden Theatre, and a guest at Donnington, was in love with her. "My dear Miss White," said Sheridan, "my friend is endowed with great sensibility;—only touch him on that point, and he is yours:" and the lady, instigated by the mischievous wit, and hoping to attract the admiration of Mr. Harris, dressed herself in the costume of one of those pastoral beauties immortalized in Chelsea china; and attired in a stiff dress of primrose brocade and gipsy hat, with pale blue ribbons, sat by the side of a pond, in the grounds, with a fishing-rod in her hand, the best part of a broiling summer's day, nervously expecting her Colin—it is needless to add, in vain.

Under the influence of these examples, Master George Brummell doubtless cultivated his natural *penchant* for fun; but in the early part of the year 1793, the sounds of festivity were hushed at the Grove; death left Mr. Brummell a widower; and exactly one year and a day after his wife's burial, he was himself carried to the family vault at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and laid beside her. This event took place the 17th of March, 1794. Mr. Brummell died, leaving two sons; William, the eldest, and a daughter, still survive; the former married, in May, 1800, Miss Daniel, (whose sister was married to a brother of the present Lord Gwydyr,) and the latter a Captain Blackshaw, who resided in a cottage near the Grove.

Mr. Brummell's youngest son, George Bryan Brummell, the subject of the present memoir, had not quite completed his sixteenth year at the time of his father's death, having been born on the 7th of June, 1778, and

baptized on the 2nd of July, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. I am ignorant who on this occasion promised to answer for his anticipated misdeeds, but his second Christian name would seem to imply, that the shade of the old Irish hero came back from the world of spirits to do him honour. A very handsome provision was left, at Mr. Brummell's death, for his three children, proving that he not only knew how to acquire money, but how to keep it; a virtue which in this, as in the generality of cases with fortunes rapidly made, did not descend,—at least to his youngest son. The sum of 65,000*l.*, which Mr. Brummell died possessed of, was placed in the hands of trustees, to be equally divided amongst his children on their attaining their majority. The amount is so large, more particularly when it is remembered that Mr. Brummell was given to acts of hospitality, that it leads to the supposition that he speculated successfully; probably like his patron, Lord North, in the funds.

Such was the origin of the Beau's family, and such the details I have been able to collect respecting it. He seldom touched upon the subject of his genealogical tree —never in conversation; but, in one of his notes to a young lady hereafter given, he appears to allude to it when he says in the commencement, "I swear to you by those humble ancestors who sleep in their parish churchyards;"—humble they were, but respectable; and it is a pity that Brummell did not content himself with the position in society their industry and better judgment had secured for him, and this he was probably brought to think by the sufferings and reverses of his later life.

CHAPTER III.

Buck Brummell at Eton—His gentlemanly deportment—The Windsor Bargeman—The sporting High Sheriff—His novel estimate of character—Dame Young—Description of George by the Captain of her house—His great dexterity in toasting cheese—His peccadilloes—Dr. L.—Brummell enters at Oriel College, Oxford—His consumption of midnight oil there—Leaves the University—Is Gazetted to a Cornetcy in the Tenth—Introduced to the Prince of Wales—In attendance on His Royal Highness at his marriage—The Blue nose—Reasons for disliking the Army—Retires from the service.

At Eton, to which his father sent him in 1790, at least he appears in the list of the lower school for that year, George Brummell was remarkable for his quiet gentlemanly manners and ready wit, as well as for the excessive neatness of his personal appearance. At that time the term "dandy" was not the vogue: "bucks," and "macaronies," were then the nicknames of such as affected peculiar elegance in their dress; and, according to one authority now living at Eton, he was distinguished from his fellows by the sobriquet of "Buck Brummell." The anxiety with which he eschewed the dirty streets on a rainy day, his white stock with a bright gold buckle behind, and the measured dignity of his step, are remembered by his contemporaries who still survive; his language, dress, and deportment, were in this respect always in perfect keeping.

It frequently happened that a contest took place between the boys and the Windsor bargemen, and on one of these occasions, an unhappy bargee fell into the hands of the exasperated lads, who having been in a former row very roughly handled by these Jacob Faithfuls, gave

momentary way to passion, and were literally contemplating throwing him over the bridge into the Thames. In the midst of the uproar and hauling about, fifty pulling him one way and fifty the other, Buck Brummell came over the bridge, and probably from a good-natured motive, he, in the quietest tones of remonstrance, addressed his incensed companions as follows: "My good fellows, don't send him into the river, the man is evidently in a high state of perspiration, and it almost amounts to a certainty that he will catch cold." A finer instance of bathos seldom occurs—from drowning to catching cold! but to be sure, either might have happened, even to a bargee. This appeal of George Brummell's was irresistible; the boys took it, and in an ebullition of laughter, projected the bargeman along the road, who took to his heels and was out of sight in an instant.

Little, however, is now remembered of Brummell at Eton; old Sukey, the purveyor of tarts and apples, is an inmate of the almshouse, but her mind is too enfeebled by age for her to recollect whether he patronized her, and if he was ever so vulgarly happy as to enjoy cranberries, bulls' eyes, or the classical elecampane;—neither have I been able to ascertain, whether like other boys he hacked his desk, or cut his name on the walls. In the upper school-room, where upwards of three thousand names are cut on the oak pannelling, numbering amongst them those of Charles Fox, and scores of others of our young nobility and commoners scarcely less distinguished in the senate, or the field—that of George Brummell does not appear.

I was dining one day with the high sheriff of a county contiguous to the metropolis, a Nestor of Nimrods, and accidently hearing him remark that he was at Eton in the latter part of the last century, I asked him whether he recollected Brummell there. The rough, but good humoured, old fox-hunter immediately acknowledged the acquaintance. "I knew him well, Sir," said the

veteran sportsman; "he was never flogged; and a man, Sir, is not worth a d—n who was never flogged through the school." Here the conversation, to my great regret, was cut short by the under sheriff hopping into the room and announcing to his chief, who was doing the honours most admirably, that "in the great tithe cause, Smith *versus* Jones, a verdict had just been recorded in favour of the plaintiff." This brought on a perfect typhoon from the high sheriff, mangel wurzel, fat beasts, and the sliding-scale. I made a waiting race of it, but it was of no use; the whole of the squires present went off at score, I could never get old Hubert to hark back to the Beau, and the evening passed without my being able to take advantage of this rencontre with a brother Etonian of my hero.

Indeed I had some time previously completely given up all hopes of obtaining any thing more relating to Brummell's school-boy days, when, through the kindness of a friend, I received a communication on the subject from a gentleman, whose name it is not necessary to mention, but from whose courteous letter I now quote the following passage: "I was three years at Eton with my old friend Brummell. We were at Dame Young's, and I was the Captain of her house, in which there were forty boys. All these three most happy years George was my fag. He was a far livelier lad than his handsome brother William; indeed no one at the school was so full of animation, fun, and wit. He was a general favourite. Our dame, his tutor, and my tutor, (the father of the present head master, Dr. Hawtrey,) and Dr. Goodall, all petted him. You ask me whether he was pugnacious; I do not remember that he ever fought or quarrelled with any one: indeed it was impossible for any one to be more good natured than he was. With George, now General Leigh, and Lord Lake, and Jack Musters, who were all in the same house with us, and Berkeley Craven, a great pickle in his boyish days, and living at Dr. Foster's, and with

all his other intimate companions, I never heard of his having a single disagreement. Like them also he was not in the least studious, but a very *clever* and a very *idle* boy, and very *frank;* and then, whatever he became afterwards, not in the least conceited, though Nature seemed to have supplied him with a quadruple portion of amusing repartee.

"I recollect nothing about his fondness for athletic exercises, boating, cricket, &c., but I really believe no young Etonian was ever more popular with all his companions than George Brummell, not even excepting his celebrated namesake, George Canning. As head of the house I had two suppers of cold meat and pastry, and a double portion of bread and cheese. No toaster of bread and cheese ever surpassed or even equalled George Brummell; and I can speak from experience, as he nightly toasted mine most delicately for three years. When the toasting was over he divided it into two as equal parts as he could, and I chose mine first. When I divided what he had toasted, he always had the first choice.

"About two years after he had been at Eton, his father having been informed of some peccadillo he had committed, sent his butler from Donnington with a paternal letter to his eldest son, which began, 'My dear William,' and another to the Beau, commencing, 'George.' George's letter was in other respects a most disagreeable one, intimating as it did the order for his immediate return, with all his clothes; his father having determined not to allow him to return again to Eton. Hearing of his trouble I went to his room, and found him with the two letters before him: they were wet with tears, which, *parvis componere magna*, fell, if not like the Falls of Niagara, like those of the Clyde;—such a stream of tears I never saw, and have never seen since. 'George,' said I, 'what's the matter?' He could not speak; but, sobbing, pointed first to—'My dear William,'

and then to the monosyllable 'George.' I give you this anecdote as a trait of his being possessed, at least at this time, of a warm heart. His father's relented also, for after the next holidays George reappeared amongst his companions, the most manly boy of them all."

The only person who appears to have been unfavourably disposed towards the young Etonian, was Dr. L——, one of the masters of the Lower School, who frequently forwarded a true and particular account of his delinquencies to the Grove; but it does not appear that he was himself immaculate. Abraham Moore wittily remarked of this reverend gentleman, when he was elected to a vacant fellowship, that his success proved the truth of the poet's observation, that "*worth* makes the man—the want of it a fellow!" Brummell was in the fifth form in 1793, the year he left Eton, and though he took very good care that none of his companions should impute to him the intention of succeeding the head master, he left the college a gentlemanly scholar; and also with an ample share of that precocious worldliness of which a public school generally imparts some to the dullest comprehension. It was this, together with the originality of his character, his good humour, vivacity, and ready address, that gave him an ascendancy over his schoolfellows; a position which his classical attainments or superior physical power never would have procured him.

From Eton he went to Oxford, and entered at Oriel College. Here, according to Mr. Lister, in Granby, "he rapidly progressed in the exclusive habits to which he had shown himself predisposed, the little that remained of schoolboy frankness was quickly thrown aside in his violent desire to be perfectly correct; and, to gratify this taste, he cut one of his brother Etonians, because he entered at a junior college; and discontinued visiting another, because he had invited him to meet two men of —— Hall. The plan which he acted upon was to make intimacies with men of high rank and connexions: he

was a consummate tuft-hunter; and to the preservation of an embryo baronet or earl, he fancied it necessary to sacrifice a friend a term.

"He consumed a considerable quantity of midnight oil; but very little of it over his books: and it was not so much from a meritorious motive, as a wish to do something that nobody thought he could or would do, that he wrote for the Newdigate prize. It is true he was not successful; but his copy was considered the second best, and he contrived to make people believe that he would have been, if he had taken sufficient pains; for his friends asserted that his failure was mainly owing to his indolence, in having neglected to count his verses. He was more celebrated, however, for his systematic violation of college rules, than for his stanzas; he always ordered his horse at hall-time, was the author of half the squibs that appeared on the screen, turned a tame jackdaw, with a pair of bands on, into the quadrangle, to parody the master, and treated all proctors' and other penalties with contempt."

This account of Brummell's college career is probably correct as far as relates to his studies: he, no doubt, gave himself very little trouble about lectures, and, like the generality of under-graduates, was wise enough not to importune his tutor for instruction; but the accusation of cutting an old schoolfellow, and a friend a term, may fairly be doubted, for it does not at all accord with the character given of him by his captain at Eton, nor by those of his contemporaries at Oriel, with whom the author is acquainted. It seems, indeed, as if Mr. Lister had imagined this college sketch, to make it correspond with the habits and disposition of Trebeck in after life.

But although he did not devote himself to study, he gained from a fellow Oxonian some useful information in the line that he intended to take: this gentleman, a Mr. E——, was famous for his comic songs and good stories, and many of these he imparted to Brummell, who after-

wards gave them with such good effect at the wine-parties of his friends, that he left the university with a better reputation for wit and fun than his instructor. Having added these qualifications to the many he possessed when he arrived at this seat of learning, he took an early leave of Alma Mater, and three months after his father's death, viz., on the 17th of June, 1794, was gazetted to a cornetcy in the Tenth Hussars, at this time commanded by the Prince of Wales.

According to Brummell's own statement, he had been presented to the heir-apparent on the Terrace at Windsor, when a boy at Eton; and he used to say that his subsequent intimacy with His Royal Highness grew out of the slight notice with which he was then favoured. A contemporary and friend of his told me, that, on his arrival in London, some of the caterers for the Prince's amusement informed him that the young Etonian had grown up a second Selwyn, upon which his Royal Highness intimated a desire to see him again. A party was accordingly made for this purpose, and George, not being embarrassed by any real modesty, as many similarly situated would have been, acquitted himself so much to the Prince's satisfaction, that the fortunate result was the gift of the cornetcy already spoken of.

Adorned with the rich uniform of the Tenth, which his slight but handsome figure was well calculated to show off, and brought forward under the auspices of his royal patron, Brummell found himself at once in the highest society in the country—in a position that in all probability he had never dreamed of attaining, even in his most sanguine and ambitious moments. The intimacies also, which he formed with several of his brother officers, no doubt contributed to facilitate his reception in families of the highest rank and fashion; for amongst them were Lord Petersham, Lords R. E. Somerset, Charles Ker, Charles and Robert Manners, and the Honourables Bligh and Lumley.

Though Brummell was only sixteen years of age, a mere boy, when he entered the Tenth, and the prince was then two-and-thirty, his partiality for the young cornet did not surprise those who were about his Royal Highness, for he was well known to have a strong predilection for companions who had any marked peculiarities of character about them; hence his former intimacy with Lord Barrymore, George Hanger, and several others. George Brummell was an original too, and a genius in his way; for how could his wit, assurance, and agreeable manners have been acquired at that early age? Many were the marks of royal favour bestowed upon him; and with that precipitation of preference which characterized his Royal Highness's conduct towards his favourites, he was soon placed on a footing of intimacy wholly inconsistent with their relative positions in life.

The Tenth were almost always either at Brighton or in London; and on the arrival of the Princess Caroline of Brunswick to celebrate her marriage with the heir-apparent, a party of the regiment, commanded by Lord Edward Somerset, escorted her from Greenwich to St. James's. At the august ceremony Brummell was in personal attendance upon the prince as a kind of *chevalier d'honneur;* he also went down with the happy couple to Windsor, and his description of the honey-moon was in strong contrast to the one given by the Princess herself in the "Diary illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth."

Brummell's account of these espousals must, however, have been tolerably authentic, as he went the next morning to take the Prince's orders while his Royal Highness was still at his toilet, when he certainly received no unfavourable impression from the conversation that took place. When I heard him relate the circumstances, it was years after he left England; and he certainly had no lingering admiration, at that time, for his former friend. He said that nothing could go off better; that "the young couple appeared perfectly satisfied with each

other, particularly the Princess: she was then a very handsome and desirable-looking woman;" and it was only, according to Brummell's version of the story, when the intrigues of some old ladies about the court began to take effect, that any disagreement between them became apparent.

Once included in the brilliant circle that surrounded the Prince of Wales, he rapidly established a reputation for wit and refinement, and soon became a great favourite with the fair sex. The following anecdote will illustrate this remark:—at a ball given by a great law lord in the neighbourhood of Russell-square, at which, amongst a very numerous assemblage of the *beau monde*, a Miss J——, afterwards Lady G—— H——, was present, a circumstance occurred which proved that he understood the difficult art of making himself agreeable to a proud woman.

Miss J—— was a magnificent creature, and of course the greatest attention was paid her; but though surrounded by ardent admirers, not one of them had sufficient influence to induce her to dance. Like a spoiled beauty as she was, she declined the offers of one and all of them. Quite late in the evening, however, Cornet Brummell was announced, and he had scarcely made his bow to her, when this *difficile* lady, who had probably been waiting for him, rose from her chair, and giving her hand to the new arrival, was soon seen figuring away amongst a crowd of the discarded who had sought that hand in vain. As the Beau approached one of them, my informant, he inquired, with an air of great curiosity, who the ugly man near the chimney-piece might be? "Why surely, my good fellow, you know him," said his acquaintance; "that is the master of the house!" "No," replied the unconscious cornet, "how should I? I was never invited."

When Brummell was with his regiment he was the life and soul of the mess, for his original wit and collec-

tion of good stories were inexhaustible; and at the dinner-table he always kept his brother officers in roars of laughter. As to duty, he did little or none; and when late for parade, which was very often the case, he would ride up to the commanding officer and disarm him with some queer apology, half impudence, half excuse, which was generally accepted, for he was popular, and the colonel good natured. But he was so much about the Prince that he was seldom present with the corps; and the gallant Tenth did not therefore benefit much by his services. When, unfortunately for the country, he was with them, it is said that he did not actually know his own troop; but happily for him, one of his front rank men had a very large blue nose: this feature was Brummell's beacon; and when coming on parade, which, as I have said before, was frequently ten minutes too late, he galloped along the line, or between the squadrons, until he arrived at the nose. Here he reined up and took his place in the front or rear, as the case might be.

On one occasion, however, some recruits having joined the ranks from drill, a transfer of men was made, and several were drawn from the front rank of his troop and sent to another. At the next parade that he attended, and several days after this alteration, he found the regiment already in line, and ignorant of course of all the arrangements that had been made at the barracks in the mean time, he rode up and down as usual, and at length stopped opposite his nose—his blue nose. "How now, Mr. Brummell!" vociferated the colonel, "you are with the wrong troop." "No, no," muttered the Beau, turning round in his saddle, and looking confidently first at his invaluable nose, and then at the colonel, adding, in a suppressed tone, "I know better than that; a pretty thing indeed if I did not know my own troop."

One of his brother officers humorously told me, that he attended to his duty infinitely better after he had left

the regiment than he did when he belonged to it; for he seldom passed within twenty miles of their quarters, without turning out of his road, and paying them a visit. On one of these itinerant calls he drove into the barrack yard at Canterbury in his carriage, with four posters. "Halloo, George!" said a friend from the mess-room window, "when did you take to four horses?" "Only since my valet gave me warning for making him travel with a pair." This was Brummell's usual mode of reply, ever ready with some droll excuse for his follies or extravagance.

Rapid as was his promotion, for he commanded a troop in less than three years after he entered the service, having been promoted to the rank of captain, on the 1st of June, 1796; and little as he was inconvenienced by his military duties, he did not care to put up with any further interference with his independence; for as soon as the novelty of the thing wore off, he began to think of retiring. This he did, in the very early part of 1798; the disturbed state of Europe, the wailings of the Anti-jacobin, and the splendid declamations of Burke, in the cause of suffering humanity, having failed to induce him to seek "a reputation at the cannon's mouth!"

With such brilliant prospects of advancement as Captain Brummell had before him, it is difficult to say what was his reason for taking so unwise a step; perhaps it was his anxiety to exchange his *club* for White's, or emancipate his head from hair-powder, which was still worn in the army.

This absurd fashion of powdering the hair originated in the whim of a French mountebank at a fair, who, to get an extra laugh out of his audience, greased his head, dredged it with flour, and then grinned horribly. But though powder was still worn in the army when Brummell left the service, it had been gradually falling into disuse in society in England, since the tax had been laid upon it by Mr. Pitt, three years before; to evade this

impost, many speculators brought forward powder made of other materials than flour; amongst them was Lord William Murray, a son of the Duke of Atholl, who took out a patent, in 1796, for making starch from horse-chesnuts.

The fatal blow, however, was given to this custom by Francis Duke of Bedford and his friends, who, in order more effectually to disappoint Mr. Pitt of the revenue that he very reasonably hoped to realize, from an article so intimately connected with the vanities and fashions of the day, entered into an engagement to forfeit a certain sum of money, if any of them wore their hair tied or powdered, within a certain period. Accordingly, in the September of 1795, a general cropping, washing, and combing out of hair took place at Woburn Abbey—probably in the powdering room; an apartment dedicated to the powder-puff, in the houses of most gentlemen in those days. Amongst the Absaloms present on this startling occasion, this anti-pigtail plot, were the present Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Jersey, and Sir Harry Featherstone; the late Lord William Russell, Mr. Lambton, the father of the late Lord Durham; and Messrs. Anthony and Robert Lee, Trevers, Dutton, Day, and Vernon.

But, in spite of this opposition on the part of the leading Whigs, there still remained energetic supporters of powder and the minister; amongst these were to be numbered all the elderly ladies, who naturally enough patronised a habit that made the young and old appear equally gray. Their exertions, however, were fruitless; and the Treasury was amusingly charged with entertaining the idea of taxing the substitute which eventually replaced their powder, and, to make up for the unlooked-for deficiency in the tax, it was proposed that a return should be made of false hair, whether worn in scratches or fronts; but the perruquiers defied Nature, and the plan, if ever contemplated, was relinquished.

But at the time Brummell left the Tenth, it was highly desirable that the use of powder should be countermanded in the army; for a scarcity of corn was seriously felt, and the following calculation, made when the powder tax was first imposed, shows how much of this invaluable article of food was uselessly consumed in that service alone. The military force of the United Kingdom and our Colonies at this period, including foot, horse, militia, and fencibles, amounted to two hundred and fifty thousand men; each of whom was supposed to use a pound of flour per week: this made no less a sum than six thousand five hundred tons weight a year; a quantity sufficient to make three millions, fifty-nine thousand, three hundred and fifty-three quartern loaves, and to supply fifty thousand persons with bread for that period. The scarcity two years after Brummell's retirement, viz., in July, 1800, was so great, that the consumption of flour for pastry was prohibited in the Royal Household, rice being used instead; the distillers left off malting, hackney-coach fares were raised twenty-five per cent., and Wedgewood made dishes to represent pie-crust.

But to return to Brummell, though probably he was sufficiently annoyed at being obliged to wear powder when it was going out of fashion, his principal reason for leaving the profession was, his objection to being quartered in a manufacturing town; at all events, it was the one that he chose to assign. It appears his regiment was at Brighton when they suddenly and unexpectedly received an order to march for Manchester. The news arrived late one evening, and early the next morning, Brummell, according to the account he gave me, made his way to the Prince, who expressed some surprise that he should be favoured with a visit from *him* at such an unusual hour, when the Beau, after due apology, said:—"Why the fact is, your Royal Highness, I have heard that we are ordered to Manchester. Now

you must be aware, how disagreeable this would be to *me;* I really could not go—*think*, your Royal Highness, *Manchester!* Besides," and here was an instance of his tact, "*you* would not be there. I have, therefore, with your Royal Highness's permission, determined to sell out." "Oh! by all means, Brummell," said the Prince, "do as you please, do as you please." And accordingly he resigned with the most perfect indifference, and before he was of age, his troop in the Tenth—at that time the most dashing regiment in the army!

CHAPTER IV.

Brummell attains his majority, though not in the Tenth—Establishes himself in Chesterfield-street—His figure and countenance—His style of dress—A French author's opinion of him—The Dandies, English and Indian—Wraxall's description of dress in 1794—Brummell's cravat—His method of tying it—His condemnation of the Duke of Bedford's coat--The Beau's tailors—"Superfine" and "Bath coating"—The Prince of Wales's wardrobe—Brummell's dress at the cover side.

But the profession of arms was decidedly not Brummell's proper vocation, and the service did not suffer severely by his resignation; the least restraint or compulsory exertion was perfectly repugnant to his nature, and the trifling inconveniences of a soldier's life, even in England, were in the last degree unlikely to suit a young man who seemed created on purpose to personify elegant idleness. A year after he left the army, he came into possession of his fortune, which having accumulated during his minority, amounted to thirty thousand pounds.

Being now master of his time as well as of his money, he determined to devote himself to a life of pleasure, and the first step he took towards the accomplishment of his design, was to establish himself with all the means and appliances of comfort, in No. 4, Chesterfield-street, May Fair; in which street, by-the-bye, George Selwyn also resided. There, with the assistance of a man cook, who formed one item in his small but *recherché ménage*, he gave some excellent little dinners; his guests were congenial spirits, and on the authority of a noble duke, I can say, that even the Prince honoured them with his presence.

But while he preserved all the appearances necessary to support the position he had acquired in society, there was nothing outrageously extravagant in his general routine of expenditure: at this time he was wise enough not to play, and his stud consisted only of a couple of horses to enable him to air himself in the Park.

It has already been observed that Brummell's figure was well set off by his hussar uniform, but it should be clearly understood that it derived no other advantage from it; the reverse of which is the case with so many young men who hide a bad one under the attractive shelter of regimentals. Nature had indeed been most liberal to him in this respect; he was about the same height as the Apollo, and the just proportions of his form were remarkable; his hand was particularly well-shaped, and, had he been inclined to *earn* his livelihood after his flight from London, he would readily have found an engagement as a life-sitter to an artist, or got well paid to perambulate France from fair to fair, to personate the statuary of the ancients.

His face was rather long, and complexion fair; his whiskers inclined to sandy, and hair light brown. His features were neither plain nor handsome, but his head was well-shaped, the forehead being unusually high; showing, according to phrenological development, more of the mental than the animal passions—the bump of self-esteem was very prominent. His countenance indicated that he possessed considerable intelligence, and his mouth betrayed a strong disposition to indulge in sarcastic humour; this was predominant in every feature, the nose excepted, the natural regularity of which, though it had been broken by a fall from his charger, preserved his countenance from degenerating into comicality. His eyebrows were equally expressive with his mouth, and while the latter was giving utterance to something very good-humoured or polite, the former, and the eyes themselves, which were gray and full of oddity, could assume

an expression that made the sincerity of his words very doubtful.

This flexibility of feature enabled Brummell to give additional point to his humorous or satirical remarks; his whole physiognomy giving the idea, that, had he devoted himself to dramatic composition, he would have written in a tone far more resembling that of the School for Scandal than the Gamester, or any plot developing reflection and deep feeling. His voice was very pleasing.

Having described his person, it is high time to advert to the point in Brummell's character which procured him the sobriquet of Beau—his taste in dress and great attention to it. On this subject he has been much misrepresented; and it is strange how very few persons there are out of the class with whom he associated, who appear to be aware that he possessed a single idea that did not originate in his glass or his wardrobe. By the majority, he is considered to have been an over-dressed and finical puppy; and he is represented by a journalist of modern days, to have worn a dove-coloured coat and white satin inexpressibles, with an artificial scented clove carnation in his button-hole.

"This the early period of his life and not the least important part of it," says the Revue de Paris, "was signalized by the famous pair of gloves, to ensure the perfection of which two glovers were employed; one being charged exclusively with the making of the thumbs, the other, the fingers and the rest of the hand;" in accordance, I suppose, with the grand principle of the subdivision of labour. The author of Pelham has improved upon this, and assigns three, as the number of glovers employed in this achievement.

"At this time," says the same *feuilletoniste*, "three coiffeurs were engaged to dress his hair, one for the temples, one for the front, and the third for his occiput; his boots were *cirées au vin de Champagne*, and the ties of his cravats designed by the first portrait painter in

London, who only became the rage when Brummell had entrusted him with this delicate and sacred task." In other words, the author of this pamphlet would have his readers believe that he was an *incroyable*. In this light he is always viewed by foreigners, and Alfred de Musset, in Les Comtes d'Espagne et d'Italie, thus alludes to him in apostrophizing the Muses:—

> "Muses! depuis le jour où John Bull en silence
> Vit jadis par Brummell, en dépit de la France,
> (Exemple monstrueux) traîner les pantalons
> Jusqu'à," &c., &c.

Another witty Frenchman, anxious for information on the subject of the English Beau, concluded a note to me with this paragraph:—"En somme, autant de détails extérieurs que possible. Quant il s'agit de *Brummell*, la manière dont il coupait ses ongles est importante; '*lâme se mêle à tout*,' dit Madame de Staël."

But our own great lyric poet seems also to have entertained a similar opinion of him, when he makes Mr. Bob Fudge remark to his friend,—

> "There goes a French dandy: ah! Dick, unlike some ones
> We've seen about White's, the Mounseers are but rum ones.
> Such hats! fit for monkeys: I'd back Mrs. Draper
> To cut better weather-boards out of brown paper;
> And coats, how I wish, if it would not distress 'em,
> They'd club for old Brummell from Calais to dress 'em!"

Yet these lines will bear a more liberal construction; and perhaps the poet brings him forward more in reference to his good taste on this subject, and with a view to the correction of dandyism in others, than as a culprit in foppishness himself. It is surely in irony, that, in his description of a great fête at Carlton House, he makes Brummell so interested in a pea-green coat! and says,—

> "Come to our fête, and show again
> That pea-green coat, thou pink of men,
> Which charm'd all eyes that last survey'd it,
> When Brummell's self enquired 'Who made it?'"

It would be unjust indeed to Brummel's memory if I neglected to show the impropriety of calling him a "dandy:" the few associations connected with the term all teem with vulgarity; the tap-room measure of that name is not an example of refinement, and in Johnson the nearest approach to the word is the Dandelion, a vulgar flower! But, if in the true etymological style we divide the word, with the hope of improving its credit, what does the first syllable bring to mind? Somebody quite as notorious as Brummell, but whose follies have been far more mischievous; whose eloquence is great, but certainly not always refined; and to whose health many a dandy of whisky has been tossed off. The thing, the "dandy," however still exists, and will do so to the end of time; but the term is nearly obsolete, and has been replaced by the "tiger" in England, and, oddly enough, by the "*lion*," in France.

The only "dandies" I ever knew that do in any way relieve the just imputation of egregious folly attached to that *outré* character, are those the traveller meets with in Hindostan—beings half fish, half men—the boatmen of the Ganges; and good reason have I to remember them, for they ran away one day from our budgerow, because, when walking on the bank, my shadow had passed over their cooking-pot, and they vowed that I had thereby spoiled their dinner. Vishnu alone knows whether this was true or false; all I can say is, they made a terrible commotion, and left me and my brother subaltern on the shore to mourn their departure.

"The bark was still there, but the '*Dandies*' were gone."

I was then inexperienced in the enlightened doctrines of Bramah; but after I had been a short time in the country, I found it was really necessary to look after my shadow, not only out of respect to "civil and religious liberty all over the world," but out of regard to my own convenience, which was of much more consequence; and

often when landing from my boat, after the day's tracking was over, and the bank was crowded with cooking-pots, for these boatmen never cook on board, I would gladly have been like Peter Schlemil. There was certainly something very peculiar in the dress of these Dandies; it was simply a rag round their waists, and not generally very clean; but our countrywomen in India look upon Nature thus primitively draped with the utmost composure: never, to the best of my recollection, have I seen a blush mantle the cheek of a new arrival; far be it from me, however, to insinuate that a want of modesty was the cause of this—the Dandies are black!

If, as I apprehend, glaring extravaganzas in dress—such, for instance, as excessive padding, trowsers containing cloth enough for a coat besides, shirt-collars sawing off the wearer's ears and the corners threatening to put out his eyes, wristbands intruding upon his plate, or an expansive shirt-front like a miniature bleach-green, &c., &c.—constitute dandyism, Brummell most assuredly was no dandy.

He was a *beau*, but not a beau of the Sir Fopling Flutter or Fielding school; nor would he, like Charles James Fox, have been guilty of wearing red-heeled shoes! He was a beau in the literal sense of the word, —"fine, handsome." As an auxiliary to his success in society, he determined to be the best-dressed man in London, and, in the commencement of his career, he, perhaps, varied his dress too frequently; the whim, however, was of short duration, and, scorning to share his fame with his tailor, he soon shunned all external peculiarity, and trusted alone to that ease and grace of manner which he possessed in a remarkable degree.

His chief aim was to avoid anything marked; one of his aphorisms being, that the severest mortification a gentleman could incur, was, to attract observation in the street by his outward appearance. He exercised the most correct taste in the selection of each article of ap-

parel, of a form and colour harmonious with all the rest, for the purpose of producing a perfectly elegant general effect; and no doubt he spent much time and pains in the attainment of his object.

According to Wraxall, dress at this period had become exceedingly slovenly. "That costume," he observes, "which is now confined to the levee or drawing-room, was then worn by persons of condition, with few exceptions, everywhere and every day. Mr. Fox and his friends, who might be said to dictate to the town, affecting a style of neglect about their persons, and manifesting a contempt of all the usages hitherto established, first threw a sort of discredit on dress. From the House of Commons, and the clubs in St. James's-street, it spread through the private assemblies of London. But, though gradually undermined, and insensibly perishing of an atrophy, dress never fell till the era of Jacobinism and of Equality, in 1793 and 1794. It was then that pantaloons, cropped hair, and shoe-strings, as well as the total abolition of buckles and ruffles, together with the disuse of hair-powder, characterized the men; while ladies (having cut off those tresses, which had done so much execution, and one lock of which purloined, gave rise to the finest model of mock-heroic poetry, which our own, or any other language can boast,) exhibited heads rounded '*à la victime, et à la guillotine*,' as if ready for the stroke of the axe."

Brummell was one of the first who revived and improved the taste for dress; and his great innovation was effected upon neckcloths: they were then worn without stiffening of any kind, and bagged out in front, rucking up to the chin in a roll; to remedy this obvious awkwardness and inconvenience, he used to have his slightly starched; and a reasoning mind must allow, that there is not much to object to in this reform.

He did not, however, like the dandies, test their fitness for use, by trying if he could raise three parts of

their length by one corner without their bending; yet it appears, that if the cravat was not properly tied at the first effort, or inspiring impulse, it was always rejected: his valet was coming down stairs one day with a quantity of tumbled neckcloths under his arm, and being interrogated on the subject, solemnly replied, "Oh, they are *our* failures." Practice like this of course made him perfect; and his tie soon became a model that was imitated, but never equalled.

The method by which this most important result was attained, was communicated to me by a friend of his, who had frequently been an eye-witness of the amusing operation.

The collar, which was always fixed to his shirt, was so large that, before being folded down, it completely hid his head and face, and the white neckcloth was at least a foot in height. The first *coup d'archet* was made with the shirt collar, which he folded down to its proper size; and Brummell then standing before the glass, with his chin poked up to the ceiling, by the gentle and gradual declension of his lower jaw, creased the cravat to reasonable dimensions, the form of each succeeding crease being perfected with the shirt which he had just discarded.

His morning dress was similar to that of every other gentleman—Hessians and pantaloons, or top-boots and buckskins, with a blue coat, and a light or buff-coloured waistcoat; of course fitting to admiration, on the best figure in England. His dress of an evening was a blue coat and white waistcoat, black pantaloons which buttoned tight to the ankle, striped silk stockings, and opera-hat; in fact, he was always carefully dressed, but never the slave of fashion. Still he criticized severely the dress of others, more particularly when there was a want of neatness in it; a nobleman now living told me, that when he was a young man, Brummell not only noticed him a good deal, but from the way in which he patron-

ized him, evidently appeared to think that he was doing him a great kindness. They were walking together arm-in-arm one day up St. James's-street, when Brummell suddenly stopped, and asked Lord —— what he called those things on his feet? "Why, shoes," he replied. "Shoes, are they?" said Brummell doubtfully, and stooping to look at them, "I thought they were slippers."

On another occasion, the late Duke of Bedford asked him for an opinion on his new coat. Brummell examined him from head to foot with as much attention as an adjutant of the Life Guards would the sentries on a drawing-room day. "Turn round," said the Beau: his Grace did so, and the examination was continued in front. When it was concluded Brummell stepped forward, and feeling the lappel delicately with his thumb and finger, said, in a most earnest and amusing manner, "Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?" The following reply to a question addressed to him by one amongst a knot of loungers at White's, was given in the same spirit of *badinage*. "Brummell, your brother William is in town; is he not coming here?" "Yes, in a day or two; but I have recommended him to walk the back streets till his new clothes come home."

Brummell's tailors were Schweitzer and Davidson, in Cork-street, Weston, and a German of the name of Meyer, who lived in Conduit street. The Stultzes and Nugees, &c., did, I believe, exist in those days, but they were not then held in the same estimation as their more fortunate brethren of the shears. Schweitzer and Meyer worked for the Prince; and the latter had a page's livery, and on great occasions superintended the adornment of his Royal Highness's person. The trowser, which opened at the bottom of the leg, and was closed by buttons and loops, was invented either by Meyer or Brummell: the Beau at any rate was the first who wore them, and they immediately became quite the fashion, and continued so for some years.

A good humoured baronet, and brother Etonian of his, who followed him at a humble distance in his dress, told me that he went to Schweitzer's one morning to get properly rigged out, and that while this talented purveyor of habiliments was measuring him, he asked him what cloth he recommended? "Why, Sir," said the *artiste*, "the Prince wears superfine, and Mr. Brummel the Bath coating; but it is immaterial which you choose, Sir John, you must be right; suppose, Sir, we say Bath coating,—I think Mr. Brummel has a trifle the preference."

Brummell's good taste in dress was not his least recommendation in the eyes of the Prince of Wales, by whom his advice on this important subject was constantly sought, and, for a long time, studiously followed. Mr. Thomas Raikes says, in his France, that his Royal Highness would go of a morning to Chesterfield-street to watch the progress of his friend's toilet, and remain till so late an hour that he sometimes sent away his horses, and insisted on Brummell's giving him a quiet dinner, which generally ended in a deep potation.

After their quarrel, however, the Prince spoke of his former friend as a mere block, which a tailor might use with advantage to show off the particular cut of a coat; and this speech went some way to confirm the notion of the nonentity of Brummell's character. But there is good reason for asserting that an extravagant devotion to dress, might, with far more justice, be charged against his royal patron; especially when corpulence, that sad annihilator of elegance, made it difficult for him to get into leathers of the dimensions he was anxious to wear. It was this that gave rise to the caricature in which a pair is represented lashed up between the bedposts, and their owner, having been lifted into them, is seen struggling desperately to get his royal legs satisfactorily encased; leaving the imagination to picture the horizontal hauling that must have taken place, after the perpendicular object had been effected, to make the waistband meet.

In fact the Prince, not Brummell, was the Mecænas of tailors; and perhaps no king of England ever devoted so much time to the details of his own dress, or devising alterations in that of his troops. On this point, whatever attention he gave to it, he displayed little judgment, as the chin of many a Life Guardsman in a windy day attested. The extent to which he indulged his passion for dress is seen in the proceeds of the sale of his wardrobe, which amounted to the enormous sum of fifteen thousand pounds; and if we are to judge by the price of a cloak purchased by Lord Chesterfield for two hundred and twenty, the sable lining alone having originally cost eight hundred, it is scarcely straining the point to suppose that this collection of royal garments had cost little less than one hundred thousand. A list of the articles was given in the Athenæum of the day, which, after expressing its astonishment at the prodigious accumulation of apparel, says that "Wealth had done wonders, taste not much."

But the best evidence that I can offer in support of the opinion that the word Beau ought not to be applied to Brummell in an offensive sense, is the following extract from a very kind and courteous letter which I received from the Rev. G. Crabbe, to whom I had written, having observed Brummell's name mentioned in his Life of his talented and amiable father.

"I am sorry that I can give you no other information respecting the communication between Mr. Brummell and my father at Belvoir, than the short and trifling remark in the memoir, as I never heard my father mention him except when he made that remark; but short as it was, it entirely accords with the impression which I believe was general in that neighbourhood, viz., that Mr. Brummell was a sensible man and a finished gentleman; the term 'Beau,' which the world has offered to him, might be more applicable perhaps in his earlier years; but when my father met him at Belvoir, he was, I con-

ceive, about forty, and certainly did not, either in manners or appearance, exhibit that compound of coxcombry in dress, and vulgar assiduity of address, which marks the ' Beau,' (that is the dandy ;) I remember being struck with the misapplication of this title when I saw him one day in the Belvoir hunt. He was dressed as plain as any man in the field, and the manly and even dignified expression of his countenance ill accorded with the implication the sobriquet conveyed."

CHAPTER V.

Brummell's extreme neatness—Lord Byron's opinion of his outward appearance—Leigh Hunt's—The Beau's cleanliness—His precautions to ensure it—Why country gentlemen were disqualified for becoming members of Watier's—Mr. Pitt's opinion of them—Brummell's manners and tastes—Lord Chesterfield's gentleman—Lord P——'s snuff-cellar—The ex-Garde-du-Corps—The gentleman of the Old School—Innovations, not improvements—The minuet and cotillons—American manners.

THERE was in fact nothing extreme about Brummell's personal appearance but his extreme cleanliness and neatness, and whatever time and attention he devoted to his dress, the result was perfect; no perfumes, he used to say, but very fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing. With regard to perfumery, his taste perfectly coincided with that of the Champion of England. "I remember," says Lord Byron, in his letter on Bowles' Strictures on Pope, "(and do you remember, reader, that it was in my earliest youth, 'Consule Planco')—on the morning of the great battle (the second) between Gully and Gregson,—*Cribb*, who was matched against Horton, for the second fight, on the same memorable day awaking me, (a lodger at the inn in the next room,) by a loud remonstrance to the waiter against the abomination of his towels, which had been laid in *lavender!*" Mr. Leigh Hunt in a note, in which he kindly referred me to some anecdotes of Brummell, says, "I remember that Lord Byron once described him to me, as having nothing remarkable in his style of dress, except a 'certain exquisite propriety'"—and that gentleman, in a sketch which he gave of the Beau at an early period of his life, observes, when speaking of his superior judgment on

this point, "that the poet's hyperbole about the lady might be applied to his coat, 'you might almost say the body thought.'"—It did think; and, had Montesquieu known Brummell, he would never have said, "Le goût est un je ne scais quoi."

Cleanliness, however, rather than taste, was the touchstone upon which his acquaintance were invariably tried; to detect in them any deviation from that virtue, which has by common consent been placed next to godliness, was a sufficient reason for his declining any further intercourse with them. One of his friends, curious to know something of a family that he had passed a day with in the country, inquired of him, what sort of people they were: "Don't ask me, my good fellow," replied Brummell; "you may imagine, when I tell you, that I actually found a cobweb in my ——!" The anecdote is, perhaps, true; and it was probably this that induced him to keep a travelling one, for one of these indispensable articles of bedroom furniture is described in the catalogue of the sale of his effects as such, "in a folding mahogany case, with an external carpet case for the same." It is said that he objected to country gentlemen being admitted to Watier's, assigning as a sufficient reason for their exclusion, that their boots stunk of horse-dung and bad blacking. If this had been true, many would have been of the same opinion, but his jocose remark was very probably made against some individual candidate. His objection to one of the prevailing tastes of his day—excessive devotion to stables, dog-kennels, and coachmanship—appears to have been strong; and he gives a proof of this by having taken the trouble to insert some very severe lines against the Whip-club in his album.

But though ridicule, false or true, is often more keenly felt than just censure, the Squire Westerns must have been far more indignant with Mr. Pitt, who, after all the support they had given him, did in his convivial hours

forget his official circumspection and suffer his real opinion of them to escape him. A diplomatist of my acquaintance, now living, was present when the flattering expressions I allude to were uttered at Lord Mulgrave's table, that nobleman being, at the time, First Lord of the Admiralty.

My gossip was then a young man, and the day on which he was so fortunate as to meet the Prime Minister at dinner, was remarkable for being the one on which the First Lord was to examine a boat, constructed by Sir Sidney Smith, in 1805, for the purpose of acting against the Boulogne flotilla. This vessel, which was in fact nothing more than two boats fastened together like those of the Pacific islanders, was navigated by the proper officers to Putney, and there, under the Admiral's orders, put through all the manœuvres which could in any way explain her use and capabilities: she was called the Gemini, and as it was a subject of some importance, Mr. Pitt and a large party had been invited to Lord Mulgrave's, whose house was on the banks of the Thames, to see the trial. Accordingly before dinner they went on the lawn to see the boat, and afterwards returned to the house, where Sir Sidney having joined the party, which consisted of about twelve persons, they sat down to table: there was every prospect of the dinner being an agreeable one, and so it turned out; Mr. Pitt was in great spirits, and amused those near him exceedingly, conversing with them on a variety of subjects, politics apparently never entering his head, and he was no flincher at his wine.

But after the cloth was removed the conversation came less general, and was carried on by two or three persons, who had each his little knot of listeners; one of the speakers being Colonel, afterwards Lord Dillon, who was holding forth on the good old times of Sir Robert Walpole, and the great utility of that noble class, the country gentlemen. "What's that you say, Colonel," said Pitt, "of the

good old times?" The Colonel repeated his eulogium, finishing of course with a still more splendid peroration. "Ah," replied Pitt, in his deep sepulchral voice, "ah, Colonel Dillon, those were indeed the good old times,—for they were days when country gentlemen were even more ignorant and more obstinate then they are at present!"

"Imagine my astonishment, however," said the diplomatist, "on hearing Mr. Pitt in the House of Commons, two months after, when he had some tax which he was anxious to saddle upon these 'ignorant and obstinate gentlemen,' make the most laboured panegyric in their praise; and particularly addressing Colonel Stanley, the Earl of D——'s uncle, (for the House was in Committee at the time,) instance him as one of the finest examples of this class!"

Brummell's great external characteristic was the elegance of his manners; they were the gift of nature, not the conventional ones usually acquired, in greater or less perfection, in the class of society that he frequented. There was no affectation or pretension about him, but if any peculiarity could be observed, it was a tinge of the graceful formality generally described as "of the old school." His carriage was noble, all his movements were gentle and dignified, but never gave the impression that they were studied; and his deportment was so peculiarly striking, that in walking down St. James'-street, he attracted the attention of the passers by as much as the Prince of Wales himself. To admire whatever was elegant was natural to him, and his living in the midst of every description of refinement, in palaces, or in mansions hardly, if in fact at all inferior, fully accounts for the taste and judgment which he possessed in buhl, china, and other objects of *virtù*; he was very curious in snuff-boxes, and had a collection of great beauty and value: as also of canes.

Here, however, panegyric on his *judgment* must stop; for it is doubtful whether his mind was so keenly alive

to the sublime beauties of the Italian school of painting, or the sculpture of the ancients. His small library was stored with standard works, and though by no means comprising the extent of his reading, as he could at any time avail himself of superior ones, and constantly did so, showed the same good taste.

Being thus habitually, as well as naturally, elegant and refined, he of course had an antipathy to vulgarity of any sort, especially in manners; but his sarcastic allusions to it were directed, generally speaking, against those who he considered ought to have known better.

But it would be difficult indeed to fix the precise standard of manners that constitutes the finished gentleman, and many and amusing are the dicta of some, who have undertaken to supply rules for the guidance of such as are anxious to excel in that rare and difficult character. Amongst the prohibitory ones is Lord Chesterfield's declaration that a *gentleman* ought not to play on the violin. Would it not have been more sensible had he said, a gentleman ought not to take snuff? that most nasty operation, the only deviation from the practice of personal purity in which Brummell indulged. Happily for the fair sex, it has long fallen into general disuse as a fashionable habit, which it was in his day. The Prince of Wales took snuff, a sufficient reason for the almost universal adoption of the custom. But even this Brummell did in an elegant manner, scarcely inferior to that of his Royal Highness: like him, he opened his box with peculiar grace, and with one hand only, the left. One of the great amateurs of this nasal pastime, and a friend of Brummell's, still survives, and Lord P——'s cellar of *snuff*—not *wine*—is said by the tobacconists to be worth three thousand pounds.

But to return to the consideration of gentlemanly demeanour. Some five-and-forty years ago, a friend of mine, whose manners were peculiarly pleasing and correct, was out shooting, in Norfolk, with an elderly gentle-

man of his acquaintance. It was a bright burning day in September, and they had walked over miles of stubble and turnips with pretty good success, when stopping in the middle of a field for a momentary rest, the young clergyman took his handkerchief from his hat, and, passing it across his brow, said to his companion, "Oh! how thirsty I am!" "What!" exclaimed the old sportsman in a tone of unfeigned surprise, "thirsty? a gentleman, young man, is never thirsty;" and, taking a dried camomile flower out of his pocket and placing it in his mouth, he shouldered his gun, recommending my friend, as they renewed their walk, to carry a similar antidote with him in future.

Such was the feeling of the "old school" with regard to propriety of manners, though, perhaps, a little exaggerated in this instance, and certainly in that of Lord Chesterfield; for with that nobleman it was a mere affectation of refinement, but with the old gentleman it was a real feeling of propriety.

A ci-devant garde-du-corps of Charles the Tenth's, who formed one of the society of Caen when Brummell was residing in that town, was also an example of stoicism similar to that required of a gentleman by this venerable critic. He had only his half-pay, seven hundred and fifty francs a-year, and his wardrobe, as might naturally be expected, was rather deficient on such an income. It was little enough for a man who might be sans home, sans shirt, sans everything—whose salon is the wretched cabaret at the corner of the street; but for a legitimist, supporting the character of a well-dressed man, and a ruined cause, it was positive starvation. Fortunately his affluent friends of the same political opinions sometimes assisted him with a coat, and occasionally with a pair of inexpressibles, or a dinner; but never did their friendly donations extend to a cloak or a great-coat, and in the most bitter weather, no matter whether it was sleeting or snowing, he was never seen in the street habited in any thing of the kind.

One keen winter afternoon, an Englishman, who was making his way to his dinner at the hotel as rapidly as he could, to his infinite amazement met Monsieur de Z—— with his surtout open, and looking the very emblem of the season. Boldly erect, however, with his hat on one side, he appeared to defy the elements, and stalked towards him as magnanimously *insouciant* as if he had been clad in sables. The Englishman, with his cloak thrown up to his very eyes, like a true Hidalgo, struck with the transparent appearance of the garde-du-corps, asked him, in a really compassionate tone, if he did not feel the cold? "Froid, monsieur!" said the haughty Carlist, "un homme comme-il-faut n'a jamais froid."

Though there may be two opinions as to whether it is necessary that a *gentleman* should never be either thirsty, or cold, or play the violin, few will deny that "the gentleman of the old school" is now a *rara avis*, and that, in doing away with the formalities by which society was regulated in days gone by, we have lost much of the polish that distinguished him. Had the old sportsman, of whom I have been speaking, written The Adventures of a Gentleman, he would scarcely have allowed his hero to set dogs to fight in a house,—in one, too, in which he was a perfect stranger!

May we not question whether society has gained by the extent to which the relaxation of its forms has been carried, though some was desirable. The intercourse between a father and his son had in the last generation much of formality in it; but the restrictions which then existed were useful, and tended strongly to preserve that consideration and respect which are too often broken through in the present day. In writing to his father, the son then addressed him as "My dear sir"; in conversation, "Sir." A complete upsetting, instead of the modification of such forms as these, has not created a warmer affection between the two; while it has cer-

tainly given rise to a familiarity that frequently terminates in impertinence, and, finally, in a total want of filial respect. Many an under-graduate, or incipient field-marshal, in penning a letter home for a fresh supply of funds, now commences his epistle with "My dear Governor," who at his wine-party designates his father by the still more elegant denomination of the "old boy," or the "old cock." The use of such coarse language, in speaking of a parent, cannot fail in time to breed contempt, and, in truth, it does so.

But manners, as well as dress, will of course vary, as they ever have done, with each succeeding generation; a hoop did not make a lady, nor gold lace a gentleman; neither of these appendages is a loss, but the minuet contributed far more to make them elegant, than the gallopade; and Sir Roger de Coverley was a better style of Christmas revel, than the dance termed a Polonaise, into which is introduced a promenade through the bedrooms and down the corridors of our country mansions; on the walls of which the venerable ancestors of the family are shaking—yes, shaking with indignation at such hoydenish proceedings. What would be the feelings of the youthful and stately beauties of preceding generations—and beauties they were, in spite of pearl powder and pomatum—if they could be resuscitated, and (placed against a truncated column of gas sent from London, to light the ball-room) see their great grand-daughters dancing the Coquette, or some of the other cotillons? I venture to assert, that they would have no necessity for rouge that night.

The comparative merits of different forms of government is a prolific subject of discussion, and none is more worthy of attention, or more deeply interesting; but it is astonishing how much opinions upon abstract principles are modified, by the influence which the manners and customs of different countries exercise upon them.

What is there that excites such decided feelings

against modern democracy, as the coarseness of its social and domestic habits? what is there that has tended half so much to keep up our dislike to the government of our Transatlantic friends, as the uncivilized character of the incidents that are constantly occurring in their drawing-rooms? A pleasant episode, truly, in a state reception, to see the trays of refreshments, intended for the guests at the upper end of the room, cleared by a rush of visitors near the door; and a second supply escorted to its destination by a score of Irish lackeys, with shillelahs in their hands! Moreover, there is something of tyranny in their equality; it is not pleasant to be told at an hotel, though the landlord be a colonel, that whether you like it or not, you must breakfast and dine when and where every one else does. And can it be pleasant, when the gong sends forth its brazen note, to be perforce one of a crowd, who rush to their food as eagerly as the tame carp at Fontainebleau, when they hear the gardener's bell—each individual being conscious that, if he does not answer it, he must go without his meal?

If we are to believe the almost unanimous accounts of travellers in America, and particularly that of Mr. Dickens, the Hall of Congress is one vast spittoon; the members being wholly regardless of those little conveniences, appropriated to the indulgence of that almost national diversion. Why it happens, that the inhabitants of the modern and model republic, the Rev. Sydney Smith's "ark of human happiness," should be vulgar and tyrannical—they are slave-owners still—it is not easy to say; but the former fact must create as much disgust, as the latter indignation, in the minds even of the humble classes of a civilized country.

In a community, constituted like the American, refinement of manners and gentlemanly bearing cannot be common to any very large proportion of the upper classes; it cannot be expected. A decent regard for the gradations of society, however few, must be granted

by general consent, or established by long use, as the basis of refined manners ; and when that is so granted, or especially when it has existed in a country for centuries, vulgarity is *understood*, even by the low, and becomes an outrage against the feelings of the high, who have been as it were born with, and responsible for, superior advantages.

CHAPTER VI.

Brummell's accomplishments—In London during the month of November—His friend the Duke of Bedford—Visits to Woburn, Belvoir &c., &c.—Fête on the Duke of Rutland's coming of age—Brummell is mistaken for the Prince of Wales—His indifference to field sports—Nimrod's opinion of his riding—Thomas Asheton Smith—His reason for riding at an impossibility—The Major of the Belvoir Volunteers—The regular and the irregular—Brummell's stud—The late Duchess of Rutland—The Beau's friends and associates at Belvoir.

BRUMMELL'S manner and address, which made him so acceptable, and enabled him to take such a leading position in society, were not his only recommendations; he was a charming companion, and was possessed of the best of all claims to popularity—good humour. He drew well, and was not ignorant of music, and his voice was very agreeable in singing as well as speaking; he also wrote *vers de société*, one of the accomplishments in vogue in his day, with facility, and his dancing was perfect.

Though these qualifications, and the quiet unassuming manner which distinguished him, were more likely to make him a favourite with the fair sex than his own, he was as much liked by the men, and became most intimate at a very early period of his life with some of the first families in the country; the intervals between his seasons in London being varied by visits to the Prince at Brighton, or to Belvoir, Chatsworth, Woburn, &c., &c. Nevertheless the following note will show that he positively was once in town in the month of November; but his friend Beauvais was probably an *émigré*, and he was good-naturedly showing him the lions.

Woburn Abbey, November 10.

My dear Brummell,

By some accident, which I am unable to account for, your letter of Wednesday did not reach me till yesterday. I make it a rule never to *lend* my box, but you have the *entrée libre* whenever you wish to go there, as I informed the box-keeper last year.

I hope Beauvais and you will do great execution at Up-Park.[1] I shall probably be there shortly after you.

Ever yours sincerely,

Bedford.

At Belvoir he was *l'ami de la famille*, and at Cheveley, another seat of the Duke of Rutland's, his rooms were as sacred as the Duke of York's, who was a frequent visitor there; and if any gentleman happened to be occupying them when he arrived unexpectedly, he was obliged to turn out.

On the Duke of Rutland's coming of age, in January, 1799, great rejoicings took place at Belvoir, and Brummell was one of the distinguished party that assembled there, amongst whom were the Prince of Wales, the late Duke of Argyle, the Marquis of Lorn, the present Lord Jersey, &c., and all the neighbouring gentry.

The festivities on this occasion lasted for three weeks, and were conducted on a truly ducal scale. Fireworks of the most splendid description were let off in front of the Castle, one bullock was roasted whole on the bowling-green of the quadrangle, and another at the bottom of the hill on which the noble pile of building stands; but such was the severity of the weather, that while one side was roasting the other was freezing. This however did not deter the peasantry from making their way in hundreds to the Duke's kitchen and servants' hall, where the table groaned with substantial fare, and the "brown October" was not only "drunk on the premises," but

[1] The seat of Sir Henry Featherstonhaugh, Bart.

carried away in pailsful. This unrivalled example of baronial magnificence and hospitality is still remembered in the vale of Belvoir; a circumstance not very extraordinary, for this proof of the warmth and generosity of the young and noble Duke's disposition is said to have cost him sixty thousand pounds.

The weather being severe, there was of course no hunting, so skating was the order of the day; and Brummell, in going down the hill to the ice, clad in a pelisse of fur, was one morning mistaken by the people, who had assembled in great numbers, for the Prince of Wales, and was loudly cheered. This little incident will give some idea of the elegance and dignity of his carriage. It was indeed nearly as remarkable as that of his Royal Highness, who, in spite of the opinion retailed by a modern novelist, that "in the zenith of his popularity and personal advantages, he seemed positively vulgar by the side of the Count d'Artois," was allowed by his greatest enemies to be the most distinguished looking man of his day.

Though I had the preceding anecdote from the very best authority, I did not hear whether Brummell, when he arrived at the ice, "made a star" upon it, or rivalled the Marquis of Lorn, a perfect skater, by engraving his cipher. Certain it is that he hated personal exertion in any way, and it was difficult to make him give up his book and shoulder his gun, to join in a scramble over hedgerows and ditches. He was not much of a shot, and looked upon a battue only as an excellent opportunity for letting off his fun.

In those primeval days, there was no such thing as patent wadding; and punched cards, if known, were not general; at any rate he did not choose to adopt them, and used to excite a laugh among the sportsmen by appearing at the breakfast table with fifty or sixty pieces of paper like spills, attached with a large whistle to the button-hole of his jacket.

One of his greatest feats with his gun was perpetrated at Cheveley, where he had just returned from a grand day, on which three hundred head of game had been slaughtered: the rest of the party were contemplating the fruits of their success, as it lay upon the lawn; but Brummell, who took little interest in the deceased, having accidentally caught sight of two tame pigeons which had lovingly perched upon one of the chimneys, tempted by a standing shot, carefully raised his gun, and brought them both down. His satisfaction, however, was very transient, for a general exclamation from the bystanders followed, and he soon learnt they were the pets of one of the upper servants; great was then his regret, and many the apologies he made to the owner. But this unfortunate chance was not quite so serious in its results as that of the Duke of York, who, while shooting at Cheveley, during a Newmarket October Meeting, mistook a favourite liver coloured pointer of the Duke's for a hare, and shot her dead. Poor Venus was a beautiful bitch, one of the finest dogs in the kingdom, and his Royal Highness was even more hurt than his friend, who valued her very highly.

Though Brummell was so much at Belvoir, and kept a stud of horses there, he was never a "Melton man;" and his friends, as well as every one else, were amazingly astonished when he joined in the pleasures of the chase; for, like many other gentlemen, he did not like it: it did not suit his habits, and his servant could never get him up in time to join the hounds, if it was a distant meet: but even if the meet was near, and they found quickly, he only rode a few fields, and then shaped his course in an opposite direction, or paid a visit to the nearest farmhouse, to satisfy his enormous appetite for bread and cheese. I have heard him, but many years after, laugh amazingly over these incidents of his Melton days, and say in his usual droll way, that he "could not bear to have his tops and leathers splashed by the greasy galloping farmers."

The truth was, he preferred returning at two o'clock to lunch with the Duchess and her female guests; he was to them a most sociable, cheerful, and amusing companion; and yet very much liked by the fox-hunters, farmers as well as gentlemen, for he had always a merry word to say to them, and the late Mr. Apperley assured me, that when he chose to ride, he rode respectably: but he did not say that he ever heard of his having been in at the death, after the famous run from Billesden Coplow, immortalised in verse by a clergyman, the son of a bishop: neither did he say that he ever rode, like Tom Smith, at a Croxton-park paling, with a hurdle on the top of it. It was on this occasion that Mr. Smith, being taken up half-stunned, and asked what on earth could tempt him to go at a fence impossible to clear? replied, "I had a lead, and if I had not gone at it, *somebody else might have tried.*"

But, many years after this period, when, at Caen, Brummell used sometimes to revert to the pleasurable recollections of times past, he once spoke of an occasion on which he was obliged to exercise his best powers across country; and the anecdote, as it was repeated to me, was so amusing, that though I cannot authenticate the fact on which it depends, I cannot refrain from inserting it.

It appears that after he retired from the Tenth, he was tempted to accept a majority in the Belvoir Volunteers, raised by the Duke of Rutland after the short peace of 1803, and that while he was in this responsible and complimentary situation, a General Officer was sent down by the Horse Guards to inspect the corps: the official notifications had been given and received, the time and place named, and General Binks (for such shall be his incognito) arrived punctual to the minute. The men were there, the officers also; the drums and colour,—not a halberd was missing,—but Major Brummell—where was he at this critical juncture? nobody knew.

The indignant regular waited and waited, the charger

snorted, the General snorted, and at length, both being equally exasperated at the unreasonable delay, the gallant officer commenced the performance of his now unpleasant duty; this was terminating, of course not much to his satisfaction, when the truant Major was descried in a scarlet coat in the distance, coming at speed across the country, occasionally craning on his way, and then with renewed energy making play over the flat. A few minutes, and the Beau was cap in hand to General Binks, who suddenly halted the line, which then much resembled that formed by a patriotic Volunteer corps, when reviewed in the Phœnix Park, and for the serpentine character of which their learned commander so drolly apologised to the Lord Lieutenant, by saying, "Your Excellency, we are Lawyers, as this indenture witnesseth." But in this case, the commanding officer had to make an apology for himself, not for his corps, and he entered upon a series of explanatory speeches commencing with, Having left Belvoir quite early,—fully thought he should have been home in time, for the meet was close at hand, but the favourite horse failed and landed him in a ditch,—was dreadfully shook, and had been lying there an hour,—which the state of his pink amply testified.

Excuses, however, were vain; General Binks was a martinet *enragé:* he remained inexorable, and raising himself in his stirrups, addressed the delinquent in the following pompous and inflated style. "Sir, this conduct is wholly inexcusable; if I remember right, Sir, you once had the honour of holding a Captain's commission under his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the heir-apparent himself, Sir! Now, Sir, I tell you, I tell you, Sir, that I should be wanting in a proper zeal for the honour of the service; I should be wanting in my duty, Sir, if I did not, this very evening, report this disgraceful neglect of orders to the Commander-in-Chief, as well as the state in which you present yourself in front of your

regiment: and this shall be done, Sir. You may retire, Sir."

The Beau bowed low and in silence, and did retire; but he had scarcely walked his horse five paces from the spot, when he returned and said in a subdued tone, "Excuse me, General Binks, but in my anxiety to explain this most unfortunate business, I forgot to deliver a message which the Duke of Rutland desired me to give you when I left Belvoir this morning: it was to request the honour of your company at dinner." It would be difficult to say which gave the oddest grin, the culprit or the disciplinarian; the latter coughed, and at length cleared his throat sufficiently to express his thanks in these words: "Ah! why, really I feel, and am, very much obliged to his Grace; pray, Major Brummell, tell the Duke, I shall be most happy; and,"—melodiously raising his voice, for the Beau had already turned his horse once more toward Belvoir, "Major Brummell, as to this little affair, I am sure, no man can regret it more than you do. Assure his Grace, that I shall have great pleasure in accepting his very kind invitation." And they parted, amidst a shower of smiles.

But Brummell was as yet only half out of his difficulties; the invitation he had so readily given to the General was coined on the spot, was his own invention, to save himself from the consequences of his neglect of duty, and he had to ride for his life to the Castle to prepare his friend the Duke for an unexpected visitor, the distinguished Binks. This anecdote does not tell well on paper, but let the reader imagine Brummell giving his own account of the scene, taking off the graceful and submissive bow with which he acknowledged the reproof, and the arch twist of his eyebrows as he described himself giving the invitation, that acted as such an efficient anodyne to the General's indignation.

Brummell always appeared at the coverside admirably dressed, in a white cravat and white tops, which latter,

either he or Robinson, his valet, introduced, and which eventually superseded the brown ones; his horses were always in as high condition as himself, their coats looking like silk. They stood at the Peacock at the bottom of the hill, near Belvoir, and were under the care of a person of the name of Fryatt, who perfectly understood his business; indeed he was more an agent than a groom, for he purchased, when and what he thought proper, without much, if ever, consulting his master, who had too much sense to interfere with him.

The truth was, Fryatt was an excellent rider, a capital judge of horses, and sometimes put money into Brummell's pocket, besides mounting him well; he also took care of himself, and at his death left eight or ten thousand pounds behind him, made out of horse-flesh: the inn which he kept at Melton for one or two years, was not so profitable a concern. After a few seasons, Brummell's stud was removed to Knipton, on account of some misunderstanding with Shipton, the landlord of the Peacock; in 1807, his horses stood at Grantham.

Knipton is a very beautiful village about a mile and a half from Belvoir Castle, and near it is a lake, of two hundred acres in extent; the spot is richly wooded, and the late Duchess took great pains to improve it, particularly in the drives, which are laid out with much judgment; the Castle, also, will long remain a magnificent memorial of her architectural taste, for the plan of it was her own selection. Her love of landscape gardening probably originated in her talent for drawing, which was considerable, as the collection at Belvoir of her own doing affords ample and pleasing evidence. Brummell's capability of appreciating this accomplishment, and his own proficiency in it, combined with his other acquirements, and his indifference to field sports, naturally made him a very welcome guest in the drawing-room at Belvoir, and led to greater intimacy with his noble hostess than he might otherwise have aspired to.

He appears to have taken a pleasure in applying his talent for drawing, to the not unamiable object of preserving the memory of some of the distinguished women, that he was fortunate enough to be able to number among his friends. These sketches are from miniatures or pictures. One, of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, was taken from a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is now, or was, in the possession of Lady Granville; two others, those of the late Duchesses of Beaufort and Rutland, are now in the author's hands. The former is in water-colours, the latter in pencil: though not highly finished, both are very creditably executed for an amateur.

In a letter of Brummell's, subsequently given, written many years after the death of the Duchess of Rutland, he feelingly alludes to her in terms that would confirm the most delightful impression of her disposition. But, however the society in which she moved might have regretted her Grace's premature death, inasmuch as it removed one of the brightest and most fascinating ornaments from their gay circle; yet her loss was far more sincerely deplored by the poorer classes of her own neighbourhood, in whose welfare and happiness she had always manifested a most lively interest, and who assembled in vast crowds at her funeral, to pay the last tribute of a sincere respect to their benefactress.

In concluding this chapter, the principal part of which relates to Brummell's intimacy with a family in which he for many years passed much of his time, it may not be altogether uninteresting to mention some of the guests with whom he was frequently associated, and with the majority of whom, now like himself in their graves, he was on the most friendly footing; as it will give the reader an idea how deeply he must have felt the alteration in his circumstances, and the change he had to encounter in society, during his long and compulsory residence abroad—from Belvoir to *Calais!* Amongst

these were the Dukes of York and Cambridge; the late Dukes of Beaufort, Manchester, Dorset, and Argyle; the Earls of Westmoreland and Chatham, (William Pitt's brother, and the great friend of the Duke of Rutland on the turf;) the Lords Delamere, Apsley, Forester, F. Bentinck, and Robert Manners; the Honourables W. Howard, Irby, and Henry Pierrepoint, (Lord Manvers's brother, and one of the leaders at Watier's;) Chig Chester, (a great whist-player, sportsman, and good fellow;) Sir Watkin Wynne, Sir John Thoroton; Colonel F., and the Rev. P. Thoroton; Colonel G. Cornwall, Parson Grosvenor, Mr. Delmé Ratcliffe, and John Douglas.

There were also the present Lords Jersey, Alvanley, Willoughby d'Eresby, and Charles Manners; who, as well as Lord Robert, was with Brummell in the Tenth. A few commoners also survive; namely, Richard Norman, the Duke of Rutland's brother-in-law, Culling Smith, Sloane Stanley, General Grosvenor, and General Upton.

CHAPTER VII.

Brummell's influence in society—Proofs of it—The young débutante at Almack's—The hogshead of Martinique—Brummell's assurance—Mr. Lister's elucidation of that subject—Mrs. Johnson Thompson—Brummell and Wyndham—The dinner at Mr. R.'s, and the ride to Lady Jersey's—The horrid discovery—The double distress.

BRUMMELL'S intimacy with the Prince of Wales, and also with so many families of distinction, in addition to his social qualifications and perfect manners, soon made him sought and courted in society, and he was at length the vogue—no party was complete without him; and the morning papers, in giving the details of a rout, always placed his name first on the list of untitled guests. But his ambition was, not only to shine in the fashionable world, but to be its dictator, and, to effect this object, he saw that he must be formidable; like Sylla, he must be feared. A quick perception of the folly and gullibility of many of its members enabled him to shape his course accordingly; and, being fully aware of the power of ridicule, and not inconvenienced by any undue proportion of feeling for the crowd, he used it freely. His disposition to satirize was, no doubt, unamiable; but there was an essential difference between exercising his sarcastic vein upon people who were perfectly indifferent to him, and making an ill-natured use of it in private circles. In cutting up individuals with whom he had no feelings in common, which was pretty often the case, he did no more than hundreds of others; but, having a most perfect tact in all matters appertaining to mein and conduct in society, he made the witty, satirical, and cynical points of his character tell with much more effect than they did theirs.

How well he eventually succeeded in making his opinion valued or dreaded, the following anecdote will give an idea. "Do you see that gentleman near the door?" said an experienced chaperon to her daughter, whom she had brought, for the first time, into the arena of Almacks, "he is now speaking to Lord——." "Yes, I see him," replied the light-hearted, and as yet unsophisticated girl; "who is he?" "A person, my dear, who will probably come and speak to us; and if he enters into conversation, be careful to give him a favourable impression of you, for," and she sunk her voice to a whisper, "he is the celebrated Mr. Brummell."

This is no fiction; the young Lady Louisa, who is now living, was the daughter of a duke, and her rank, wealth, and personal attractions, might well have been thought sufficient to secure her against the criticisms of any man. This doubtless was her mother's opinion; but such was Brummell's influence, and such his supposed ill-nature in the use of his powers of detraction, that she was obliged to warn her young débutante not unthinkingly to expose herself to them. It has been asserted that even Madame de Staël was haunted by a dread of his disapprobation, and that she considered her having failed to please him, as the greatest "malheur" that she experienced during her residence in London; the next—that the Prince of Wales did not call upon her. The following is an extract from the Aurora Borealis of periodicals, which proves that it also acknowledged the existence of his extraordinary influence. "Every one has heard the story of the man who, when Pitt inquired what could be done to forward his interests, simply requested the prime minister to bow to him in public. There was some sense and knowledge of the world in this request; nor was it altogether an unmeaning affectation in Brummell when, in reply to a nobleman of the highest rank, who accused him of inveigling his son into a disreputable gambling transaction, he exclaimed, 'Really I did my

best for the young man: I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's.'"[1] Brummell was so far right; for had the young man possessed any sense, and profited by his example, he would at least have gamed amongst gentlemen; and in losing his money would not have lost caste also, as it is to be presumed the transaction occurred at some low hell, and not at either of these clubs: unless indeed the opinion of the commentator on Lord Byron's works is correct, namely, "that a 'hell' is a gaming-house so called, where you risk little and are cheated a good deal, and a 'club' a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated at all."

Mr. Benson Hill, in his Pinch of Snuff, likewise relates the following anecdote, as a proof that Brummell's opinion was above appeal in the world of fashion; it shows also that he turned his power to some account. "Fribourg and Treyer were once anxiously expecting their supply of the veritable Martinique, and the list of applicants for this highly prized article had long been filled up. The hogshead was opened in the presence of the arbiter, who, after taking a few pinches, gravely pronounced it a detestable compound, and not at all the style of thing that any man, with the slightest pretensions to correct taste, could possibly patronize. This astounding announcement, which must soon spread among the candidates, petrified the purveyors: they had procured the snuff at a heavy outlay, and it was now likely to remain on their hands.

"The companions of the dictator left him to discuss the matter with the proprietors. No sooner were they gone than Brummell said, 'By some oversight I did not put my name down on your Martinique list, and I must have allowed the thing to have been disposed of to others, who know not its value as I do. Since the hogshead has been condemned, you will not object to my having

[1] Edinburgh Review, Feb., 1843.

three jars full of it: that fact once known, there is little doubt that the remainder will find a speedy demand.' The Messrs. Fribourg gladly yielded to the ruse of the exquisite, and in a few days, it having become known that he had absolutely bought and positively paid for the quantity above named, not a grain was left."

But many were the steps by which Brummell arrived at this culminating point, and incalculable pains did he devote to his object before his opinion weighed with the *élite* of Almacks—before he could arrogate to himself the power of assigning the limits of gentility, and deciding who were "*bon ou mauvais ton;*" before he dared to permit himself to exercise his wit at the cost of an insult to his future sovereign, even though they had quarrelled—an insult that he would never, under any circumstances, have addressed to an equal. The recollection of the anecdote to which I allude leads me to the consideration of another feature in Brummell's character, and one which mainly assisted him in attaining his singular eminence: I mean his indescribable assurance, which, without scandalizing his memory, was not trifling.

"No one," says the author of Granby, "could talk down his superiors, whether in rank or talent, with more imposing confidence than Trebeck could; his denunciations were always couched in a witty form; and when it was needless or dangerous to define a fault, he could check applause with an incredulous smile, or depress pretension by the raising of an eyebrow. He observed, with derision, how those who were delighted and amused vainly thought themselves confidentially treated, and exulted in the mistaken idea of being exempted from his cutting criticisms. No keeper of a menagerie could better show off a monkey than he did an original: on these occasions he always contrived to make the unconscious object of his experiments place his absurdities in the best point of view, concealing his own intentions under the blandest cajolery.

"In the art of *cutting* he shone unrivalled; he knew the 'when,' and the 'where,' and the 'how': without affecting useless short-sightedness, he could assume that calm, but wandering gaze, which veers as if unconsciously around the proscribed individual, neither fixing nor being fixed; that indefinable look which excuses you, perhaps, to the person *cut*, and at any rate prevents him from accosting you."

In searching for materials for this work, I happened one day to stumble, and as I thought, very fortunately, upon a duodecimo volume entitled Anecdotes of Impudence. Here, thought I, something is surely to be gleaned; but I was disappointed, and not only that, but surprised, for there was not a word about Brummell in the book; and the frontispiece, which on the impulse of the moment I hoped was a portrait of the Beau, proved to be one of Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P. Why Mr. Hume was selected by the author as the best type of the impudence of our times, it is not for me to say; but I think few will deny that it was very hard upon poor Brummell.

Cool and impertinent, indeed, were the speeches that he often made, and the tricks that he played, especially if he had been affronted, or in self-defence: and then, whether his impudent remarks were levelled at a shoeblack or the Prince of Wales, was perfectly immaterial to him: for, however unjustifiable his jokes might sometimes be, at least he was never a court sycophant or a parasite. His sarcasms were generally launched at those moving in the same society as himself, at toadies, and rich and assuming *parvenus* who were endeavouring to force themselves into notice; not at people whose habits were unobtrusive, or who belonged to a more retired sphere of life. But the following well-known anecdote is the most inexcusable instance of his wanton impudence; for the person whom he made his butt had given him no just cause of offence; moreover, she was a woman.

It appears that there were two dashing ladies in London, whose patronymics were similar, and who gave great parties, one of them, a Mrs. Thompson, residing in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square, the other a Mrs. Johnson, living near Finsbury Square. It appears, too, that sometime after Brummell's quarrel with the Prince of Wales, the former lady gave a splendid ball, at which his Royal Highness had signified his intention of being present; it is therefore scarcely necessary to add that Brummell was not included in the list of invitations. On the evening of the entertainment, however, while Mrs. Thompson was waiting in her ante-room, supported by a bevy of intimate friends, in momentary expectation of the arrival of her royal guest, and exulting in the completeness of all her preparations—the Beau, to her ineffable surprise and disgust, made his appearance, and his best bow. Justly indignant at this outrage, she informed him, with as much coolness as she could command, that he was not invited. "Not invited, Madam! not invited!" said Brummell, in his blandest tones, "surely there must be some mistake," and leisurely feeling in all his pockets to prolong the chance of the Prince's arrival, and therefore her misery, he at last drew forth an invitation card, and presented it to the incensed lady. She took it, and saw at a glance it was not her own card, but that of her rival in the East, and haughtily throwing it from her, in a climax of vexation, and anxiety to get rid of him, said, "That card, sir, is a Mrs. Johnson's; my name is Thompson." "Is it, indeed?" replied Brummell, perfectly cool, and affecting the most innocent surprise, "Dear me, how very unfortunate!—really Mrs. Johns—Thompson, I mean, I am very sorry for this mistake; but you know, Johnson and Thompson—and Thompson and Johnson, are really so much the same kind of thing.—Mrs. Thompson, I wish you a very good evening;" and making a profound bow, he slowly retired from the room amidst

the suppressed anger of the bevy of intimates, the titter of his own friends, and the undisguised wrath of the lady.

Though Brummell cultivated much the society of women, and his deference to those with whom he associated on intimate terms was great, he had not any very sincere respect for the sex, as the impertinent manner in which he so ill-naturedly harassed this poor lady evidently shows. On that point, as on all others of substantial merit, he was immeasurably below his justly admired contemporary, Wyndham. Brummell's refinement of manners could stand no comparison with his refinement of feeling, and sensitive delicacy towards women, of which the following is a most striking instance:—He was once dining in the country, at the house of a very wealthy but not very polished acquaintance, when the conversation happening to turn upon the subject of female beauty, the gentleman in the course of the discussion said, "But, Mr. Wyndham, what do you think of my wife's eyes?" "Sir," replied the disgusted Crichton, "I never took the liberty of looking at Mrs. F——'s eyes." "Haven't you? well then, take her to the window," said the vulgar hound, quite misunderstanding the reproof, and much in the same tone as, had he been in his farmyard, he would have desired his visitor to examine a favourite Alderney.

The anecdote of Mrs. Johnson-Thompson is no novelty, it has been worn threadbare, but it is, I believe, perfectly authentic, and like some others of the same nature, which may or may not be so, ought not to be omitted in a chapter upon his impudent facetiæ. It is said, that on one occasion when Brummell was dining at a gentleman's house in Hampshire, where the champagne was very far from being good, he waited for a pause in the conversation, and then condemned it by raising his glass, and saying loud enough to be heard by every one at the table, "John, give me some more of that cider."

But although guilty of impertinences of this kind, he

was seldom premeditatedly ill-natured or ill-tempered, and, amongst his own set, his impudence was not only permitted, but expected; and no one thought of noticing it any more than they would have done that of a court jester. The following are cases in point:—"Brummell, you were not here, yesterday," said one of his club friends; "where did you dine?" "Dine! why with a person of the name of R——s. I believe he wishes me to notice him, hence the dinner; but, to give him his due, he desired that I would make up the party myself, so I asked Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepoint, and a few others, and I assure you, the affair turned out quite unique. There was every delicacy in or out of season; the Sillery was perfect, and not a wish remained ungratified; but, my dear fellow, conceive my astonishment when I tell you, that Mr. R——s had the assurance to sit down, and dine with us!"

On another occasion, a wealthy young gentleman then commencing life, and now a member for an eastern borough, being very anxious to be well placed in Brummell's world, asked him and a large party to dine. The Beau went, and a few minutes before they separated, he, addressing the company, requested to know, who was to have the honour of taking him to Lady Jersey's that evening? "I will," said his host, delighted at the prospect of being seen to enter her ladyship's drawing-room in his company, "wait till my guests are gone, and my carriage is quite at your service." "Thank you, exceedingly," replied Brummell, pretending to take the offer in a literal sense, "very kind of you, indeed! But D—k," and he assumed an air of great gravity, "pray how are you to go? you surely would not like to get up behind? No, that would not be right, and yet it will scarcely do for *me* to be seen in the same carriage with *you*." There was an involuntary roar from all present, in which Mr. D—k, with great good nature, joined heartily.

But Brummell could not always procure a cast in a

friend's carriage, particularly if the friend had to call for him; and one night being disappointed of a chance that he had calculated upon, when it was too late to send for a glass coach, he was unwillingly obliged to despatch his servant to the nearest stand, with many injunctions as to the selection he should make. In a few minutes, No. 1803 was at his door, and soon after Brummell, who had alighted a little distance from the house, found himself ascending Lady Dungannon's staircase; he had in fact reached the summit, and was on the eve of entering her splendid drawing-room already filled with guests, when a servant touched him gently on the arm, and to his horror and amazement, for he thought he had effected his purpose undiscovered, said, "Beg pardon, Sir, perhaps you are not aware of it, but there is a straw in your shoe."

While we have Brummell's name in connection with hackney coaches, it may not be *mal-à-propos* to introduce a rather amusing puff which was inserted some years ago in a weekly paper, by a man who wished to recommend a patent carriage step. To effect his object, he calls the Beau's influence to aid his manœuvre, and gives a very glowing description of his locomotive comforts, not a little in contrast with the preceding anecdote. The article commences with the following axiom :—

"'There is an art in everything, and whatever is worthy of being learnt, cannot be unworthy of a teacher.' Such was the logical argument of the professor of the Art of Stepping in and out of a Carriage, who represented himself as much patronized by the sublime Beau Brummell, whose deprecation of those horrid coach steps he would repeat with great delight. 'Mr. Brummell,' he used to say, 'considered the sedan was the only vehicle for a gentleman, it having no steps;—and he invariably had his own chair, which was lined with white satin quilted, had down squabs, and a white sheepskin rug at the bottom—brought to the door of his dressing-room, on that account, always on the ground floor,' from

whence it was transferred with its owner to the foot of the staircase of the house that he condescended to visit. Mr. Brummell has told me, continued the professor, that to enter a coach was torture to him. 'Conceive,' said he, 'the horror of sitting in a carriage with an iron apparatus, afflicted with the dreadful thought, the cruel apprehension of having one's leg crushed by the machinery! Why are not the steps made to fold *outside?* The only detraction from the luxury of a vis-a-vis, is the double distress! for *both* legs—excruciating idea!'"

CHAPTER VIII.

Practical jokes—The Emigré—Mr. Snodgrass—The Beau's canine friend—Affectation—J. W. C——r, and Bloomsbury-square—Brummell's *mots*—A travelled bore—Vegetable diet—A limping lounger—A new way of accounting for a cold—A bad summer—The advantages of civility—Prince Boothby and Mrs. Clopton Parthericke—Sheridan's bet.

In the commencement of the last chapter I alluded to the tricks that Brummell played, meaning thereby practical jokes—a species of frolic highly amusing to the by-standers, until it is their turn to suffer,—and in which he excelled. His predecessor, George Selwyn, and his contemporary, Sheridan, who loved one another as cordially as wits generally do, were also adepts in puerilities of this kind. Mr. Moore, in his Life of Sheridan, says that he once induced Tickell to run after him into a dark passage, which he had covered with plates, having, however, taken good care to leave a path for himself. Tickell was much cut; but, when Lord John Townshend came to condole with him, after a little show of indignation against his friend, he could not help exclaiming, "But how amazingly well it was done!" Brummell's jokes in this way were well done also; and, as is frequently the case, were practised upon those who could not retaliate.

In one instance his victim was an old *émigré*, whom he met on a visit at Woburn or Chatsworth, into whose powder he managed, in concert with with a certain noble friend, to introduce some finely-powdered sugar; and the next morning Monsieur le Marquis, in perfect ignorance of the trick, after having been "bien *sucré*," descended as usual to the breakfast table. He had, however,

scarcely made his bow and inserted his knife into the Périgord-pie before him, when the flies (for the heat was extreme) already attracted to the table by the marmalade and honey-comb, began to transfer their attentions to his head; and before the segment of pie was finally detached, every fly at the table had settled on it. The carving-knife was relinquished to drive them away with his pocket-handkerchief, but the attempt was futile; they rose for a second, but resettled instantly; a few, indeed, winged their way to the distant parts of the room, but only to return with a reinforcement of their friends, who were vainly seeking a livelihood on the windows.

Murmurs of astonishment escaped from the company, as this new batch assailed Monsieur le Marquis; he fanned his head, but it was of no use; he shook it vehemently, but with no better success; at length, the sugar becoming dissolved by the heat, trickled in saccharine rivulets over his forehead, which was soon covered by his tormentors, buzzing and tickling so dreadfully, that even old régime *impassabilité* could stand it no longer. The unfortunate Frenchman started to his feet, and violently clasping his head with both his hands, rushed from the room, enveloped in a cloud of powder and flies; his tormentors, and the echoes of an uncontrollable burst of laughter, following him up the staircase. When he was gone, Brummell and his confederate, of course, expressed more surprise than any one else, that the flies should have taken such a violent fancy to the Frenchman's powder and pomatum.

Another gentleman, who suffered by his pranks, was a Mr. Snodgrass, I believe an F.R.S., and very fond of scientific pursuits; probably the reason why he was singled out by Brummell as a fit and proper object for his fun. Accompanied by several friends, he once knocked up this *savant* at three o'clock on a fine frosty morning; and when, under the impression of his house being on fire, he protruded his body *en chemise*, and his

head in a nightcap, from the window, the Beau put the following very interesting question to him:—"Pray, sir, is your name Snodgrass?" "Yes, sir," said he, very anxiously, "my name is Snodgrass." "Snodgrass—Snodgrass," repeated Brummell, "a very odd name that, upon my soul; a very odd name indeed!" But, sir, is your name *really* Snodgrass?" Here the philosopher, with the thermometer below freezing point, naturally got into a towering passion, and threatened to call the watch; whereupon Brummell walked off with—"Good morning to you, Mr. Snodgrass."

Such were the absurd tricks in which Brummell indulged; and though he was not a wit in the literal sense of the word, like Lord Erskine, Sheridan, or Jekyll, he had a happy facility in placing the most ordinary circumstances in a ridiculous point of view, and never refrained, when opportunity offered, from indulging his taste for exciting the risible muscles even of those who, very probably, thought but little of his talent in this way. He had also a singular power of giving an agreeable effect to a word or action, that, in any one else would have been perhaps unnoticed; or, if noticed—condemned: but his happy hardihood generally carried him through the difficulties into which his fearless love of originality sometimes plunged him. It was, I believe, from one of his odd speeches that a certain gentleman, well known in the world, received the sobriquet of Poodle B——g. It seems that Mr. B. had in his youth very beautiful hair, which curled naturally, and it was his practice, not an unusual one in the days of curricles, to be accompanied in his by his French dog. One day Brummell, who was on horseback, met them quietly driving together in the park, and hailed his friend with, "Ah, B——g, how do you do?—a family vehicle, I see!"

His affectation, which was principally assumed for the purpose of amusing those about him, was another characteristic of his wit. He pretended to look upon the City

as a terra incognita; and when some great merchant requested the honour of his company at dinner, he replied, "With pleasure, if you will promise faithfully not to tell." But a certain ex-secretary of the Admiralty, of graver parts and great political and literary talents, has, since his time, carried on the joke to Bloomsbury, or some other square in that direction; for, it is related of him, that, when invited to dine in that remote region, he piquantly inquired where he was to change horses? a *mot* which has, no doubt inadvertently, wandered into Pelham. The following are some of the Beau's *jeux d'esprit* that were at one time in general circulation, and a few of which have already been in print.

An acquaintance having, in a morning call, bored him dreadfully about some tour he had made in the North of England, enquired with great pertinacity of his impatient listener which of the lakes he preferred? when Brummell, quite tired of the man's tedious raptures, turned his head imploringly towards his valet, who was arranging something in the room, and said, "Robinson." "Sir." "Which of the lakes do I admire?" "Windermere, sir," replied that distinguished individual. "Ah, yes, —Windermere," repeated Brummell, "so it is,—Windermere." A lady at dinner, observing that he did not take any vegetables, asked him whether such was his general habit, and if he never ate any? He replied, "Yes, madam, I once ate a pea."

One day a friend, meeting him limping in Bond-street, asked him what was the matter? He replied, he had hurt his leg, and the worst of it was, "it was his favourite leg." Having been asked by a sympathising friend how he happened to get such a severe cold, his reply was, "Why, do you know, I left my carriage yesterday evening, on my way to town from the Pavilion, and the infidel of a landlord put me into a room with a damp stranger."

On being asked by one of his acquaintance, during a very unseasonable summer, if he had ever seen such a

one? He replied, "Yes, last winter." Having fancied himself invited to some one's country seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told an unconscious friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was? "that it was an exceedingly good house for stopping one night in."

At an Ascot meeting, and early in the day, Brummell walked his horse up to Lady ——'s carriage, when she expressed her surprise at his throwing away his time on her, or thinking of running the risk of being seen talking to such a very quiet and unfashionable person. "My dear Lady ——," he replied, "pray don't mention it; there is no one near us."

The principal portion of this chapter has been devoted to the consideration of Brummell's most unamiable qualities, to his powers of detraction, his satirical remarks, and practical jokes; but let not the reader imagine they preponderated to the exclusion of better ones. No one possessed the art of pleasing to a greater degree, or exercised it with greater effect, when he was in the society of those he liked, whatever might be their age or station; had he been the superlatively insolent character he is generally represented, he would have been universally cut, instead of sought after—the absurdity of the notion is its most complete refutation. Well do I remember the lecture on good manners that he gave a young gentleman at Caen, who had justly laid himself open to censure, by the thoughtless omission of an act of courtesy, that Brummell considered due to a lady near whom the youth was standing.

"Civility, my good fellow," observed the Beau, "may truly be said to cost nothing; if it does not meet with a due return, it at least leaves you in the most creditable position. When I was young, I was acquainted with a striking example of what may sometimes be gained by it, though my friend on this occasion did not, I assure you, expect to benefit by his politeness. In leaving the

Opera one evening, a short time previous to the fall of the curtain, he overtook in the lobby an elderly lady making her way out to avoid the crowd; she was dressed in a most peculiar manner, with hoop and brocade, and a pyramid of hair; in fact she was at least a century behind the rest of the world in her costume: so singular an apparition had attracted the attention of half a dozen 'Lord Dukes' and 'Sir Harrys,' sitting in the lobby, and as she slowly moved towards the box entrance, they amused themselves by making impertinent remarks on her extraordinary dress and infirm gait.

"Directly my friend caught sight of them and saw what they were after, he went to her assistance, threatened to give them in charge to a Bow-street officer, and with his best bow offered her his arm. She accepted it, and on the stairs he enquired whether she had a chair or a carriage? at the same time intimating his willingness to go for one. 'Thank you, sir, I have my chair,' replied the old lady, 'if you will only be good enough to remain with me until it arrives:' as she was speaking, her servants came up with it, and making the cavalier a very stately curtsey, she requested to know to whom she had the honour of being indebted for so much attention? 'My name, madam,' replied the stranger, as he handed her to her chair, 'is Boothby, but I am usually called Prince Boothby;' upon which the antiquated lady thanked him once more and left. Well, from that hour Boothby never saw her again, and did not even hear of her till her death, which took place a few years after; when he received a letter from her lawyer, announcing to him the agreeable intelligence of her having left him heir to several thousands a year! Now, my good sir," said Brummell to the abashed but youthful delinquent, "for the future, pray remember Prince Boothby."

John Skrimshire Boothby was one of the most celebrated of the fine gentlemen of his day, the great peculiarity of whose dress was the shape of his hat, which he

never changed. He is supposed to be the person alluded to by Foote in one of his farces, as distinguished by his partiality for people of high rank, and ready at any time to leave a baronet to walk with a baron,—"to be genteelly damned beside a duke, rather than saved in vulgar company." Moore, in allusion to him, or his double, says,

> "Beside him place the God of wit,
> Before him beauty's rosiest girls,
> Apollo for a star he'd quit,
> And Love's own sister for an Earl's."

Boothby was well bred, intelligent, and amiable, but extremely eccentric, and he ended his career at his house in Clarges-street by his own hand, in July, 1800. His servants at the inquest bore the strongest testimony to his character as a good master, and a kind-hearted man. He had been possessed of three large estates; the first was his own inheritance, which he dissipated; the second came to him from a distant family connexion; and the third was the gift of the ancient lady in the lobby, whose name was Clopton, which he afterwards added to his own. Boothby was a great friend of the late Duke of Rutland, Lords Carlisle and Derby, and Charles Fox, and was brother-in-law to that fox-hunting centaur, the late Hugo Meynell. He was also a member of the clubs in St. James's-street, where he used to play very high; and he is mentioned in Moore's Life of Sheridan as having made a bet with the orator of five hundred guineas, that there would not be a reform in the representation of the people of England, within three years from the date of the bet, the 29th of January, 1793. Mr. Moore does not say that Sheridan paid.

CHAPTER IX.

Brummell's softer moments—His numerous offers—His honesty in love affairs—The intended Mrs. Brummell—His flirtations and love-letters—His great popularity with the fair sex—His good nature—Miss Seymour's letter to him—Brummell's regard for her.

THOUGH I have already alluded to Brummell's predilection for female society, I have not yet spoken of those moments, perhaps the most interesting of a man's life, at least to himself—his moments of *tendresse*. Brummell had his; but the organ of love in his cranium was only faintly developed. His temperament was elephantine; still it was scarcely possible for him to be constantly in the society of the most beautiful and accomplished girls in Europe,—and who will deny that the daughters of our aristocracy are so?—without having a preference for one of them, or perhaps half a dozen: and this was the case; for he never attained any degree of intimacy with a pretty woman of rank that he did not make her an offer, not with any idea of being accepted, but because he thought it was paying the lady a great compliment, and procured her an unusual degree of *éclat* in the fashionable world. His original view of the subject appears to have been generally understood and acted upon by his friends. One of his idols, however, seemed inclined to take him at his word, the present Lady W——; and often have I heard him rave about her.

But Brummell's vanity and honesty in love affairs were equally extraordinary. It is related of him that he came one morning into the library of a noble friend, at whose

house he was a frequent visitor, and told him, with much warmth and sincerity of manner, that he was very sorry, very sorry indeed, but he must positively leave—— Park that morning. "Why, you were not to go till next month!" said the hospitable peer. "True, true," replied Brummell anxiously, "but I must be off." "But what for?" "Why, the fact is—I am in love with your countess." "Well, my dear fellow, never mind that, so was I twenty years ago—is she in love with you?" The Beau hesitated, and after scrutinizing for a few seconds the white sheep-skin rug, said faintly, "I—believe she is." "Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the earl; "I will send for your post-horses immediately." Once, however, though not with a lady of rank, he did very nearly "his quietus make with a *gold ring;*" for he interested the demoiselle sufficiently to induce her to consent to elope with him. The most favourable opportunity that presented itself for so doing, was at a ball in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square; but his measures on the occasion were so badly taken, that he and the intended Mrs. Brummell were caught at the corner of the next street, a servant having turned mother's evidence. It is said that when a friend rallied him on his evident want of success in another matrimonial speculation, and pressed him for the reason of his failure, Brummell replied with a smile, "Why, what could I do, my good fellow, but cut the connexion? I discovered that Lady Mary actually ate cabbage!"

But all this tells very little either for his judgment, or his feeling; and it was rather extraordinary that, with all the advantages and opportunities he enjoyed, he did not select one lovely flower from the parterre of rank, fashion, and wealth, and wear it for life. However, independently of his deficiency in warmth and perseverance, he had too much self-love ever to be really in love; had Cupid's arrow been a cloth-yard long, and had he drawn it to the head like the stout archer in Chevy

Chase, it would scarcely have reached the Beau's heart, or if it had, would merely have tickled, not wounded it. He was a thorough *flirt*, his love was as light and as elegant as everything else about him, and, in none of his disappointments was he likely to have recourse to a pan of charcoal, or the Serpentine; it was the transitory sentiment which, in a subsequent letter, he says, is "so often and so easily expressed with a crow-quill, and its feigned regrets by tears, made with a sponge and rose-water upon perfumed paper." In this trifling with the god of love he through life delighted to indulge; and the following laughable and amusing letters are specimens of his style in conducting a correspondence of the kind :—

My dear Lady Jane,—

With the miniature it seems I am not to be trusted, even for two pitiful hours; my own memory must be, then, my only disconsolate expedient to obtain a resemblance.

As I am unwilling to merit the imputation of committing myself, by too flagrant a liberty, in retaining your glove, which you charitably sent at my head yesterday, as you would have extended an eleemosynary sixpence to the supplicating hat of a mendicant, I restore it to you; and allow me to assure you, that I have too much regard and respect for you, and too little practical vanity myself (whatever appearances may be against me,) to have entertained, for one treacherous instant, the impertinent intention to defraud you of it. You are angry, perhaps irreparably incensed against me, for this petty-larceny. I have no defence to offer in mitigation, but that of frenzy. But we know that you are an angel visiting these sublunary spheres, and therefore your first quality should be that of mercy; yet you are sometimes wayward and volatile in your seraphic disposition—though you have no wings, still you have weapons; and

these are resentment and estrangement from me. With sentiments of the deepest compunction,

I am always,

Your miserable slave,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

The Lady Jane ——, Harley-street.

DEAR MISS ——,

When I wrote to you a century ago, in plaintive strains, and with "all Hackman's sorrows and all Werter's woes," you told me, with pen dipped in oblivion's ink from Lethe's stream, that I must desist from my vagaries, because I was trespassing on consecrated ground; but you offered me instead, your *friendship*, as a relic—by way of a bone to pick, among all my refined and elegant sensibilities! Well, I struggled hard to bring myself to this meagre abnegation, and my efforts promised to be propitious. I kissed the rod, cherished the relic, and enveloped myself in austerity and sackcloth. I then, by way of initiating myself to penance, inscribed you a missive, in appropriate terms of mortification, presuming, too, that it was the privilege, if not the duty, of my vocation, to mortify you, also, as a votary, with a little congenial castigation. I dare say I wrote to you in a most absurd and recriminating manner, for I was excited by the pious enthusiasm of my recent apostasy; and I was anxious to impress upon your more favourable opinion, the exemplary and salutary progress I had made in my new school. You are, it seems, displeased at it, though my heresy from my first delightful faith was your own work. I know not now where to turn for another belief.

I will tell you the truth in plain unmystical language, for I have not yet learnt to renounce *that;* I was irritated because I thought you had cut me dead in the morning; and when I was *tête-à-tête* with my solitary lamp in the evening, a thousand threatening phantoms

assailed me. I imagined that you had abandoned me; in short, a cohort of blue devils got the better of me, and I am now all compunction and anguish. Pray be once more an amiable and compassionate being, and do not contract your lovely eyebrows any more (I wish to Heaven I could see them at this instant!) in sullenness at all my numberless incongruities and sins. Be the same Samaritan saint you have already been to me: you shall never more repent it. Whatever I may have said in a frenical moment of exasperation was *unsaid* and *unthought* an hour afterwards, when I sought my couch, and proffered my honest prayers for forgiveness from above, and profanely from you who are upon earth. I am more than conscious of all my derelictions—of all my faults, but indeed they shall be in future corrected, if you are still a friend to me. I had vaunted, in the vanity of my chivalrous spirit, that I had at length proved one in myself; but it was empty ostentation, for I find that I cannot exist but in amity with you.

Your unfortunate supplicant,

George Brummell.

Love, indeed, but of this harmless character, formed one of the Beau's *distractions* in exile; and the following letter, which, like all the others, I beg to assure the reader is perfectly authentic, is an amusing proof not only how sensitive he was on the subject, even in mature age, but also how he succeeded in awakening an interest for him in the minds of those who were both young and beautiful. The reader will remember the mind—not the heart.

Rue Royale, ——, Wednesday.

Yesterday morning I was subdued almost to insanity, but your note in the evening restored me to peace and equanimity, and, as if I had been redeemed from earthly purgatory, placed me in heaven. Thank you, thank you, dearest of beings; how can I retribute all this benevolent open-heartedness, this delightful proof and avowal of

my not being indifferent to you? I cannot, by inanimate words, represent the excess of my feelings towards you: take, then, with indulgent admission and forbearance, the simple boon and sacred pledge of my heart's deepest affections for you; they are rooted in my very soul and existence; they will never deviate; they will never die away. By the glimmering light that was remaining I perceived something in white at your *porte-cochère*. It was evident that I was recognised, and the figure advanced with your *billet*. In an instant I seized the hand of your faithful and intelligent messenger, compressed it forcibly, and had she been as forbidding as the old dowager Duchess of ——, I should have saluted her, if I had not fancied at the instant that I heard some one coming up the street. We parted, and I returned to my solitary chamber. There I lacerated the letter with impatience, and then the light of love and of joy, and the refreshing breath of evening stole through the open window over my entranced senses. After that I sought another stroll on the ramparts, and again returned home contented with you, with myself, and with the world.

> "I slept the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
> And mild as opening dreams of promised heaven."

I have known few that could equal, none that could excel you; yet they possessed not your charm of countenance, your form, your heart, in my estimation. Certainly they did not possess that unaffected and fervent homage, which in my constant memory,—in my heart's life-blood,—and in my devoted soul I bear to you.

Ever most affectionately yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

Such were the pathetic appeals that he addressed to single women—in warm weather; for his heart seldom thawed to this extent before the middle of June, and probably the first frost that nipped the dahlias crisped it up again till the following summer; at least sufficiently so to

prevent him from shivering and shaking near his lady love's *porte-cochère*, in expectation of a note: he could write hundreds by his fire-side at all seasons. As regards his London life, however, he generally preferred the society of married women, whose greater acquaintance with the world made them far more amusing companions than single ones; and without any pretensions to *bonnes fortunes*, he was the idol of all those who took any lead in high life: happy was she in whose opera-box he would pass an hour, whose assembly he would attend, or at whose table he would dine. He had also a strong partiality for two or three widows, whose names, however, I should be very sorry to disclose to the present generation; and I leave Brummell's contemporaries to fix upon any peeress they may think proper, as the one to whom the following letter was addressed :—

Chesterfield-street.

Dear Lady ——,

I am almost inclined to believe that you have forgotten me in the protracted space of five days, and that you have amused your leisure hours with something or somebody more interesting to you. You are too overtly severe with Lord L——; he has effrontery enough to persuade himself that you are piqued with him, and he will interpret that into a latent interest for him: what can it possibly be to you, whether he goes to Brighthelmstone or not? Affront him, but with dexterity, and his own consummate, and mistaken vanity, will be his speediest drawback; but never make an enemy of a man whose physiognomy has been ravaged by the smallpox, —for whom Jenner has lived in vain!

Attar-Gul[1] (for Mr.—— has adopted that name, in deference to his having inherited some ostrich's eggs, glass beads, cockatoo's feathers, and a few shells from an aunt, a sort of vagrant Zingarella, who died recently at

[1] Ottar of roses. The Persian is considered the finest.

Aleppo of the leprosy,) has not perceptibly touched a bristle of his raven crown since you saw, or rather turned away your eyes from him. In submission to your desire, I have minutely scrutinized his head. He had the effrontery, the other day, to be irritated, because I asked him to lend me his brush of a sconce to assist at the morning toilette of my boots! The monster! Do not forget your parasol in this inflammatory weather.

Yours devoutly,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

The Lady ——, Brighthelmstone.

But though his own affections seem never to have been very deeply engaged, the following letter shows that he possessed considerable sense and good feeling, when those of others, in whose welfare he took a real interest, were concerned. It was written by Miss Seymour, afterwards Lady C. B——k, and is introduced here as a striking and authentic proof of Brummell's good nature. It is unnecessary to refer to the actual circumstances alluded to by the amiable and lovely writer: I will merely observe, that the information he gave her was of the utmost value, and that it is highly probable it would never have come to her knowledge, but for his disinterested kindness.

Wednesday morning.

I am more obliged to you than I can express for your note: be assured that your approbation of my conduct has given me very sincere pleasure: this is the only means I have of telling you so; for I am in such disgrace, that I do not know if I shall be taken to the play; —in any case, I shall be watched; therefore accept my most cordial thanks, and believe that I shall remember your good nature to me on this occasion, with gratitude, to the end of my life.

—— does not know how unkindly I have been treated, but is more affectionate than ever, because he sees I am

unhappy. We did not arrive in town till seven last night, therefore no play; to-morrow they go to Covent-garden :—perhaps I may be allowed to be one of the party.

Pray don't neglect my drawing; you would make me very happy by lending me the yellow book again; the other I don't dare ask for, much as I wish for it. Adieu! I shall be steady in my opinion of you, and always remain,

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGIANA A. F. SEYMOUR.

"This beautiful creature is dead!" was the remark Brummell had written at the bottom of the letter, which he kept as a memento of her friendship for him till within four years of his death; he then parted with it, but only to a very intimate friend, who wished for the autograph.

CHAPTER X.

Another of Brummell's correspondents—Lady Hester Stanhope—Her letter to him—Admiral Sir Bladen Capel—Lady Hester's droll reason for that officer's being sent to the Mediterranean—The late Lord Berwick—Lady Hester leaves England—Her mountain home at Mar Elias—Admirable description of her ladyship, and her residence there, by a friend of the author's—Her opinion of Brummell—Her adoption of Eastern superstitions—Her courage—The Holy Gate of Damascus—Lady Hester's reply to the British Consul at Cairo—Her personal appearance.

OTHER lady correspondents Brummell had also; and the subject of the next letter does not, from a motive of delicacy, render any mystery about it necessary. It is from that very erratic being, Lady Hester Stanhope, and was written to inquire the character of a groom, who had been in his service: it bears the Cheltenham post-mark.

August 30th, 1803.

If you are as conceited as formerly, I shall stand accused of taking your groom, to give me an opportunity of writing to you for his character. All the inquiry I wish to make upon this subject is, to be informed whether you were as well satisfied with James Ell when you parted with him, as when he had Stiletto under his care. If so, I shall dispatch him at the end of next week, with my new purchases to Walmer,[1] where I am going very shortly. You may imagine I am not a little happy, in having it in my power to scamper upon British ground, although I was extremely pleased with my tour, and charmed with Italy.

[1] The official residence of Mr. Pitt, as Warden of the Cinque Ports.

I saw a good deal of your friend Capel at Naples; if he fights the battles of his country by sea as well as he fights yours by land, he certainly is one of our first commanders. But of him you must have heard so full an account from Lord Althorp,[1] for they were inseparable, that I will only add he was as yet unsuccessful in the important research after a perfect snuff-box, when I left Italy. What news the last dispatch may have brought upon this subject I am ignorant of, but take it for granted you are not; as in all probability the Phœbe was by your interest appointed to the Mediterranean station for three years, to accomplish this grand and useful discovery. Should it prove a successful one, Capel, on his return, will of course be made Admiral of the White, for the signal services he has rendered to coxcombality.[2]

I met with a rival of yours in affectation upon the Continent, William Hill![3] I fear it will be long ere this country will again witness his airs, as he is now a prisoner; —this, perhaps, you are glad of, as the society of statues and pictures has infinitely improved him in this wonted

[1] The present Earl Spencer, then in his twenty-first year.

[2] The Honourable Sir Thomas Bladen Capel, K.C.B., &c., youngest son of the fourth Earl of Essex, was born on the 28th of August, 1776. This distinguished officer had the honour of being the signal-lieutenant of Nelson's ship, the Vanguard, at the battle of the Nile, and was promoted for his conduct on that day. He also rendered important services to the fleet when in command of the Phœbe, after Trafalgar. Sir Bladen likewise commanded the Endymion, at the passage of the Dardanelles, in 1807, and was actively employed in the Hogue on the coast of America, from 1812 to the conclusion of the war. It was while serving on this station that his ship was nearly blown up by a petard. As Sir Bladen did not probably succeed in finding the perfect snuff-box, these services were no doubt of some use to him in obtaining his promotion. The New Navy List says the admiral entered the navy at the early age of six years!

[3] William Noel Hill, second son of the first Lord Berwick, who succeeded to that title on the death of his brother. He was at one time ambassador to the court of Turin, and died on the 4th of August, 1842.

qualification, and therefore rendered him a still more formidable competitor.

HESTER L. STANHOPE.

That Lady Hester knew the Beau well is evident from the first paragraph in her letter. In it she disarms him at the onset; and in her fearless disposition, makes no difficulty of lashing him and his friends, with a keenness and dexterity quite equal to his own, and, apparently, with as much pleasure: of course she had an advantage in the lady's privilege, of saying what she pleased; but there is every reason to suppose, that, when Brummell returned her a compendium of James Ell's qualifications in stable affairs, he did not conclude his billet, without responding to the gossip and raillery that pervaded hers.

After perusing this amusing letter, one is tempted to think what a pity it was, for her friends and society, that Lady Hester emigrated to the mountains of Lebanon, on which the cedars would have grown just as well without her; but the letter affords some indication of the independent disposition that she afterwards displayed to such an unusual degree, and in a manner so perfectly original; for it must be admitted, that it was, at least, a slight deviation from ordinary custom, for a young lady to write to a gentleman on such a subject.

Independence like her ladyship's could hardly be accounted for by her education, singular as it must have been under the direction of "Citizen Stanhope;" much less by an early introduction to men's society at her Uncle's table; though there may, perchance, have been occasionally an adventurous spirit amongst the philo-politicals at Mr. Pitt's parliamentary dinners, of which she so gracefully did the honours.—But, in whatever cause this feeling originated, it is difficult to reconcile Lady Hester's long residence in the mountains of Lebanon, associating only with the wild Arab, or living in the most complete seclusion, with the love of her father-land shown in that part of her letter, in which she ex-

presses her delight "to scamper on British ground;" and the pleasure which it may be supposed she enjoyed in the society with which she was familiar, the most *recherché* of her own class. Why did Lady Hester thus expatriate herself—was it for love? If so, for whom, or what—her Uncle's memory, or Beau Brummell! Certain it is, that in her solitude the latter was still remembered by her, even as late as the year 1830.

A friend of the author's, then serving in the Mediterranean, having obtained leave of absence for a few months, spent a portion of that year in wandering through Palestine and the adjacent countries, and in his travels he paid a visit to the "old Lady of the Mountain," who received him most graciously, for he was the bearer of a letter from an old friend of hers; and Lady Hester signified her willingness to grant him an interview, the day after he had made her aware of his arrival by sending her his credentials—these were highly necessary, for she was not in the habit of so favouring travellers in general.

At the hour named, therefore, my friend, full of anxiety to see and converse with such a singular character, made his way to her house; he was admitted by a little black female slave, possibly a mute, for it was in perfect silence that she ushered him into an apartment, so dark, that he could with difficulty discover the ottoman, on which a voice at the other end of it desired him to be seated; he had scarcely obeyed, when a very small latticed window near him was suddenly opened by some invisible means, and the light thrown full upon his countenance, without, however, having any, or but little effect in relieving the obscurity, which reigned complete at the opposite end of the long room.

When his eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the glare, he saw a female figure sitting *à l'orientale* on a carpet, dressed in the Eastern style, and by her side the black slave who had been his guide. Lady Hester, for it was his hostess who now addressed him, enquired

first after the Duke of Wellington, and then George Brummell; these two being apparently the only individuals of her own, or any other European nation, for whom she seemed to entertain the smallest interest, as, during the remainder of his audience, she adverted only to events that were passing in the country of her adoption. It would have been extraordinary, indeed, had Lady Hester not been anxious for intelligence respecting the hero of her younger days, the victor of Assaye; with whom she had probably been acquainted before she left England, and the details of whose subsequent career had been the theme of admiration, even of the rude mountaineers that surrounded her,—but that she should have been interested in obtaining tidings of the Beau was rather remarkable.

Let not the reader imagine, however, I was serious, in insinuating that her ladyship entertained any tender sentiments for Brummell. Lady Hester is said to have mourned one of a very different mould—he who was by his gallant soldiers, buried

> ———— "darkly at dead of night,
> The sod with their bayonets turning;
> By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
> And the lantern dimly burning."

This rumour was, I believe, entirely without foundation, though dates and circumstances gave some appearance of truth to it. Sir John Moore fell on the 16th of January, 1809, and Lady Hester left England in deep mourning and for ever early in the spring of the following year: her Ladyship's half-brother, Major Stanhope, was also slain at the battle of Corunna. It was of this officer, and the hero of Meeanee, while leading on the Fiftieth Regiment, that Sir John Moore said, "Well done, my Majors!" Such was the imperfect recollection I retained of the fire-side narrative my friend gave me, nine years ago, of his interesting visit to Lady Hester; and I was regretting his absence, as he could have made

my sketch so much more worthy of the reader's perusal, when he opportunely arrived in England. Of course I immediately availed myself of this fortunate circumstance, and the following letter contains his own striking and animated description of herself and her wild retreat; which he forwarded to me with a kindness and promptitude, that proved, how little his friendship or his memory was impaired by the time that had elapsed since we met.

"Many years have passed since I was in Syria; but, as you desire it, I will endeavour to describe my visit to Lady Hester Stanhope, as well as my memory permits. I was furnished with a letter of introduction from Lord ——, which I sent from Sidon; a knowledge of her disinclination to receive Englishmen generally, having prevented my delivering it personally when passing near her abode on my way from Damascus. Her ladyship, however, acknowledged the letter most politely, invited me and my companion to visit her for as long a time as we found it convenient, and sent two fine Arabian horses to convey us to her residence, which was formerly a convent, and crowns the summit of a hill about eight miles from Sidon.

"The ascent to Mar Elias (for so the convent is called) was steep, and the approach to it more like that of a crusading baron's castle than of the residence of a solitary lady, whose education had been finished, and early habits formed, amongst the most refined and intellectual of the English nobility. A strong guard of Albanians protected the gate, and numbers of armed men, of the same nation, were idling about, as if time was a heavy burthen on their hands. We were conducted to a kiosk or summer-house, outside the main building, and there an Italian, dressed like an Arab, received us and provided dinner in the European fashion; this last appeared to be a matter of some difficulty, as her Ladyship conformed to the Eastern habits, in eating, dress, and other matters, and some time had elapsed since plates and forks had been

called into requisition. During dinner, an Arab, who spoke French most volubly, made his appearance and told us he was her Ladyship's astrologer, and enlarged upon her good fortune in possessing so talented a wizard as himself.

"Soon after, Lady Hester sent to say, she would be happy to receive us; and we were accordingly ushered through several apartments, by various attendants, until we reached a small and rather dark room, in which sat her Ladyship, dressed as an Arab sheick, and looking more like a young man than an elderly lady. She sat with her back to the light, which streamed in through a small window full on our faces; this she afterwards told me was arranged on purpose to give her a fair scrutiny of the faces of her visitors: chibouques, (the long cherry-stick pipe,) were introduced, and in a short time she became most agreeably communicative.

"Her conversation was more than ordinarily eloquent, though tinctured with somewhat of the strangeness that pervaded her whole life and character: her thorough knowledge of the language, habits, and customs of the East, combined with the ease with which she expressed her ideas, enabled her to draw the most vivid pictures of those countries, and convey her information in a very agreeable manner. Nor was her conversation by any means confined to these subjects; for when trifling circumstances recalled her thoughts to the days of her youth, when she presided at Mr. Pitt's table, she described those scenes, and the persons of such as were admitted to the circle of her uncle's society, as faithfully and minutely as if the memory of them had not been overlaid, by the eight-and-twenty years she had passed amidst the exciting events of her later life.

"Beau Brummell, who was in her youthful days the friend of the Prince of Wales, and envied and admired by both beaux and belles of all ranks of society, appeared to have been an especial favourite of hers; and though I

am unable to repeat the description as she gave it, I can, even now, fancy that I see him riding up to her in the Park in a suit of *plum*-coloured clothes, to give her a stick of perfume of his own manufacture; a peculiar mark of favour, granted only on condition that she promised faithfully not to give a morsel to the Prince, who was dying to get some.

"I hinted at Brummell's eccentricities; but she replied, that he was an exceedingly clever man, always suiting his conversation to his hearers, and that he almost always paid her the compliment of talking very sensibly. She added, that she had once rebuked him for some folly or other, and inquired why so clever a person as he was did not devote his talents to a higher purpose than he did? To which Brummell replied, that he knew human nature well, and that he had adopted the only course which could place him in a prominent light, and enable him to separate himself from the society of the ordinary herd of men, whom he held in considerable contempt. These conversations, with the attendant chibouque, which her Ladyship smoked as determinedly as the longest-bearded Mussulman in the land, were generally prolonged until near daylight, when we retired to rest.

"During the day we were left to amuse ourselves, and did not see our kind hostess until after a late dinner. On one occasion, however, she showed us her garden, which, though very small, was laid out with great taste, and in the Eastern style, and contained many very beautiful and rare flowers. Trellises and lattice-work, covered with creepers, were so arranged, that, when lit with lamps, and viewed from the convent windows, the garden would look exactly like a scene in the opera.

"Lady Hester had acquired considerable influence amongst the Arab tribes, with whom she passed much time during the earlier period of her residence in Syria; this she obtained partly because, though she professed a partial belief in the Koran, and conformed to most of

their customs and prejudices, her life and habits were beyond their comprehension; and her morality being unquestioned, they looked upon her somewhat in the light of a supernatural being—a belief that she was inclined to encourage, rather than undeceive. Having tried her courage, which was indomitable, and experienced her hospitality, and the readiness with which her purse was opened to every call of distress, some of the tribes near Palmyra endeavoured to persuade her to permit herself to be called "Sovereign of the Desert;" and, as she assured me, prepared a sort of ceremony for her installation at Palmyra;—an honour, however, which she prudently declined. She believed in all kinds of astrology, and some of the wildest of the Eastern legends; especially in that which alludes to the Thirteenth Imaum, whom she called the Saviour, and for whom she kept a horse that had the natural mark of a saddle on its back, which she said had never been mounted by man or woman.[1]

"She also told me, that her astologer had been closely observing us, during our first dinner, and had been able

[1] Mussulmen reckon, I think, (for I have no work to refer to,) twelve Imaums, commencing with Moussa, (Moses,) Ibrahim, (Abraham,) and Husrut Esau, (Jesus Christ,) the Healer of the Lame and Blind, and their own prophet Mahomet, &c. The word is also applied to the principal sects, as Ali, the Imaum of the Persians, or the sect of the Shiaites; Abu-Beker, the Imaum of the Sunnites, the sect of the Turks; and Safi, of another sect, &c.

The Mahometans look for the advent or reappearance of another, who will convert the whole world to the faith of Islam, and reign on earth for a time in great glory and happiness: the end of this period and of the world will be simultaneous. The Mussulmen of India and Affghanistan expected the advent alluded to in A.D. 1842, and thought their successes at Cabul a prelude to it. A Belooch chief, when consulting a friend of the writer of this note, as to the advantage of his surrendering on certain terms, observed that if he could but hold out a little longer, his surrender would be rendered unnecessary by the appearance of the Thirteenth Imaum, whose arrival in that year was predicted by all the learned Faquirs in India.

to assure her, that we were not born under a hostile planet, nor had either of us red hair, or foreheads 'villanously low;' for, had such been the case, she would have been unable to have admitted us to her presence; and this precaution she always took, with those who were favoured by a reception at her house. Being aware of a prophecy believed by the Mussulmen of Damascus, which declares that the Turkish Empire will crumble to pieces in a certain number of years, after the day on which a Christian or Jew shall first ride on horseback through the holy gate which leads to Mecca—she rode up to the guard stationed there with her suite, (always numerous and formidably armed,) spurred her horse, dashed through it, and went straight to the durbar of the Pacha, to acquaint him with her exploit.

"In the course of conversation, during the last night we remained at Mar Elias, she inquired whether we had seen the Emir Beschir, and on our replying in the negative, she clapped her hands, and the little black slave, who appeared, with hands crossed over her bosom, to answer the summons, was directed to call the scribe, to whom she dictated an epistle, which was dispatched on the instant to the emir; saying, that two friends of hers would visit him next day, and desiring a suitable reception. Soon after daylight the messenger returned, though the emir's residence was some miles distant, bringing a cordial invitation, which we accepted.

"It was not without a feeling of great sadness that I took leave of Lady Hester; but when I ventured to hint at the possibility of her return to Europe, she cut the conversation short, by asking me if I thought she could make up her mind to knit or sew like an Englishwoman, after having spent her life amid the stirring scenes she had been constantly engaged in? I then alluded to her forlorn situation, among men upon whose consciences the blood of a lone woman would have scarce weighed heavily; but her eyes flashed fire, as she replied, drawing

a dagger from her breast, 'Who would be the first to venture on the wild cat in her den?' Her reply to the consul at Cairo, who addressed her by desire of Ibrahim Pacha, then Governor of Syria, was highly characteristic of herself; without deigning to enter upon the subject of his letter, she directed her secretary to write—'Consuls are for trade, not for the nobility.' The above meagre account will convey but a faint idea of this extraordinary woman, whose whole life was one continued romance; but it is all my memory enables me to give; and therefore, my dear Jesse, I must beg you to accept the will for the deed."

In a subsequent letter, a reply to one in which I had requested a more exact description of Lady Hester's personal appearance, my kind correspondent says, "Her ladyship must have been a tall woman, but her male attire took off from her height; she was slight, well-formed, and carried herself exceedingly well. The folds of her turban concealed her grey hairs; and the fairness of her complexion, the absence of beard, the brightness of her eye, and the vivacity of her expression, gave her the appearance of a young man, until a strong light betrayed the wrinkles which time never fails to engrave on the fairest face. Her enunciation was rapid and fluent; and when excited, her whole countenance seemed to light up, and she used her chiboque much in the same way that a Spanish lady would her fan—except that her gestures were more often those of command than entreaty. She rode as a man, and was always well armed."

Such was my friend's clever outline of this singular woman, whose martial spirit and independent bearing remind us of those heroic ladies who, in ancient days, inhabited the banks of the Thermodon.

CHAPTER XI.

Brummell's Album—His letter presenting it to a friend—Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire—Lines on the death of Hare—Wraxall's description of her Grace—Her fascinating manners and love of dress and dissipation—Lord Carlyle's apology for her plume—Her friend Charles Fox—His lines on the death of her favourite Spaniel—A scale of the beauties of 1793—Mrs. Bouverie and Charles Fox.

HAVING been able to collect only a few letters, written or received by Brummell before he left England, the most interesting substitute that I can offer in place of such materials is, extracts from his Album of the unpublished poetry of several of the most eminent characters of his time; indeed, all the poetry subsequently given, is from that collection. This volume is a ponderous quarto, of plain vellum paper, and, though totally devoid of interior decoration, is, nevertheless, an example of his taste and extravagance; for the corners and clasps are of massive embossed silver gilt, like those on old missals, and the binding is dark-blue velvet.

The velvet has long been faded, and the gilding is much worn, as if he had often meditated after his reverses over its well-stored pages; and though several blank leaves remain, it contains no fewer than two hundred and twenty-six pieces of poetry: the choice of the subjects, and the manner in which they are treated, are not at all consistent with a worldly and selfish disposition; many of them are descriptive of the characteristics of childhood, in which, certainly, no one would

suspect Beau Brummell of ever having interested himself; nor is the fact of the volume being such as he could with perfect propriety present to a lady, any trivial proof of his good taste.

The whole seem to have been kept as they were sent to him, either in notes, or on loose scraps of paper, and carefully copied in at different periods; for they are arranged so exactly as to avoid turning over a page in any one of them, that did not require it on account of its length. This album is a little monument of industry, the poetry is all inserted with his own hand, and the writing is remarkably neat; it might indeed, challenge comparison with any lady's for elegance and regularity, with the advantage over modern penmanship, that it is as legible as printing.

About six years before his death he presented this collection to her, whom he deemed most worthy of possessing his treasured memorial of times past,—a young lady from whose family he had received the greatest attention at Caen, and who had, by her wit and amiability, won the then old gentleman's heart. The following note accompanied it.

Wednesday, April, 1834.

If you are fond of poetry, and you have not anything more dull to read, you may, perhaps, find something in my old Album to yawn over, if it does not actually close your eyes; what it contains, was written in other and happier days, and most of them were given to me by the authors *themselves*, long before their minor productions had assumed any other form than that of manuscript: such as the Duchess of Devonshire, poor Byron, Sheridan, and Lords Erskine and John Townshend—all now peacefully sleeping in their graves! The principal part of those verses that are not recommended by the name being attached to them, are the namby-pamby compositions of an unfortunate person who shall be nameless, but

whom you cut dead during the last several evenings, and who, in desperate consequence, has been measured for a winding sheet this morning.

Always devoutly yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

By the Duchess of Devonshire, the first person to whom Brummell makes allusion in this letter, he seems to have been far more than tolerated,—he must have been liked; for it is scarcely probable that her Grace would have presented her own poetry to a person whom she did not think worthy of the compliment, and capable of appreciating it. But previously to laying the extracts I have selected before the reader, the following imperfect sketch of her character may not be altogether superfluous. Her Grace, the daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, was born on the 9th of June, 1757. Of her father's virtues we have had sterling evidence in the tenor of his life, and the general esteem in which he was held; and these virtues the duke, his son-in-law, has feelingly commemorated in his epitaph, which

"Records the debt by love and duty paid."

From her cradle Lady Georgiana Spencer gave promise of being unusually intellectual and beautiful; and her sensible and excellent mother, who was a daughter of Stephen Poyntz, Esq., bestowed the greatest care, and exercised the greatest judgment, on the cultivation of every principle and attainment that could improve either mind or body. Her success was complete as regarded the elegance of both; but her daughter's mind was by nature deficient in the strength and dignity, on which such a woman would have wished to see her character based. She was enthusiastic, but excessively volatile, and the combined temptations of rank, wealth, and beauty were too great not to have a ruinous effect; for when released from her mother's guidance, by her marriage with

William, the late Duke of Devonshire, on the 6th of June, 1774, at which time, observes Horace Walpole, "she was a lovely girl, natural, and full of grace," she was rapidly drawn headlong into the vortex of fashionable life.

In palliation of this want of firmness, however, it should not be forgotten that she was but seventeen years of age, and, by an indulgent husband, placed in possession of the means of gratifying not only her wishes but her whims. She thus became speedily the authority for every idle fashion; her name was attached to every novelty in dress that she chose to adopt; and even the colour of her carriage was known, for some years after her death, as the "Devonshire brown." Her beauty and the brilliancy of her career soon attracted crowds of flatterers, besides the admiration of the very superior men that her husband's political influence and opinions, good taste and hospitality, induced him to receive almost as constant visitors at Devonshire house. Distinguished among them, and distinguished indeed they were, compared with the wits and politicians of our days, were Fox, Wyndham, Burke, Tickell, Lord J. Townshend, Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, and others. The kind, the courted, and the witty Hare,—"the Hare of many friends," from whom a bow at the opera was considered a greater compliment than from the Prince of Wales, was also at the feet of the young and lovely duchess; and it was in concert with the duke that she thus lamented the death of this, their mutual friend, in 1804.

Hark! 'twas the knell of death—what spirit fled,
And burst the shackles man is doom'd to bear?
Can it be true, and 'midst the senseless dead,
Must sorrowing thousands count the loss of Hare?

Shall not his genius life's short date prolong,
(Pure as the ether of its kindred sky,)
Shall wit enchant no longer from his tongue,
And beam in vivid flashes from his eye?

Oh no!—that mind, for every purpose fit,
Has met, alas! the universal doom;
Unrivall'd fancy, judgment, sense, and wit,
Were his, and only left him at the tomb.

Rest, spirit, rest! for gentle was thy course:
Thy rays, like temper'd suns, no venom knew;
For still benevolence allay'd the force
Of the keen darts thy matchless satire threw.

Yet not alone thy genius I deplore,
Nor o'er thy various talents drop the tear;
But weep to think I shall behold no more,
A loved companion and a friend sincere.

Amongst such men as those I have mentioned, there must have been some who would never have been fascinated by a mere woman of fashion; no, it was the extent and variety of the Duchess of Devonshire's intellectual acquirements, so far exceeding those of the generality of women in her time, that won their attentions. She was well read in the belles-lettres, and in the history and polity of most countries; she was also perfect mistress of the French and Italian languages, had both skill and taste in poetry, and could play upon the lyre. Indeed her mind, if we are to believe Wraxall, was far more gracefully modelled than her person. He says, "The personal charms of the Duchess of Devonshire constituted her smallest pretension to universal admiration; nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunnings, in regularity of features, and faultless formation of limbs and shape; it lay in the amenity and graces of her deportment, in her irresistible manners, and the seduction of her society. Her hair was not without a tinge of red, and her face, though pleasing, yet had it not been illuminated by her mind, might have been considered as an ordinary countenance. Descended in the fourth degree, lineally, from Sarah Jennings, the wife of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, she resembled the portraits of that beautiful woman."

As, howeve[illegible]ss was generally called then, and is so in o[illegible], "the beautiful duchess," it is scarcely poss[illegible]e that her face, under any circumstances, could [illegible] been "considered an ordinary countenance;" n[illegible]s the splendid portrait of her by Sir Joshua Reyn[illegible]ve that impression: but, beautiful or not, she bew[illegible] every one into believing that she was so, and s[illegible] captivated a society so perfectly capable of ap[illegible]ting her, as that by which she was surrounded.

In doing the honours of her noble mansion, which was characterized by a splendour far greater than that of the court, her unusual accomplishments told with double effect; and their value to her guests was so enhanced by the natural fascination of her manners, that they soon looked with leniency upon her foibles. Tickell, in the Wreath of Fashion, which had reached its sixth edition in 1780, wrote stanzas in honour of her petticoat; and Lord Carlisle, a Rhapsody on seeing her Grace in full dress; he also undertook to justify her caprices in the following lines:—

"Wit is a feather, this we all admit,
But sure each feather in your cap is wit;
'Tis the best flight of genius—to improve
The smiles of beauty and the bliss of love.
Like beams around the sun your feathers shine,
And raise the splendour of your charms divine;
Such plumes the worth of mighty conquerors show,
For who can conquer hearts so well as you?
When on your head I see those fluttering things,
I think, that love is there, and claps his wings.
Feathers help'd Jove to fan his amorous flame,
Cupid has feathers, angels wear the same.
Since then from Heaven their origin we trace,
Preserve the fashion—it becomes your Grace."

Indeed there was scarcely a man of eminence in her day, who could write a stanza, that did not address some complimentary verses to her. Dr. Darwin, "that mighty

	Form.	Elegance.	Grace.	Feature.	Complexion.	Countenance.	Softness.	Expression.	Loveliness.
Princess Mary ...	15	16	19	16	18	14	18	16	20
Duchess of Devonshire	16	17	18	14	15	20	17	16	18
Duchess of Rutland ...	17	18	12	19	14	16	14	14	18
Duchess of Montrose	16	15	15	12	14	18	18	14	16
Lady Stormont ...	12	14	13	17	10	16	14	17	15
Lady Anne Fitzroy ...	17	17	16	17	15	16	17	18	17
Lady Anne Lambton	15	14	16	13	11	10	16	12	20
Lady William Russell	14	16	15	12	16	14	15	14	17
Lady Erskine St. Clair	18	17	16	15	16	18	14	13	17
Lady Webster ...	16	16	12	12	17	18	14	18	14
Lady Caroline Campbell	18	16	16	17	19	18	18	12	20
Lady Elizabeth Lambert	15	14	15	18	20	14	17	18	17
Mrs. Tickell	17	16	18	20	16	20	18	19	20
Mrs. Law	18	16	14	20	15	14	17	17	18
Miss Ogilvie	17	16	17	14	12	15	14	18	16
Pamela	16	18	18	16	14	18	18	18	20

The Duchess of Gloucester, at this period in her seventeenth year, and perhaps the loveliest girl in England. Her Royal Highness's foot and ankle were faultless; a fact, which was frequently divulged to her numerous admirers, by the short petticoats worn in 1797.

Georgiana, eldest daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, at this time in her thirty-sixth year. Died, 30th March, 1806.

Mary Isabella, daughter of Charles, fourth Duke of Beaufort, and mother of the present Duke of Rutland. Her Grace was an intimate friend of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; and in the thirty-seventh year of her age. Died, 2nd September, 1831.

Caroline Maria, daughter of George. fourth Duke of Manchester, in her twenty-third year. Her Grace is still living.

Louisa. youngest daughter of Charles, ninth Lord Cathcart, afterwards Countess of Mansfield: and subsequently married to the Hon. Fulke Greville. Her ladyship was in her thirty-fifth year; she died in July, 1843, aged eighty-three.

Probably the present Lady Anne Culling Smith, daughter of the first Earl of Mornington, then wife of the Hon. Henry Fitzroy, son of the first Lord Southampton, who died in 1794. Her ladyship was at this time in her twenty-fifth year.

Anne Barbara, second daughter of the fourth Earl of Jersey; married, in 1791, W. Lambton, Esq., and subsequently the Hon. Charles Wyndham, brother of the Earl of Egremont. She was in her twenty-first year. Died April, 1832.

The lady of the late unfortunate Lord W. Russell. She was an elder sister of Lady Anne Lambton's, and was in her twenty-second year. Died in 1808.

Henrietta Elizabeth Bouverie, eldest daughter of the Hon. Edward Bouverie, uncle to Jacob, second Earl of Radnor. This lady, who was subsequently Lady Rosslyn, was in her twenty-second year, and died on the 8th August, 1810.

Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Vassal, Esq., at this time the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster; which marriage was, in 1797, dissolved by Act of Parliament, when her ladyship married Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, and survives him.

Isabella Caroline, eldest daughter of the late, and sister to the present Earl of Carlisle; at this time in her twenty-second year. Her ladyship is the mother of the present "Thane of Cawdor," and still retains considerable traces of her former beauty.

Daughter of Richard, sixth Earl of Cavan; married in the November of this year, 1793, W. Ricketts, Esq.; which marriage was dissolved by Act of Parliament, in April, 1799; when she re-married, in March, 1800, Rev. Mr. Brickenden. Her ladyship was at this time in her eighteenth year, and a lovely woman. She died in January, 1830.

Mary, sister to the beautiful Miss Linley, Sheridan's first wife.

Possibly Anne, daughter of George Towry, Esq., who married, in October, 1789, Edward Law, Esq., afterwards the first Lord Ellenborough.

There were two sisters, celebrated beauties, of this name; one of them married a Mr. Locke.

Wife of Lord E. Fitzgerald, and a natural daughter of Philip Egalité, Duke of Orleans, by Madame de Genlis. This beautiful creature was in her twentieth year. Lord Edward and his young bride arrived in London in January of the preceding year.

master of unmeaning rhyme," sings her praises in his Botanic Garden, and her friend Charles Fox, did not think it beneath him to write some verses on the death of her favourite spaniel: they were in the album.

ON THE DEATH OF FADDLE, A FAVOURITE SPANIEL OF GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S, WHO DIED AN EARLY VICTIM TO LOVE; HIS FATHER, FADDLE, SENIOR, HAVING PERISHED BY A SIMILAR FATE.—C. J. FOX.

Not Edward, when he saw with courage fell,
The beaten foe beneath the stripling run,
And, his career in Cressy's field begun,
Did the black warrior's future fame foretell—
Not great Pelides, when in that dark dell
Of grisly Pluto, from Laertes' son
He learnt the trophies by his Pyrrhus won,
And stalk'd away, the proudest ghost in hell,
More joy'd—than ancient Faddle's shade, when late
The tidings through the grove of myrtle flew,
That mighty Love had caused young Faddle's fate:
Thus mortals, to their follies ever true,
Of favourite passions would extend the date,
And, in their offspring, love or fight anew!

But all this homage is not surprising. In her youth he Duchess must have been, in spite of Wraxall's allusion to red hair, a lovely woman; for, when she was about six-and-thirty, two years after the Doctor *botanized* her, she held no mean position in the following amusing estimate of the personal attractions of our then reigning beauties. (See tables on pages 110, 111.) This arbitrary mode of estimating the comparative merits of individuals, was the invention of Akenside, who first applied it to poets; and the plan, whether well or ill executed, in the present instance, is a far more complete one than Lord Byron's pyramid, or rather Isoceles triangle, of which the Pleasures of Memory form the apex. The point of perfection is twenty.

The history of the Hon. Mrs. Bouverie's domestic life, the mother of the beautiful Lady Erskine St. Clair here mentioned, is perhaps one of the most remarkable

to be found in Debrett. She was a daugh[illegible] Sir E. Fawkener, Ambassador to the Porte, and in [illegible] 1764, when only fifteen, married the Hon. E. Bouver[illegible]ving lived with him twenty-two years, or more, [illegible]eir eighth child was born in 1786,) she then place[illegible]lf under the protection of Lord Robert Spencer, [illegible]f Charles, second Duke of Marlborough, to whom s[illegible] not married till 1811, a year after the death of her [illegible] husband. It is said that Mrs. Bouverie was a very attractive and engaging woman, and that her conduct when living with Lord Robert, who was very constant to her, was in other respects so amiable and exemplary, that it elicited from Charles Fox the paradoxical remark, that "they made adultery respectable." He also wrote the following most extraordinary *quatrain* upon her, which I found in Brummell's collection :—

"She loves truth, though she lies till she's black in the face;
She loves virtue, though none in her conduct you trace;
Her delicate feelings all wickedness shocks,
Though her lover's Lord Robert, and her friend is Charles Fox!"

Lady R. Spencer died in November, 1825, and his lordship in June, 1831. Mr. Bouverie was an uncle of the present Dr. Pusey, whose father first assumed that name: it is curious, but the Doctor is of a family descended from Protestant refugees!

CHAPTER XII.

The Duchess of Devonshire—Her follies and infirmities—Taste for play at this period—Charles Fox and the Jews—His lines on the gaming-table—The Duchess's kindness of heart—Her enthusiasm—The contest for Westminster in 1784—Anecdotes of, and squibs let off at this election—The Duchess's poem of "The Passage of the St. Gothard"—Her knowledge of French and Italian—Her translation of one of Petrarch's sonnets.

In the short space of three years after her marriage, the Duchess of Devonshire's extravagance became the subject of public criticism, and several pamphlets were addressed to her, reflecting severely upon her conduct; the motto of one was, "Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw;"—alluding to Lord Carlisle's verses: that of another was also from Pope, "She sighs, and is no Duchess at her heart;" and both of these were very severe. But long after this period, having been fifteen years devoted to pleasure, she was still foremost in every fashionable folly; and in 1793, was at the head of the Lady Patronesses of the celebrated pic-nic parties. There is, however, every reason to fear, that her Grace's excessive extravagance was not her worst fault; not only from traditional report, but from the evidence that may be met with in every autograph collection, we learn, that the Duchess was devoted to faro, the fashionable game of the day, and other games of chance, which brought her into positions greatly detrimental to her character, and the dignity of her high station. In this she certainly was not discouraged, either by her male or female friends, and gaming in private circles was then far more common than in the present day; though, unfortunately, the vice is not extinct, and fashionable women of rank might now

be named, who play as deep as did then her Grace of Devonshire.

It was, indeed, one of the characteristic follies of "All the Talents;" the absorbing passion of several members of the party who were most intimate at Devonshire House. The devotion of Fox to play is notorious, and he seems to have been scarcely able to pass forty-eight hours without it. A gentleman, now living, informed me, that one evening, when he and two or three other friends of Mrs. Fox were drinking tea with her in South-street, the door opened, and *Charles James* came skipping into the room, in most unusual spirits; they were on the point of inquiring the cause, but he saved them the trouble, by exclaiming, as he continued his capers, which he cut all round the room, "Great run! great run! vingt-et-un; lucky dog; to-morrow morning pay the Jews—pay them all!" Unfortunately for him, and for them too, it was Friday night, which, in the excess of his honesty and happiness, he did not think of. Of course, the next day no Israelite would come for his cash;—and that night the monies were carried to the Club, and there lost—the love of powerful excitement, and the insatiable cravings of the gamester's heart overcoming that great man's better feelings, and good but transient resolutions.

But, though a slave to this dreadful passion, and therefore to its degrading consequences, he wrote the following curious description of the gaming-table, in which the political feelings of this constitutional statesman are singularly interwoven with the subject, and in terms that would scarcely be agreeable to, or in accordance with, the opinions of the Whigs, in these days of the march of *opinion*. The critical powers of Fox, however, on points relating either to history or historians, generally led him to just conclusions; and his denunciation of Cromwell, though on so trifling an occasion, is made in a spirit as liberal as that of his remark on the partiality of Hume and Gibbon, for their respective and favourite opinions:

namely, "that one so loved a king, and the other so hated a priest, that neither of them could be depended upon, when either a priest or a king was concerned."

These lines by Fox were copied from the Beau's album, and I believe have never been published.

THE GAMING-TABLE.

A spot there is, say, Traveller, where it lies,
And mark the clime, the limits and the size,
Where grow no trees, nor waves the golden grain,
Nor hills, nor vales, diversify the plain;
Eternal years without the farmer's toil,
Through all the seasons clothe the favour'd soil;
Fair pools, in which the finny race abound,
By human hands prepared, enrich the ground—
Not Indian coasts produce an ampler store,
Pearls, ivory, diamonds, gold and silver ore:
Yet, Britons! envy not these wealthy climes,
Perpetual war distracts and endless crimes
Pollute the soil; pale Avarice triumphs there,
Hate, Envy, Rage, and heart-destroying Care;
With Fraud and Fear, and comfortless Despair.
Their government not long remains the same,
Though they, like us, revere a monarch's name;
Now Cromwell like, a low and base-born knave,
Nobles, and Kings and Queens presumes to brave:
The nobles fall—the king's a captive slave.
Britons, beware—let Avarice tempt no more—
Spite of its wealth, avoid the fatal shore.

But to return to the Duchess. Though she played high and all her amusements were of an expensive character, and her love of dissipation became so strong that she never deliberately improved her habits of life, yet she constantly gave remarkable instances of generosity and kind feeling; being in that respect, as she was in everything else, a creature of impulse, she yielded without discrimination to the supplications of distress, as easily as she did to the temptations of luxury, and those pleasures, which her success and influence in society induced. She liberally assisted literary characters, and

especially protected Charlotte Smith, the celebrated novelist, who, at one period of her life, lived at Devonshire House: but the most pleasing trait of her domestic character was the example she set her fashionable friends by nursing her own children; thereby discouraging the unnatural practice prevalent in her time, of sending them into the country and leaving them to the management and discretion of ignorant, and sometimes unfeeling nurses. A poet of the day thus refers to this incident :—

> "So when the mother, bending o'er his charms,
> Clasps her fair nursling in delighted arms,
> Throws the thin kerchief from her neck of snow,
> And half unveils the pearly orbs below,—
> With sparkling eye the blameless plunderer owns
> Her soft embraces, and endearing tones;
> Sucks the salubrious fount with open lips,
> Spreads his inquiring hands, and smiles and sips."

The interest which the Duchess of Devonshire took in public affairs, was far beyond what had ever been displayed by any of her female contemporaries. When the American War broke out, she was seen at Tiptree and Warley Camps, dressed in the regimentals of the Derby militia—the consequence was a military fever amongst the women, which was followed by a naval one, when the victories of Howe, Jervis, Duncan, and Nelson, revived the national spirits; and the Egyptian, Aboukir, and Nelson bonnets, caps, and head-dresses were all the fashion. On the declaration of war being made against France, she set to work with all her friends to make flannel waistcoats for the troops; and she showed the same enthusiasm in the cause of her friend Charles Fox, in his great contest for Westminster in 1784, which appropriately enough commenced on "All Fools' Day;" and, being in the "good old times," lasted for one month and seventeen days.

The excitement which this election caused amongst all grades of society, was never exceeded in the most turbu-

lent republics. The most refined ladies quite forgot all propriety of demeanour, and some of the highest rank actually pulled the favours from each other's bosoms in the opera refreshment-rooms, accompanying the action with screams of "No Fox, no Fox." Even at Carlton House, election jokes were permitted, and at the breakfast given by the Prince of Wales on this occasion, some one pinned a Fox cockade on the head of Lady Talbot, who was a violent Tory; for some time her Ladyship did not perceive it, but a tell-tale mirror at length revealed the affront, when the favour was removed with no gentle hand, and not only indignantly thrown at her feet, but stamped upon—to the great amusement of the bystanders.

But no one was so devoted to the interest of the popular candidate or the success of his cause as the Duchess of Devonshire, who was then figuratively called, and is still distinguished by the appellation of "Fox's Duchess." Accompanied by her sister, Lady Duncannon, and her friend the Duchess of Rutland, she attended continually at the hustings in an elegant equipage with a favour in her hat, and one on her breast, inscribed with the word "Fox,"—and supported by the presence of her scarcely less fascinating sister, she visited the houses and shops of the electors and dazzled and enslaved them by her enchanting manners, her beauty, and the influence of her high rank; nor did she object to convey the humblest of the electors in her own carriage to the hustings to vote for her friend.

But the most *convincing* proof of her ardour in his cause is the well authenticated story, that rather than lose a plumper for her candidate, he permitted a *butcher*, —a man probably surrounded at the time with slaughtered beeves and fat southdowns, to kiss her in Newport market! Of course, this enthusiasm called forth philippics from the Tories, and the greatest admiration from the Whigs; but what it called forth from the Duke, her

husband, has not transpired. To excuse this kiss one of her party quoted Dean Swift, who says, "that an over-nice man, is a man of nasty ideas;" and another compared her to Cornelia, the wife of Pompey, and daughter of Metellus Scipio. In an account of this memorable election, which filled a thickly printed quarto volume of eight hundred pages, published by Debrett, a few months after, there are one hundred and thirty squibs and pieces of poetry from the wits and versifiers of both sides. The following are specimens of their powers, and the compliments paid to her Grace.

"Fair Devon all good English hearts must approve,
And the Waldegraves,[1] God bless their sweet faces!
The Duchess she looks the sweet Queen of Love,
And they like the three sister Graces.
Then let each of us say,
May the D—l take Wray,
And Charley and Liberty carry the day.

"E'en cobblers she canvassd, they would not refuse,
But huzza'd for Fox and 'No wooden shoes.'
She canvass'd the tailors, and ask'd for their votes,
They all gave her plumpers, and cried, 'No turncoats.'[2]
Then let each of us say, etc."

But would a canvasser like her Grace be so successful in these degenerate days of "pounds, shillings, and pence," in which the very ghost of chivalry has been hunted from the land? Could she still find in Newport market a butcher who would prefer a kiss to a ten-pound note? I fear not. It was during the excitement and

[1] Elizabeth Laura, at this time Lady Chewton, afterwards Lady Waldegrave;
Charlotte Maria, afterwards Duchess of Grafton;
Hannah Horatia, afterwards Lady Hugh Seymour. All three daughters of the 2nd Earl of Waldegrave.
"The Ladies Waldegrave," writes Dr. Warner to George Selwyn, in June, 1779, "have been about marrying the whole town, but are not married. Lord Egremont was very near, but he said he should hang himself before the summer was over if he did."

[2] Alluding to Sir Cecil Wray's change of opinion.

turmoil of this election that the flattering and well known exclamation burst spontaneously from the lips of the impassioned coalheaver, who, roused by her expressive countenance, said, while gazing with admiration upon it, "I could light my pipe at your eyes." This compliment was highly appreciated by the Duchess, and she always admitted it as the most gratifying one that had ever been paid her.

Though this celebrated woman devoted herself heart and soul to politics, and the gaieties and dissipation of the sphere of life in which she moved, she was capable of enjoying pleasures of a very different character; for on her return from Italy, in the autumn of 1793, to which country she had gone with her mother and Lady Besborough, on account of the delicate health of the latter, the passage of the St. Gothard suggested to her the pleasing little poem of that name, the opening of which is an apostrophe to the lovely land she was leaving. A natural benevolence and warmth of feeling pervade this poem; the stirring points in Swiss history are evidently dwelt upon with energy and admiration; nor is the descriptive part wanting in beauty, simplicity, and strength. Her Grace, with maternal feeling, dedicated it to her children; and perhaps the prettiest quotation to make from it is the concluding stanza, in which she thus addresses them:

"Hope of my life! dear children of my heart!
That anxious heart, to each fond feeling true,
To you still pants each pleasure to impart,
And more—oh! transport, reach its home and you."

Soon after this poem was published it was translated into French by the Abbé Délille, a member of the Academy, and author of "Les Jardins," who was probably an emigrant friend of hers. When the Duchess presented him with this specimen of her poetical powers, she sent with it the following complimentary lines:

À Monsieur l'Abbé Délille.

Vous dont la lyre enchanteresse
Unit la force à la douceur,
De la nature amant flatteur ;
Vous qui l'embellissez sans cesse,
J'ose vous offrir en tremblant
De l'humble pré la fleur nouvelle ;
Je la voudrais une immortelle,
Si vous acceptez le présent.

Georgine Devonshire.

Though these couplets are in themselves trifling, yet they show that her Grace was, as I have before remarked, a perfect mistress of French ; but the following translation of Petrarch's thirty-fourth sonnet is a far more remarkable instance of her proficiency in the Italian language, an accomplishment which her friend Charles Fox also possessed. This the reader may see in his "Il piacere è il Desire," an imitation of Monk Lewis's poem, "In yonder bower lies Pleasure sleeping," which is printed in the edition of "Dark Musgrave's" poems, published in 1812. The friend who was kind enough to send me a copy of this translation by her Grace, is perhaps better able to appreciate the merits of Italian literature than any Englishman now living. He gave me also some details of the circumstances under which it came into his possession, and I now insert them in his own words.

"My first visit to the Eternal city was in 1822, and it was there that I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire. Knowing that one of my objects, was, to investigate certain controverted points in the life of Petrarch, she very kindly assisted me in my researches ; and one morning, whilst we were engaged in discussing the nature of his attachment to Laura, she presented me with the translation of 'Levommi il mio pensier,' as a specimen of the poetical talents of her predecessor Georgiana, and a striking proof of the facility with which the English language, when properly handled, renders the sublimity and tender-

ness of the great lyrical poet of Italy." As the reader may like to compare it with the Italian, I have given the original with it.

SONNETTO XXXIV.

Dice essersi levato col pensiero infino al cielo, e quivi aver veduto Laura che lo prese per mano e parlogli. Dice in ultimo che al suon delle sue parole poco mancò che non morisse di dolcezza. Questo si può dir veramente il più bel sonnetto del Petrarca.

Levommi il mio pensier in parte, ov'era
Quella, ch'io cerco e non ritrovo in terra;
Ivi fra lor, che 'l terzo cerchio[1] serra,
La rividi più bella, e meno altera.
Per man mi prese, e disse: 'In questa spera
Sarai ancor meco, se 'l desir non erra:
I'son colei che ti diè tanta guerra,
E compiè mia giornata innanzi sera.
'Mio ben non cape,[2] in intelletto umano;
Te solo aspetto, e quel che tanto amasti,
E laggiuso è rimaso, il mio bel velo.'[3]
Deh perchè tacque ed allargò la mano?
Ch' al suon de' detti, si pietosi e casti,
Poco mancò, ch'io non rimasi in cielo.

TRANSLATED BY GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

In spirit I had mounted to the sphere
Where she amidst its gentle inmates beam'd,
Whom still I fondly seek, but find not here:
More beautiful and less severe she seem'd.
She press'd my hand, and said, 'In this bright star
With me, if hope deceive not, thou shalt dwell:
That maid I am who caused thy live-long war,
And closed her day of life ere evening fell.
My bliss transcends the reach of human mind:
Thee only I desire, and what thou prized'st so much,
Those beauteous spoils, I left on earth behind.'
Why ceased she, why withdrew the pledge thus given?
That chaste, that thrilling voice, that holy touch,
Had sure sufficed to keep my soul in heaven!

[1] *Il terzo cerchio.* Si finge rapito al terzo cielo, luogo assegnato dai Poeti agli amanti virtuosi e casti.

[2] *Mio ben non cape*, ac. l' intelletto umano non è capace di comprendere la pienezza della mia felicità.

[3] *Te solo aspetto e il mio bel velo*, (il corpo,) cioè, quello che tu tanto amasti e ch'è rimaso laggiuso sulla terra.—*Commentator's Note.*

CHAPTER XIII.

The Duchess's fugitive poetry—The late Lord Morley—Borino the Brave—His feats at Melton described in verse by George Ellis—Short notice of that gentleman—The Duchess of Devonshire's lines on a bust of Charles James Fox—Her verses from a blind man to his wife—Death of her Grace—Anecdote of Lady Besborough—Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire—Gibbon in love—Sketch of her Grace's character—Her patronage of literature, and antiquarian researches.

No doubt many other examples of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire's, taste and acquirements exist in the domestic archives of Chatsworth; but though they were not accessible to me, I trust I have in some degree succeeded in my attempt to awaken the reader's interest in the lovely authoress of the fugitive poetry that I now transcribe from Brummell's album, and which, after diligent search, I have not discovered in print. The first piece gives ample evidence of her classical taste, and the richness and elegance of her imagination.

Here, in the bower of beauty, newly shorn,
Let Fancy sit, and sing how Love was born;
Wrapt up in roses, Zephyr found the child
In Flora's cheek, when first the goddess smiled;
Nursed on the bosom of the beauteous Spring,
O'er her white breast he spread his purple wing.
On kisses fed, and silver drops of dew,
The little wanton into Cupid grew;
Then arm'd his head with glittering sparks of fire,
And tipp'd his shining arrows with desire.
Hence joys arose upon the wings of wind,
And Hope presents the lover always kind;
Despair creates a rival for our fears,
And tender Pity softens into tears.

The stanzas that follow are not so imaginative, but more natural, and on that account, more pleasing.

My cherish'd hope, my fondest dream,
Still, dearest! rests on thee;
A blank without thee all would seem,
And life would lifeless be.

The place thy presence glads to seek
Is where I'm ever best;
And when I hear thee kindly speak,
And speak to *me*, I'm blest.

But should hard fate command it so,
Still, dearest! I'm resigned;
And if from me thou'rt bent to go,
Or alter'd, or unkind,—

Unfelt by thee, my silent care
Shall never claim relief;
And still I'll wish thou may'st not share
My solitary grief.

In the next, the Duchess seems to have adopted the metre of Alonzo the Brave, and the Fair Imogene, of M. G. Lewis.

The hero of this ballad was the late Lord Morley, then Lord Boringdon, who was a strong supporter of Mr. Pitt, and when a young man, spoke frequently in the House of Lords. It is probably to these speeches that her Grace alludes, which no doubt found but little favour in the eyes of such an ardent Foxite as she was. Of the ladies that the youthful Lord Boringdon jilted, the author has no gossiping details to give; but of the one who jilted him the Peerage gives due information, and shows that these verses were written previously to the 24th of June, 1804, on which day he married the Lady Augusta Fane, second daughter of John, tenth Earl of Westmoreland; which marriage was dissolved in 1809, when her ladyship re-married the late Right Honourable Sir Arthur Paget. Lord Morley died on the 14th March, 1840.

BORINO THE BRAVE.

A baron so bold, and of parentage fair,
Was riding beside the green sea;
His vizor was up, and his forehead was bare,
His face it was comely, and long was his hair,
And tall, and full portly was he.

He slowly rode on, 'twas for exercise' sake,
Nor trotted, nor canter'd did he;
He mused on the speeches he'd made, and would make,
Of the vows to fair damsels he'd keep or would break,
And on many a quaint repartee.

Oh! from him let the barons of England beware
How their loves and their palfreys they guide;
Many women may love them, for whom they don't care,
Many horses may stumble, unless they're aware,
Or if loose in their stirrups they ride.

A Bedlamite Duchess[1] was bathing hard by,
When she saw the young Paladin pass;
He bewilder'd her brain, and he dazzled her eye,
Her guides could not stop her, she strove to rush by,
And swore that she would, "by the mass!"

The baron was frighten'd, with reason and truth,
For her love and her frenzy were strong;
She turn'd as he turn'd, and with gesture uncouth,
Her arms she elongated straight at the youth,
And they seem'd to be half a mile long.

He spoke not, he flew not, he only could scream,
When plump in the water he fell!
And lo! all this bustle, though strange it may seem,
He found by awaking was only a dream,
Was a very good story to tell.

And now still at midnight, the supper just o'er,
Her spirit he seems to behold;
The story he told, though he told it before,
For each night as the clock strikes, he tells it once more,
And forgets it has ever been told!

The following ballad is another quiz upon the same nobleman, for which reason I have placed it with the preceding one: it was written by George Ellis, another of Brummell's friends, and is in some measure a parody on Monk Lewis's ballad of Durandarte and Belerma:—

Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncesvalles fight.

It was written when Mr. Ellis was on a visit to his

[1] *Quere*, her Grace of Gordon?

cousin, the present Lord Seaford. Brooksby Hall is on the road from Melton to Leicester.

Sad and fearful is the story
Of the hunt in Leicestershire,
On that fatal field of glory
Met full many a dashing squire.

There fell bold Borino, never
Horse did such a baron bear,
Thinking he could ride for ever,
Mounted on so dun a mare.

Scarlet spencer deck'd his shoulders,
Of his coat the skirts were blue;
Pantaloons charm'd all beholders,
Leather, and of yellow hue.

Huge his hat, to put his head in,
Longer queue was never seen;
Round his neck his 'kerchief spreading,
Check'd with faded blue and green.

Leaps he thought were quite delightful,
Hedge and ditch, whate'er might hap,
Even gates were not too frightful,
Leap he would—and chose a gap.

O'er the gap the dun mare vaulted,
Glow'd with joy his noble blood;
Pass'd the gap, the dun mare halted,—
Dropp'd the Baron in the mud!

"Although young I fall, believe me,"
Cried this lord, of noble mind,
"Think not, sirs, a fall would grieve me,
'Tis to fall before we find:

"Comforts twain my griefs have lighten'd,
Though your grooms have seen me down;
First I prove I was not frighten'd,
Next, the spencer's not my own."

Laugh'd the grooms, the farmers hearty,
Laugh'd the huntsman till he cried;
Laugh'd each sportsman of the party,
"Good, my lord, thus ever ride."

Baron, bolder, wiser, graver,
(Riding Spanish, sure to fall,)
Lord in scarlet spencer, braver
Started ne'er from Brooksby Hall.

Perhaps no one ever better united the character of a gentleman with that of a man of letters, than the author of this humorous scrap, which is valuable as the trifle of a very superior man. Mr. Ellis was a person of gentle and polished manners, and his mind was peculiarly formed to feel and inspire others, with the warmest sentiments of friendship. Mr. Lockhart, in speaking of the intimacy that existed between this talented individual and Sir Walter Scott, calls him the "elegant and amiable Ellis;" and that he was amiable there is little reason to doubt, for he was the friend of the great and good Heber, who introduced Scott to his acquaintance. The intimacy thus formed between Sir Walter and Mr. Ellis lasted for many years, indeed until the death of the latter; for besides the many social qualities which they possessed in common, their great taste for national antiquarian lore, and deep knowledge of this particular study, were subjects of mutual interest; and when in London the great novelist always reserved Saturday and Sunday for a visit to Sunning-hill, the residence of his friend. Dr. Leyden, Sir Walter Scott's amanuensis and assistant, also paid him a visit there, and thus described his countenance in a letter to his patron.

"His eyen graye as glas ben
And his looks ben alto kene,
Loveliche to paramour;
Brown as acorn ben his faxe,
His face is thin as bettel axe,
That dealeth dintis doure."

This grotesque sketch by the enthusiastic lover of old English verse does not convey to the mind of the unlearned any other idea than that of a rusty battle-axe,—a very moat-drawbridge-and-portcullis cast of countenance. In the early part of Mr. Ellis's career he was, like

Burke, a Whig, and contributed his share of satires to the Rolliad and Probationary Odes; but in 1779 he changed his political opinions, a circumstance rather more unusual in those days than in the present; and after he became the coadjutor of Canning and Frere, he wrote as ardently and well, and praised Mr. Pitt as cleverly, in the Anti-Jacobin, as he had abused him in the opposition periodicals.

"Pert without fire, without experience sage,"

was the opening line of one of his gibes against that minister; but though engaged in the literary warfare of the pen in early life, Mr. Ellis was not afflicted with the odious asperity which frequently results from that occupation, or from entering actively upon the arena of politics.

His literary claims to our admiration and respect rest however upon more solid and commendable grounds than his political versification. His writing has been compared to Addison's for purity, and his Essay on the Formation and Progress of the English Language, his antiquarian knowledge, and contributions to the Quarterly Review, of which he was one of the earliest supporters, will remain, and be prized as the evidence of his talent, long after the remembrance of his social accomplishments has passed away. Mr. Ellis also wrote some light poetry, of which he limited the publicity to circulation amongst his intimate friends. In the latter years of this gentleman's life he was much harassed by a painful disease, which he bore with patience and fortitude, and expired at Sunning-hill on the 18th of April, 1815, in the seventieth year of his age.

There are several other pieces of the Duchess of Devonshire's poetry in Brummell's collection besides the preceding ones; amongst them are some lines on a bust of Charles J. Fox at Woburn, the battle of Aboukir; and her celebrated Negro Song, "The loud wind roared, the rain fell fast," which was suggested by a circumstance

that befell Mungo Parke during his travels in Africa, and which was set to music many years ago. There is also an excellent specimen of her Grace's wit and domestic satire; but as the joke on which it turns was taken up by Lord John Townshend, I have placed it with his reply.

The following are her lines on the bust of Charles James Fox at Woburn.

Here, 'midst the friends he loved the man behold,
In truth unshaken, and in virtue bold;
Whose patriot zeal and uncorrupted mind
Dared to assert the freedom of mankind:
And, whilst extending desolation far,
Ambition spread the baneful flames of war,
Fearless of blame, and eloquent to save,
'Twas he,—'twas Fox, the warning counsel gave;
'Midst jarring conflicts stemm'd the tide of blood,
And to the menaced world a landmark stood.
Oh! had his voice in Mercy's cause prevail'd,
What grateful millions had the statesman hail'd!
Whose wisdom made the broils of nations cease,
And taught the world humanity and peace.
But though he fail'd, succeeding ages here,
The vain yet pious effort shall revere;
Boast in their annals his illustrious name,
Uphold his greatness, and confirm his fame.

The succeeding stanzas, on account of their peculiar beauty and pathos, I have reserved for the last, in order that the impression they will naturally make upon the reader, may not be impaired by any subsequent trifle from the same pen.

I've known all the blessings of sight,
The beauties that nature displays,
And traced in the splendour of light
The glories that stream'd in the blaze;
Yet though darkness its sorrows has spread,
I grudge not the pleasures I've known,
Since, reclining, I thus lay my head
On a breast that I know is my own.

I have valued the charms of the rose,
As I pluck'd it all fresh from the tree;

I have kiss'd it, and bid it disclose
Its sweets, for I meant it for thee.
But memory still has its bliss,
Though no longer I gaze on thee now;
More sweet than the rose is thy kiss,
And more fresh and more lovely art thou.

The life of the roebuck was mine,
As I bounded o'er valley and lawn,
I watch'd the gray twilight decline,
And worshipp'd the day-breaking[1] dawn.
I regret not the freedom of will,
Or sigh as uncertain I tread,
I am freer and happier still
When by thee I am carefully led.

Ere my sight I was doom'd to resign
My heart I surrender'd to thee,
Not a thought, or an action was mine,
But I saw as thou bad'st me to see.
Thy watchful affection I wait,
And hang with delight on thy voice;
And dependence is soften'd by fate,
Since dependence on thee was my choice.

These verses speak eloquently for a heart that the blandishments of fashion beguiled to a lamentable extent, but could never entirely corrupt. "To her mother," says Wraxall, "the Duchess of Devonshire was attached with more than common filial affection, of which she exhibited pecuniary proofs, rarely given by a daughter to a parent. Nor did she display less attachment to her sister, Lady Duncannon." It is said, that in her last illness, the retrospect of her life caused the Duchess of Devonshire the deepest regret, and that she felt acutely the utter insignificance and emptiness of the pleasures which had so constantly absorbed her mind and energies. The disorder which terminated in her death was an abscess in the liver; her Grace having experienced the first attack of it about three months before, while dining at the Marquis of Hertford's; from that time it increased so rapidly, as to baffle every attempt made to subdue

[1] *Day-breaking*, Qy. "*gay*-breaking."

it, by the combined talents of Doctors Baillie, Pitcairn, and others. Her disease was beyond the aid of human skill; and she expired at Devonshire House, on the morning of the 30th of March, 1806, in the forty-ninth year of her age.

The Prince of Wales had the greatest regard and respect for her, and expressed a wish to attend her funeral; but the honour was declined, as in London the ceremonials were conducted with great privacy. This, however, was not the case at Derby, for the hearse was met three miles from the town by the nobility and gentry of the county, and the Duke's tenantry, who accompanied it to the family vault of the Cavendishes, in St. Stephen's Church. Fifteen years after, the late Countess of Besborough was, at her own request, laid in the same vault. In the zenith of their beauty and influence, "the rival sisters," as they were generally called, were tenderly attached to each other; and how this feeling survived in Lady Besborough's mind, is attested by an affecting anecdote, which Wraxall thus relates:—

"During the month of July, 1811, a very short time before the decease of the late Duke of Devonshire, I visited the vault in the principal church of Derby, where repose the remains of the Cavendish family. As I stood contemplating the coffin which contained the remains of that admired female, Georgiana, the late Duchess, the woman who accompanied me, pointed out the relics of a *bouquet* which lay on the coffin, nearly collapsed into dust. 'That nosegay,' said she, 'was brought here by the Countess of Besborough, who had designed to place it with her own hands on her sister's coffin; but overcome by her emotions on approaching the spot, she found herself unable to descend the steps conducting to the vault. In an agony of grief she knelt down on the stones, as nearly over the place occupied by the corpse as I could direct, and there deposited the flowers, enjoining me the performance of an office to which she was unequal. I ful-

filled her wishes.'" When the Prince of Wales was informed of the death of the Duchess of Devonshire, he is said to have exclaimed, "Then we have lost the best bred woman in England!" And Fox observed, on the same melancholy occasion, "She had the kindest of human hearts." How characteristic the remarks of the two men!

In introducing the translation of Petrarch's sonnet, I had occasion to advert to Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke's second wife, and to allude to the estimation in which she held her friend and predecessor's accomplishments. Before concluding this chapter, it may not be irrelevant to speak of her great taste and acquirements; indeed it is impossible to mention one of these celebrated women without thinking of the other, for the intimacy that existed between them was perfectly Siamese—and after the separation of Lady Elizabeth from Mr. Foster, her first husband, had taken place, she became an inmate of Devonshire House, on the gossip of which I forbear to dwell. The two friends afterwards travelled together on the Continent, and when at Lausanne, in 1787, an incident occurred which proves that she was scarcely less delightfully insinuating, or less talented, than her gifted companion.

The anecdote, charming in itself, is admirably related in a recent contribution to the Gentleman's Magazine, and amusingly displays the consummate vanity of the philosophic Gibbon, who was a fixed resident in that town, and formed a welcome addition to their society. "Beautiful in her person," says this writer, "fascinating in her manner, still under the age of thirty, and wholly unsuspicious of all amorous pretensions from a man of the mature years, ungainly figure, and love-repelling countenance of her learned countryman, she checked not the exuberance of her admiration of his genius: she had unconsciously, however, made a deep impression on his imagination, and one morning, more especially, just as he

had terminated his elaborate performance, and felt elated with the achievement, as he so glowingly describes the sensation in his "Life," he invited the seductive lady to breakfast; when in a bower, fragrant with encircling acacias, he selected for her perusal various attractive passages of the concluding sheets.

"Enchanted with the masterly narrative, her ladyship complimented him on the completion of his task with a charm of language, and warmth of address, which the author's prurient fancy, much too licentiously indulged, as his writings prove, converted into effusions of tenderer inspiration. Falling on his knees, he gave utterance to an impassioned profession of love, greatly to the surprise of its object, who, recoiling from his contact, entreated him to rise from this humiliating posture. Thus recalled to cooler feeling, but prostrate and helpless from his unwieldy form, he vainly sought to regain his feet, and the delicate female, whose first astonishment soon yielded to irrepressible laughter at the ridiculous scene, was equally powerless in affording relief; until at length, with the aid of two robust women, he was re-seated in his arm-chair, from which it was pretexted he had accidentally slipt. Thus 'solventur risu tabulæ,' a laugh at once dissolves the lover's enchantment, and with it evaporated the lady's anger, genuine or simulated; for with the Lady Elizabeth, this demonstration of the Promethean puissance of her charms, which could quicken into vivid emotion such a mass of seemingly inert matter, was, on reflection, felt rather as a homage than an offence; and though unfruitful of effect in evoking, as in the opera of Zémir and Azor, or, Beauty and the Beast, a responsive flame, it in no sense interrupted her friendly intercourse with Gibbon."

This "decline and fall" in the historian's philosophy, and total forgetfulness of the chances of ridicule, certainly gives an exalted idea of the Lady Elizabeth's charms; but my amiable friend, to whom she presented the trans-

lation of Petrarch's sonnet, and on whom, unlike Gibbon, time has exercised a softening influence over the passions, writes even now thus eloquently in her praise :—"You are much too young to have known Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and therefore felt *la belle passion* for her, as every man did in my day. I had the honour of knowing both her and her successor, and in spite of the fine eyes and seductive manners of the former, I preferred Elizabeth. I will not, however, draw any comparisons between them unless, indeed, it should be between their literary accomplishments. Elizabeth did not, as far as I know, ever dabble in poetry : she did more than this ; she was a zealous patroness of literature and the fine arts ; she was the Duchess who, at her own expense, caused a machine to be fabricated for dragging the Tiber, in the vain hope of redeeming some of the statues which it is well ascertained had been thrown into it at different periods during the civil wars, and the first invasion of Clovis. That praiseworthy attempt, though often repeated, was utterly fruitless.

"It was she also who caused, at her own expense, the Æneid to be translated into Italian verse, a magnificent work which, in point of elegance, fidelity, and typographical correctness, leaves nothing to be desired. With that in his hand, the traveller may trace the progress of Æneas from his first landing in Italy, to the fatal termination of his combat with Turnus. Her palace at Rome, as well as her purse, was open to all men of genius, without distinction of rank or country : she may be said to have held the keys of the Vatican and other libraries; for, owing to her influence, I obtained admission to them when they were closed even to the Romans themselves, in consequence either of repairs or festivals. Though others may, I have none but pleasing souvenirs of that charming woman, for I owed many obligations to her kindness during my residence at Rome.

"One of the most gratifying memorials I possess is a

letter that she wrote to me shortly after her scheme for dragging the Tiber for antiques had failed, in which she feelingly deplores the result: it is a curious proof of fine feeling and affectation, two qualities not very compatible with each other; I allude to her mode of writing merely the initial and final letters of words, an affectation which often cost me considerable trouble in guessing at her meaning. Thus, in referring to her repeated disappointments on this subject, she writes,—'My l—t like my f—t at —s have failed!' Notwithstanding this, I have no hesitation in saying, that if a woman could be properly termed the Mæcenas of her age, Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, well deserved the appellation." She also published at Rome, an edition of her friend and predecessor's poem, The Passage of the St. Gothard, and the fifth satire of the First Book of Horace, with illustrations, several of which were designed and executed by herself. Her Grace's death in March, 1824, interrupted the completion of a Dante, which she had also intended to illustrate with one hundred plates. She was the friend of Cardinal Gonsalvi, of Canova, Cammucini, and Thorwaldsen, and was generally surrounded by eminent artists and men of letters; her influence in Rome was great, partly owing to her classical and literary taste, but still more to a munificence which scarcely knew a limit, and it was this influence perhaps, which led the widow of the younger Pretender, (and afterwards of Alfieri,) thus to address the Duchess from her palazzo at Florence, 'Ma belle amie, on dit ici, que vous régnez à Rome, permettez moi d'aller vous visiter dans vos états,' etc., etc. In the spirit of old Rome a medal of her was struck at her death, commemorative of her arduous exertions in the protection and advancement of Italian literature, and her unwearied efforts to preserve or restore to the world any remains of the classical antiquities which she so deeply venerated. Her Grace was a daughter of the fourth Earl of Bristol."

CHAPTER XIV.

Brummell a Whig, but no politician—General Fitzpatrick—His contributions to the Beau's Album—His lines on a proposed grant of money for the prosecution of the War—Mrs. Miller of Bath Easton—Horace Walpole's description of her—Castles in the air—The late Lord Palmerston—His Epitaph on his wife—Lord Upper Ossory—Lady Tyrconnel—Lines addressed to her by that nobleman—Lady Upper Ossory.

At the Duke of Devonshire's, Brummell had many and agreeable opportunities of improving his acquaintance with the wits, and celebrated men, of the party of which his Grace was the leader, and his Duchess such an enthusiastic supporter. But Brummell, though a staunch Whig, took little active interest in their political proceedings, and in all probability, his reason for preferring their society was, that their leisure hours were more convivially spent than those of the ministerial one, and the "Pilot who weathered the storm."

Foremost amongst these wits, was General Fitzpatrick, and I shall in this chapter introduce two of his contributions to the Beau's album, as well as those of several more of Brummell's friends, whose verses have likewise escaped the printing press. Richard Fitzpatrick, the son of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory, was born January 30th, 1747. In his youth he served in the American War, but, having a political turn, he relinquished active service, and entered the senate as member for Tavistock, in 1780. Though he attained the post of Secretary of War, he was far more celebrated as the friend of Fox, and his companion at the gaming table, and as one of the best political versifiers of his day, than as a statesman, or an orator. The General was the author of some

of the happiest pleasantries in the Rolliad, and the Probationary Odes; he wrote the verses on Brooke Watson, those on the Marquis of Graham, and the Liars; he also wrote Dorinda, a town eclogue, and other short pieces. The following specimen of his politico-poetical talents is nearly, if not quite, equal to any squib Swift ever wrote.

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A BILL ENTITLED "AN ACT FOR GRANTING TO HIS MAJESTY AN ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTION FOR THE PROSECUTION OF THE WAR!!"

Plan, by general confiscation,
To redeem a ruin'd nation;
Plan, through all its parts a blunder,
Credit to maintain by plunder;
Plan, which property protects,
By the seizure of effects;
Plan, securing general comfort;
Can we pay too large a sum for 't?
Which such comforts soon shall bring, as
Writs of Capias and Distringas,—
Into poor folks' houses breaking,
E'en the beds they sleep on taking;
Thus by wives and children starving,
All that's dear to man preserving;
Virtue, and good morals guarding,
Base informers by rewarding;
Strengthening all our social ties
By encouraging of spies;
Setting down in each man's cot,
What he has, and he has not;
What though gone all Fortune gave him,
No economy can save him.
Base conceit to fight the French meant,
By prohibiting entrenchment;
Vital Christians, still repining
That religion is declining,
Here in her behalf decree
Premiums upon perjury;
Friends of due subordination,
Here, 'twixt high and humble station
Cordial union to secure,
Drive the rich to starve the poor.

Here a clause which needs must please us,
Of superfluous cash to ease us,
Whence the tax, by dexterous shift,
All at once becomes a gift;
Clause which leaves an option pleasant
To be robbed or make a present;
For, should you decline the honor,
To become a nation's donor,
Shortly to your cost you 'll find
There's a process still behind;
Which, how closely e'er you lock it,
In due time will reach your pocket.
So sham cripples, whom we meet
Asking alms through many a street,
Rob by night (their wooden leg off)
Those they in the morning beg of,
And, as laws are made restraining
Suffering wretches from complaining,
These, to stop poor people's bawling,
Lift their crutch and lay them sprawling.
In this project what can men see
But the rulers in a phrenzy,
Still the desperate course pursuing
Which has brought us all to ruin?
Who 'mongst country lubbers sees one
So absurd and void of reason,
To increase the ass's loads
He has plung'd in miry roads?
British dolts, if 'tis your pleasure
To endure such loads as these are,
Prate no more about your freedom,
Empty boasts! for none will heed 'em.
All your spirit is but vapour,
Magna Charta mere waste paper;
All your boasted fire but smoke,—
Beasts of burden, bear the yoke!

Near these lines of the General's were the following anonymous verses, also humorously referring to the excessive taxation of the times. The name of Miller, in the first stanza, made me fear they might have been printed in a collection of poetry written for a fantastical lady of that name, who lived at a villa near Bath, and

published in 1775 for charitable purposes, under the title of The Vase of Bath-Easton; but on consulting the work I did not find them, and this leads me to hope that they have never been printed. At this villa the lady used to receive a large and distinguished circle of friends every Thursday, and the chief amusement of these *réunions* was to read aloud the scraps of sentimental and other poetry that had been composed by them, perhaps in the King's bath, in the previous week, much of which was in praise of herself, her villa, and each other. Horace Walpole, in describing the Bath-Easton vagaries, writes thus to General Conway:

"Mrs. Miller is returned a beauty, a genius, a Sappho, a tenth muse, as romantic as Mademoiselle Scuderi, and as unsophisticated as Mrs. Vesey. The captain's fingers are loaded with cameos, his tongue runs over with virtù; and that both may contribute to the improvement of their own country, they have introduced *bouts rimés* as a new discovery. They hold a Parnassus fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival. Six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest compositions, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope Miller, kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle, with—I do not know what. You may think this is a fiction or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbelievers. The collection is printed, published. Yes, by my faith, there are *bouts rimés* on a buttered muffin, made by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland; recipes to make them by Corydon the venerable, alias George Pitt; others very pretty by Lord Palmerston; some by Lord Carlisle; many by Mrs. Miller herself, that have no fault but wanting metre, and immortality promised to her without end or measure. In short, since folly, which never ripens to madness but in this hot

climate, ran distracted, there never was anything so entertaining or so dull.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Were I content on earth to dwell,
To earth my views confine;
With rapture, Miller, I'd survey
This paradise of thine.

I too my willing voice would raise,
And equal praise bestow,
But that the scene which others praise,
For me is far too low.

I grant the hills are crown'd with trees,
I grant the fields are fair;
Yet after all one nothing sees,
But what is really there.

True taste ideal fancy feigns
Whilst on poetic wings;
'Bove earth, and all that earth contains,
Unbounded fancy springs.

To dwell on earth's gross element,
Let grovelling spirits bear,
Whilst I on nobler plans intent
Build castles in the air.

No neighbours there can disagree,
Or thwart what I design;
For there not only all I see,
But all I wish, is mine.

No surly landlord's leave I want,
To make or pull down fence;
I build, I furnish, lay out, plant,
Regardless of expense.

One thing, indeed, excites my fear,
Nor let it seem surprising,
Since Ministers, from year to year,
New taxes are devising,

Lest earth being taxed, as soon it may,
Beyond what earth can bear;
Our Financier a tax should lay
On castles in the air!

Well with the end the means would suit,
Did he in these our days,
Ideal plans to execute,
Ideal taxes raise.

Multifarious, indeed, were the schemes sent in to Government, towards the close of the last century, with a view of raising new taxes. It must have been at this time that the Austrian General exclaimed one day, in the Haymarket, "Good Heavens! you rule the seas, and you give a guinea-and-a-half for a codfish:" a bitter epigram; for the Imperialist thought that a guinea was laid on by the Government as a tax!

It is impossible, with every proper feeling of veneration for Horace Walpole's taste, to coincide with him in his admiration of Lord Palmerston's poetry, in the Vase of Bath-Easton. Tickell is more correct, when he says, "With chirps of wit, and multilated lays, see Palmerston fineer his *bouts rimés*." There are also, in the Gentleman's Magazine, several specimens of his Lordship's poetry, which are not very felicitous; but the following epitaph on his first wife, Miss Poole, which was also in Brummell's collection, might well have softened Tickell's satire. It is not exaggerated praise to say, that these lines will bare comparison with those of Mason; and the composition was probably influenced by his Lordship's having read and admired them; for the Poet's wife died in her twenty-eighth year, at Bristol Hot-Wells, March 27th, 1767, two years before Lady Palmerston, who also expired at the same place.

Whoe'er, like me, with trembling anguish brings
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs;
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe distress and pain,
Shall court these salutary springs in vain:
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye;
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch, in dumb despair, the shortening breath;—
If chance should bring him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine:

Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose beauty warm'd me, and whose virtues bless'd,
Framed, every tie that binds the heart to prove,
Her duty, friendship, and her friendship, love;—
But yet remembering that the parting sigh
Appoints the just to slumber—not to die—
The starting tear I check'd,—I kiss'd the rod—
And, not to earth resign'd her, but to God!

But these poems have interrupted the conclusion of this short notice of General Fitzpatrick. He had a very commanding presence and courtly manners, and possessed an inexhaustible fund of conversation as well as wit, which qualities, combined with great good-nature, rendered him an universal favourite: but, like his friend Fox, and the rest of that party, Fitzpatrick appears to have been sadly deficient in the principle of moderation, the power of regulating his passions and habits, and the steadiness of character and industry which tended so much to the success of their opponents, and to command for them the respect in which they were held, even by those who differed from their political views. Long indulgence in the pleasures of the table impaired, in later life, his bodily as well as mental faculties, and Wraxall gives a painful account of the shattered state of both, shortly before his death. This took place on the 25th April, 1813, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Lord Upper Ossory, General Fitzpatrick's elder brother, though not so witty or so popular, was a man of much more temperate habits, and highly and deservedly esteemed. Horace Walpole, in writing from Paris to George Selwyn, in 1765, mentions him in favourable terms:—"We have swarms of English; but most of them know not Joseph, and Joseph desires not to know them. I live with none of them but Crawford and Lord Ossory; the latter of whom I am extremely sorry is returning to England: I recommend him to Mr. Williams as one of the properest and most amiable young men I ever knew." At this time Lord Ossory

was only twenty years of age, and Walpole seems to have valued his acquaintance, as he was for many years after a frequent visitor at Ampthill.

His Lordship, who was educated at Eton and Oxford, had a poetical turn as well as his brother ; and, to judge by the lines addressed to Lady Tyrconnel, now given, this talent was usefully and kindly employed : the warning, however, that his poetry conveyed on this occasion was unheeded : or, if it caused a temporary check in her thoughtless career, she did not eventually profit by it. This lady, who was a daughter of the famous Marquis of Granby, married George, second Earl of Tyrconnel, and was divorced from him in 1777, being then in her twenty-fourth year : she subsequently married the Honourable Philip Anstruther, according to the Peerage ; but the Gentleman's Magazine, in mentioning her death in 1792, says, P. Leslie, Esq., once a wine-merchant in France, and second son of Lord Newark of Scotland.

This discrepancy in this gentleman's identity arose from the following circumstances : David Leslie, second Lord Newark, a staunch friend of Charles the First, died in 1694, leaving an only daughter, who married Sir A. Anstruther, Bart. : his son claimed the barony of Newark, after his mother's death, when the House of Lords gave a decision in his favour ; but they afterwards retracted their verdict. Philip Anstruther, Esq., would therefore have been his proper denomination, in 1792, though the metre of the lines seems to indicate Leslie, as the name used by Lord Ossory.

ADDRESSED TO LADY TYRCONNEL.

LORD UPPER OSSORY.

Envy, that loves not merit, ne'er will spare
A form so perfect, and a face so fair ;
Let prudence, then, o'er all your steps preside,
And sage discretion every action guide.
For know, (but first I must demand excuse
For the plain bluntness of an honest muse,)
Know and reflect, ere yet it is too late,
You stand this moment on the brink of fate.

By fashion blinded, and by folly led,
The path of ruin and of vice you tread;
Reflect—long years of sorrow must repay
The short-lived pleasures of one fleeting day;
Lovely and young, and in Tyrconnel blest,
By strangers honour'd, and by friends caress'd,
How will they mourn to hear cursed envy tell
From what a glorious height of bliss you fell!
What charms can you in empty Leslie find,
To shake your virtue, or your judgment blind?
Shun him—not only him, but all the rest
That would plant daggers in thy youthful breast;
Guard from their arts thy yet unspotted fame,
And spare thy honour'd father's glorious name.

This is a singular subject for Lord Ossory to have touched upon; as, about seven years before these lines were written, he had married the wife of Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, who had been previously divorced from that notorious libertine. The Duke's profligate amours, and more especially his *liaison* with Nancy Parsons, a once beautiful, but then superannuated courtezan, led to his estrangement from his accomplished and injured Duchess; and it must have been a deep interest in her misfortunes that tempted Lord Ossory into forming an intimacy which led to a dissolution of this ill-sorted marriage. Many and great were the trials this amiable woman endured, before she consented to take the step which tarnished her reputation, and deprived her of the place in society that her virtues adorned. Gilly Williams, intending to throw ridicule on her religious feelings, writes thus in 1765: "The Duchess of Grafton goes nowhere but to church." Horace Walpole, who was, says Mr. Jesse, an ardent admirer of her beauty, her good sense, and many endearing qualities, and who, more than once, speaks of her enthusiastically as "my Duchess," pays her a pleasing compliment, in his poem of The Three Herons. Lady Ossory was the only daughter of the first Lord Ravensworth, and died in February 1804.

CHAPTER XV.

Lord John Townshend—Lady Hunloke—Sir Robert Adair—Poem of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire's, supposed to be addressed to Sir Robert Adair, by Lady Hunloke—Sir Robert Adair's reply to Lady Hunloke, by Lord John Townshend—Sir Gregory Page Turner—Sir G. Osborne Turner—Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt Jones—Mr. Robson, M.P.

AMONGST the names of valued friends mentioned by Brummell, in his letter to the lady to whom he presented his album, is that of Lord John Townshend, son of the first Marquis Townshend so much distinguished at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, and who had the melancholy satisfaction of receiving the keys of Quebec after the death of Wolfe. Lord John was born on the 19th of January, 1757, and was a godson of George the Second. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards went to Cambridge, where his career was so brilliant that the University returned him as their member at the age of twenty-three. He had been a candidate the previous year, 1779, when he was defeated by the Solicitor-General Mansfield, but only by twelve votes. It was on this occasion that the Marquis sent a man up to vote against his son, and for Lord Hyde, the third candidate. Lord John's adherence to the Whig party cost him his seat in 1784, when he was superseded by Mr. Pitt. He was subsequently returned, with Fox as his colleague, for Westminster, and afterwards sat twenty-five years for Knaresborough, at the expiration of which time he retired from parliament.

"Few men," says Wraxall, "held a higher place in Fox's friendship than the Lord John Townshend; a place to which he was entitled by the elegance of his mind, his various accomplishments, and his adherence to

him through life. If party could ever feel regret, it would have been excited by his being excluded from a seat so honourable in itself as that of the University of Cambridge, to which he had attained by unwearied personal exertions." In early life Lord John was conspicuous in society for the grace of his manners, and, as his friend Tickell says, "for his pathetic bow." His poetical productions were admired for their exquisite humour; and, in conjunction with Tickell, he wrote the satire entitled Jekyll. To him we also owe the Probationary Ode for Major Scott, and the playful parody of "Donec gratus eram tibi;" he likewise wrote a severe ode addressed to Lord North, and similarly pungent verses to Lords Barrington, Dartmouth, and George Germaine.

A party at Chatsworth, at which Lord John was present, gave rise to the following pretty piece of scandal in verse by the Duchess of Devonshire. It has been already alluded to, and will introduce a reply by his lordship, who, as I have before observed, was one of her intimate friends. In this poem the *spirituelle* Georgiana appears to have been amusing herself not a little at the expense of Lady Hunloke, wife of Sir Henry Hunloke, Bart., and a sister of the late Lord Leicester. Her ladyship was one of the duchess's country neighbours, and stands accused of having a predilection for Mr., afterwards the Right Honourable Sir Robert Adair, also one of her Grace's political friends, and a visitor at Chatsworth.

This gentleman, son of the celebrated surgeon of that name by Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of William, second Earl of Albemarle, was the *élève* and friend of Fox, whose memory he defended against Tomline; and while he sat in parliament, which he did, first for Appleby, and afterwards for Camelford, he steadily supported that statesman. In 1789, when Russia was menaced by England for her policy with regard to Turkey, Mr. Adair, under Fox's auspices, visited St. Petersburgh, (a fact which the reader must bear in mind

as he peruses the poem,) to counteract Mr. Pitt's measures; and it was after this that the Empress Catherine requested Fox to sit for his bust, which she subsequently placed between those of Demosthenes and Cicero. That Charles Fox should feel an honest satisfaction in preserving his country from being embroiled in an unnecessary war, is perfectly comprehensible; but it is difficult to believe that he attached any value to this hollow compliment from the great representative of absolute power. In 1806, Mr. Adair was appointed ambassador at Vienna, and three years after was sent as minister to Constantinople; after which, he retired from public life.

The "dingy home," of which the duchess speaks in the opening lines of this poem, is Wingerworth Hall, the seat of the Hunloke family; and it was probably the iron founderies in the neighbourhood of Chesterfield that suggested the allusion, for Wingerworth is but two or three miles from that town; the Hall is about ten from Chatsworth. Though the Duchess of Devonshire's love of literature was quite sufficient to excite the envious of her day to call her a Blue, she would, by the quiz she thus inflicted upon her contemporary, have completely escaped the more recent denunciation of that *clique* by Trebeck, who observes, "that the Blues seldom condescend to scandal except scandal of the worst kind, such as ripping up old grievances, and speaking shamefully ill of the dead. I met a Blue the other day who was discussing the Suffolk letters, and Walpole's memoirs, and then went on to say paw-paw things of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Now really this is quite atrocious: to attack a modern reputation is venial in comparison. Thank Heaven, with all my faults, it cannot be said that I ever slandered any body's great great grandmother." Now I venture to hope the reader will not think that I have slandered a great grandmother (for such would Lady Hunloke be were she now alive) by publishing these

lines, as at the period they were written she was in her fifty-first year. Lady Hunloke is said to have been a merry, talkative, and coquettish lady, and, like her friend the duchess, very fond of play.

TO ROBERT ADAIR, FROM LADY HUNLOKE.
DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Undone and plunder'd, waddling, sad, and slow,
From Chatsworth to my dingy home I go;
The barren heaths and mines of coal I view,
And turn my back, but not my thoughts from you;
The dreary landscape renovates my care,
Since gloom and cinders but recall Adair.
What though on all my smiles incessant shone,
Except when Besborough,[1] the rubber won;
Though softest meanings on my accents spoke,
Save when I cursed Lord Granville Gower's[2] revoke?
And though soft looks express'd my feelings bland,
Except when squinting into Denman's[3] hand;
Yet though on all with varying grace I rose,
Repeating scraps of poetry and prose;
My ample learning though I deign'd to show,
And quoted French and Latin *à propos*—
Yet still on thee my anxious thoughts were bent,
For thee, the smile, the nod, the wink, were meant.
And though, at first, I little understood,
The flattering import of thy pensive mood,
Thy frowning brow, pale cheek, and downcast eye,
And absent wandering of each set reply;
Yet soon I triumph'd in the inflicted smart,
And prized my conquest o'er a statesman's heart,
And, as bright rays, to one fix'd focus brought,
Concent'ring there to blazing flames are wrought,
My charms with shafts of fire inflamed thy pond'rous thought.
'Twas rash in me the dangerous sight to view,
Though fat, and red, I caught the infection too:

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[1] The late Earl of Besborough, who died in his eighty-seventh year, on the 3rd of February, 1844, at Canford House, in Dorsetshire, the seat of his second son, Lord de Mauley.

[2] The present Earl Granville, who married the Lady Harriet Cavendish, second daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, by Georgiana, the noble authoress of this poem.

[3] Probably Lord Denman.

And, though much courted by the lordling band,
Though e'en Lord Ossulston[1] on tiptoe stand;
In spite of all the attentive Morpeth [2] spoke,
All Bennet's pedantry, and Townshend's [3] joke,
All Granville's beauty, and Duncannon's [4] youth,
To thee I vow my constancy and truth.
No longer, then, be politics thy care,—
For can a motion with *my* heart compare?—
No longer strike the Treasury bench with dread,
Nor like Lord Burleigh shake thy meaning head.
E'en Fox will yield the lightning of thy eye,
Thy frown terrific, and thy mute reply;
For generous Fox can never disapprove,
That public toils should cede to happy love!
Let Buonaparte sway the jarring world,
Be realms, be empires, from their bases hurl'd,
No counter revolutions me shall wait,
No restoration of a monarch's fate;
For soon as poor Sir Harry breathes no more
I 'll fly to meet the lover I adore!
Bucks and Archbishops, I'll alike discard,
And thou of all mankind alone regard.
Then take no mission to the Baltic's tide;
To freeze thy soul and pinch thy scanty side;
To warmer comforts let thy fancy turn,
Nor longer from thee joys connubial spurn.
Nor let thy quondam party's tricks prevail—
Tell them their reign is o'er, their maxims stale,
And that thy choice is, pudding, beef, and ale;
Bid them alone their empty schemes pursue,
A glittering card-purse opens to thy view.
Then doubt no more, but hear thy Hunloke swear,
With thee, her life, her love,—her jointure too, she'll share.

As Mr. Adair was a poet, for he is said to have contributed to the Rolliad and Probationary Odes, it may be supposed, that he was ignorant of the joke that the party at Chatsworth were carrying on against him and the comely half-century from Wingerworth, or he would

[1] The present Earl of Tankerville.

[2] The present Earl of Carlisle.

[3] The Lord John Townshend.

[4] The present Earl of Besborough, then in his twentieth year, and the youngest of the party.

have seized his own lyre and sung his own strain—calm or impassioned. But fortunately for my readers this was not the case, or they would have lost the following droll and *desperate* reply, that Lord John obligingly concocted for him, and while composing which, it is clear he ludicrously kept in view Pope's poem of Eloisa to Abelard. By the allusion to the Congress at Luneville, these *vers-de-société* were evidently written late in the winter of 1800, or very early in the succeeding year, as the treaty of peace was not signed until the 9th of February, 1801. The "starving land," in the second line, was no exaggerated expression respecting the state of the country, for about this period the quartern loaf was sold for half-a-crown.

ROBERT ADAIR'S REPLY TO LADY HUNLOKE.

LORD JOHN TOWNSHEND.

In times like these, when to St. Stephen's walls
A starving land the legislature calls!
Now when the patriot band should be prepared,
Nor pamphlets now, nor paragraphs be spared;
Why rove I here when Parliament is met?
Why stray my steps beyond thy shop, Debrett?[1]
What means this stupor in a statesman's breast?
Fame, virtue, sleeps,—ambition is at rest,—
My long-made maiden speech remember'd not;
The House of Commons, the Whig-club forgot!
Far other cares thy lover Hunloke, knows!
All Hackman's[2] sorrows, and all Werter's woes!

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[1] Debrett's shop was opposite to Burlington House, and is now occupied by Mr. Pickering the publisher. Mr. Stockdale, who has been succeeded by Mr. Thorpe, bookseller and autograph collector, lived next door. Perhaps, Lady Hunloke's house was nearer to the Park, for a former family mansion of Sir Harry's was in Piccadilly; this house was purchased by Lord Coventry, in 1765, for ten thousand pounds.

[2] The Rev. James Hackman, who shot Miss Ray, the mistress of Lord Sandwich, as she was coming out of Covent Garden Theatre. Lust and jealousy hurried him to the commission of this deed on the 7th of April, 1779, and he was hung on the 19th of the same month at Tyburn. The hangman's cupidity on the occasion was of the most barefaced description; when the unfortunate culprit flung down his

Lost and extinct, my party zeal I see,
And pity fools that think of aught but thee.
What though, unmatch'd in diplomatic fame,
Beyond the Baltic they revere my name?
Though now at Luneville the Congress wait
Adair's decision upon Europe's fate;
Should at my feet the mighty Consul fall,
France, Austria, Russia, I would scorn them all.[1]
Not Fox's mission would I deign to carry,
Here let me stay, the rival of Sir Harry!
Thou know'st how first at Chatsworth I was made
Thy hapless victim, as at whist we play'd;
Each wink, each shrug, each whisper, and each look,
For softest hints my vanity mistook;
Too soon I found, how rash was my conceit,
All eyes but mine thou couldst contrive to cheat.
Say not for me were meant thy sly regards,
Not me they ogled, but Lord Besborough's cards;
Too plain I saw (no wonder in the dumps)
Thy side-long glances leering at his trumps;
Thou say'st that when Sir Harry leaves thee free,
Thy heart, thy card-purse, shall belong to me;
Nor beef, nor ale, nor pudding wilt thou grudge,—
All this thou say'st—but all thou say'st is fudge.
Soon as Sir Harry's fatal knell shall toll,
Oh! that 'twere mine his widow to console![2]

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handkerchief as the signal for the cart to move on, instead of instantly whipping the horses he jumped on the other side of him to snatch it up, lest he should lose this perquisite in the crowd; he then returned to the cart, and, as Lord Carlisle writes to George Selwyn, "with the gesture so faithfully represented by your friend Lord Wentworth, Jehu'd him out of the world." There still exists in a private garden at Hampton Court, a grotto that was constructed by Miss Ray—and with her own hands.

[1] "Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all.
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove,
No—make me mistress to the man I love."

POPE.—*Eloisa to Abelard.*

[2] How much unnecessary trouble the Duchess and Lord John gave themselves about the Rt. Hon. diplomatist's love affairs was shown, by his marrying, in 1805, Gabrielle Angelica, Countess d'Hagincourt, at which time Lady Hunloke was "a widow;" Sir Henry having died on the 15th of November, 1804.

But ah! some youth more delicate than I,
Shall hush thy murmurs, and thy tears shall dry.
Some sturdier swain more suited to thy taste,
With keener stomach for the rich repast.
Then fly me, fly—to Wingerworth repair,
Forget, renounce, abjure, the lost Adair!
Yet say, my Hunloke, thou who every part
Of Shakspeare's drama canst repeat by heart,
Where's the mock envy, or fictitious spleen,
But some similitude in me is seen?
Long nursed and train'd in Melancholy's school,
One sad epitome of every fool.
Oft hast thou heard me sigh, and seen me look,
Like musing Jacques stretch'd by a murmuring brook;
Seen me its stream augment with many a tear,
And mourn and moralize the passing deer:
Vain of my yellow hue, oft seen me move,
The piteous pageant of Malvolio's love.
Oft, too, like Romeo's, is my woful plight,
Banish'd from thine, as he from Juliet's sight;
Prostrate the holy priest beheld him fall,
And heard the frantic wretch for poison call;
From thee exiled, not less I madly rave,
Or "take the measure of an unmade grave;"
Not less resolved to play some desperate freak,
And stare, and terrify poor Parson Peeke!
Yet oh, vain cares, not all the fire I've felt,
"That solid, ah! too solid flesh can melt"—
Vain is my vacant stare, my random talk,
Vain the slow grandeur of my pensive walk;
Vain is my faded form's pathetic grace,
My hopeless, endless, comfortless disgrace!
My sallow cheek—my sad funereal air,
And deep and hollow groans, that paint the soul's despair.
Then rouse, Adair! assume a nobler part!
Let fame, let glory, re-inspire thy heart!
Lo! where St. Stephen's chapel greets thine eyes,
Its proudest triumphs are thine easy prize;
There anxious ever, ever on the watch,
Each trick of singularity to catch,
To pause and bow, and every gesture ape,
That art assumes in senatorial shape;
Lend me, ye mimic powers! your aid divine,
Each grace concentrate, and each charm combine.

Teach me, like Grey,[1] to rise, or to sit down;
To stare like Sheridan, like Tierney frown;
To stoop like Wyndham, or erect, like Pitt,
Proudly take out my handkerchief, and spit;
Or rap, with all Dundas's force the box,
And shriek and scream, and almost sweat like Fox.
I fly, I fly, impetuous to town,
Pride of the Whigs, and terror of the Crown;
Rush to the House, and furious to impeach,
Discharge at Pitt my long-projected speech.
Then, not on thee, not on my Hunloke's face,
My ardent gaze is fix'd—but on the mace;[2]
These eyes, that wont to languish in despair,
Then flash their fire around the Speaker's chair.
And now, both sides attentive homage pay,
Sir Gregory Page,[3] and Tyrwhitt Jones[4] give way;

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[1] The present Earl, then Mr. Grey.

[2] "Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you;
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love I lose my all."

POPE.—*Eloisa to Abelard.*

[3] Sir Gregory Page Turner, third baronet, succeeded his great uncle, Sir G. Page, in August, 1795, when he added to his own the name and arms of Page. Sir Gregory was a Tory, and at the general election in 1784 was chosen member for Thirsk, in Yorkshire, which he represented up to the time of his death. He did not, however, add much to the brilliancy of the debates, and when Mr. Grey, in 1797, moved for a reform in the representation of the people, a motion that was seconded by Erskine, and supported by Fox, Sheridan, and others, Sir G. Page Turner gave it his most strenuous opposition, pathetically asserting, "That he always felt for the Constitution, and nothing else, when he got up in the morning, and when he lay down at night." His death is said to have been caused by his chagrin, at not succeeding in a trial that he had with a builder, who made an iron bridge over a stream in his garden, the erection of which had been suggested to Lady Turner by a friend, and which cost nine hundred pounds. On examining his secrétaire, his executors found in it sixteen thousand seven hundred guineas. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Gregory Osborne, who had as litigious a disposition as his father, and was de-

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[4] Thomas Tyrwhitt Jones, Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, and a great friend of the Prince of Wales. Mr. Jones was member for Bridgenorth, and created a baronet in 1808. In politics he was a Whig, and spoke often.

I rise, and frowning at the Treasury-bench,
Full in their view my doubled fist I clench.
Loud and more loud the opposition cheer,
Sturt[1] in the van, and Robson[2] in the rear;
Pitt shrinks and trembles, as I shed
My long-stored vengeance o'er his guilty head.
Then he whose voice now melts in strains of love,
Shall call for papers, for committees move;
Bill after bill bring in, fresh motions make,
Secure, at least, to keep himself awake;
Or, should a tasteless audience cough and groan,
Proud to prolong their pains and sufferings not his own;
Heavens! in what seas of patriot flame I'm toss'd—
How soon the lover's in the statesman lost!
Vain hopes, deceits—his heart's illusion o'er,
And thou and Wingerworth ne'er thought of more.[3]

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feated in two celebrated trials; one with a Mr. Stroehling, who had painted a picture for him, of Daniel in the lions' den, for the sum of fifteen hundred pounds; the other, with the Rev. Mr. Beazley, also on the subject of pictures. Sir G. Page Turner died on the 4th January, 1805, at his house in Portland Place.

[1] Charles Sturt, Esq., M.P. for Bridport.

[2] Richard Bateman Robson, M.P. for Honiton, afterwards for Oakhampton; one of the "noisy patriots" of his day, and who had the satisfaction of proving, before the House of Commons, in February, 1802, that the country was insolvent; for that a Mr. Martin, another member of the House, had presented a bill at the Sick and Hurt Office, for nineteen shillings and sevenpence, which had been refused payment. He died at his house in Manchester-square, on the 10th of March, 1827.

[3] Lady Hunloke died at her house in Saville-row, on the 22nd of January, 1820.

CHAPTER XVI.

Charles Sturt, M.P. for Bridport—His gallantry in rescuing some ship-wrecked seamen—His perilous adventure and great presence of mind—Mr. Sturt in the House of Commons—The young Ensign and the Town-Clerk—The Reverend Pell Akehurst—An imaginary address of his to the Countess of Besborough, by Lord John Townshend—Lines by the same nobleman to the memory of his daughter—The Foreign Grave—Lord John Townshend's death.

[No man better deserves a passing biographical notice than Charles Sturt, formerly M.P. for Bridport, for he was one of the most open-hearted, generous, and charitable men of his day, and many were the striking incidents in his life. His large fortune enabled him to indulge such a disposition without restraint; and in the town he represented he was idolized by all classes,—more especially, however, by the blue-jackets, who would have made Bridport a most uncomfortable abiding-place to any one who said anything against him. These men looked upon him as one of themselves, for he was devotedly fond of yachting, which, from his island castle of Brownsea, he had every opportunity of enjoying; but the adoration in which he was held by the sailors of the town and coast rested not only on his love of that pursuit, but the great personal courage he displayed in his impetuous desire to do good;—he was, indeed, always "in the van," and frequently at the risk of his own life.

On the 1st of February, 1799, the Bee, bound for the West Indies, went on shore on the sands at Poole, the wind being at east, and blowing a tremendous gale, with heavy snow. The boats of the Tickler, gun-brig, went off to her assistance, they failed, however, in their attempts

to reach her, and she was left to her fate; but, in the course of the day, the crew were rescued by Charles Sturt, after having been, with his men, twice thrown from his boat into the breakers.

Eighteen months after this exploit, being out in his cutter about two leagues from shore, and sailing against Mr. Weld's yacht, of Lulworth Castle, he observed that his own boat towing astern retarded her progress, and ordered a boy into her to take her ashore. The sea running very high, the lad declined, as did also the men; when Mr. Sturt, feeling it then a point of honour, immediately jumped into her: at this instant the rope gave way, and, by the force of the wind and receding tide, he was drifted to sea; soon after which the boat upset. In this perilous situation his presence of mind did not forsake him: he regained, by swimming, his station on the keel, and pulled off all his clothes except his trowsers. It was after one of the many desperate struggles that he made of the same kind, that, giving up all for lost, he wrote with a pencil on a slip of paper, which he put in his watch-case, the following words, "Charles Sturt, Brownsea, to his beloved wife," and fastened the watch to his trowsers.

Shortly after, and almost by a miracle, a mate of a transport, three miles to windward, the last of several that had passed, happened to observe him, and four resolute fellows immediately embarked in a boat to his assistance; but as there was a heavy sea running, and they could only see him occasionally, it was not till after a hard pull of nearly two hours that they reached him. Poor Sturt was all but exhausted, and on the eve of relinquishing his failing hold upon the boat, when his preservers took him into theirs: unable to articulate his thanks, he lifted his hands to heaven, and instantaneously burst into a flood of tears. Mr. Sturt was one of those who, after the short peace of Amiens, and in violation of the acknowledged laws of nations, were detained prisoners

in France, from which country he escaped by his own energy and enterprise.

In politics he was a Whig, and he seconded some of the late lamented Sir Francis Burdett's early motions in the House of Commons: in debate he was most vehement, and not very discreet. When Mr. Whitbread moved for a committee to inquire into the conduct of ministers respecting the French invasion of Ireland, his abuse of the Treasurer of the Navy was most copious. "The whole statement of the security of Ireland made by the honourable gentleman (Mr. Dundas)," said Mr. Sturt, "is a *mis*-statement; he hoped in God he would not have much longer the direction of naval or any other affairs. He might wriggle, and grin (Mr. Dundas shewing symptoms of uneasiness), and twist, and toss his head about, as much as he pleased, but he hoped it would soon be twisted somewhere else."

The Sturts were not only a gallant but a merry race, and a most laughable anecdote is told of a relation of the member's, I believe a brother, who was in the army. This young gentleman, when an ensign in the —— Regiment, was quartered at Colchester, the town-clerk of which place, a Mr. S——, was a particularly thrifty attorney, who, in the pride of his heart, had given out, not by the bellman, but next to it, that he could, would, and should give the two Misses S—— the sum of twenty thousand pounds each on their wedding-day. This want of caution, into which his vanity had betrayed him, made it necessary, as he fancied, to exclude the officers of the garrison from all participation in his hospitalities; and his extreme discretion naturally became the subject of many a joke and discussion amongst them.

In one of these mess-room gossips young Sturt, to the amazement of his companions, offered a bet that he would dine with the unapproachable treasures at their papa's own table, at a dinner-party for which they all knew that invitations had just been sent out. Of course the bet

was quickly taken, and, on the day in question, young Sturt walked up to the attorney's door precisely at the dinner hour, and begged that he might see Mr. S—— on most urgent business. He was immediately admitted, for that gentleman had no idea of losing a client, though in a red coat; but he was not a little astonished when the officer gravely informed him that he was the bearer of intelligence that would save him ten thousand pounds. At this juncture, however, the dinner was announced, and Sturt, with well-feigned regret, was on the point of retiring, saying that he would call the next morning, when the bewildered lawyer, fearful of neglecting his guests, perhaps old clients, and yet distressed at the idea of losing his particulars, became totally forgetful of the dangerous chance to which he exposed the Misses S——, and pressed him to join the party. This, after proper hesitation, the ensign consented to do, and taking good care to place himself next to the forbidden fruit, made fierce love to the youngest lady and her father's oldest port during the repast.

No sooner was this over, and the gentlemen on their way to the drawing-room, than Mr. S——, now in a perfect fever, hurried the young gentleman into his private room, the door of which was scarcely closed when he exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Sturt, how can you possibly save me ten thousand pounds?" "Why, Sir," said the gallant five-and-threepence, (sad odds in favour of six-and eightpence), "they say in the town that you will, on their marriage, give your daughters twenty thousand pounds apiece; now, Mr. S——, I will take either of them with ten." Tradition has not preserved the indignant town-clerk's reply, but Sturt is said to have lost no time in returning to the barracks and claiming the bet. Charles Sturt, of Brownsea, married Lady Anne Ashley, daughter of Anthony, fourth Earl of Shaftesbury, and died May 12th, 1812.]

But to return from this long digression to Lord John.

To judge by the succeeding verses, it was not unusual for him to amuse himself and his friends with the real or imaginary flirtations of his acquaintances. In this pastime it is highly probable that he received every encouragement from the witty and beautiful "rival sisters," and it is to the effect that Lady Besborough's transcendent charms had upon the fiery temperament of the gentleman, in whose name he addressed the following lines to her, that we owe this original and extraordinary squib. In those days there was a race of clergymen, now happily extinct, whose unclerical habits and language were open to the most serious animadversions from those who respected their calling; and it is not, therefore, very surprising if they occasionally fell under the satirical lash of a witty man of the world, who, in all probability, would never have exercised it upon a worthy member of the profession. If the leading features of this pasquinade be true, Lord John's victim had little to complain of; still the verses would not have been introduced here if the author had not ascertained that the reverend gentleman, who died at Ely in 1803, left no child or near relation to whom the publication of them would have given pain.

ON THE REVEREND PELL AKEHURST, RECTOR OF BUCKLAND, HERTS.; AND ADDRESSED TO THE COUNTESS OF BESBOROUGH.

LORD JOHN TOWNSHEND.

Behold the fatal hour approach,—
Adieu! the destined dilly's come;
D——d be the dilly, curst the coach!
The coachman curst that drives me home!
And must I live,—oh, d—n the life!
Live without you, and with my wife.
But who, my Lady, who can tell,
If you will ever think of Pell?

Still shall I trace in dreams my fair
To operas, plays, assemblies, balls;
How this Lord flies to find your chair,
How t'other for your footman calls.

I start, I waken at the sound,
While fancied flambeaux blaze around—
But who, my Lady, who can tell,
If you will ever think of Pell?

When Sunday's summons claims the priest,
Far from his flock the wretch shall stray,
Where foot of man, nor foot of beast,
Or guides his step, or marks his way.
There lost, to woods and wilds he sighs;
Here d—ns his blood, and bl—s his eyes!
But who, my Lady, who can tell,
If you will ever think of Pell?

By verdant Jewin's silver streams,
Oft shall my listless length recline;
While pensive memory fondly dreams,
A thousand joys that once were mine.
Tears, such as devils weep, shall flow,
With oaths that none but parsons know.
But who, my Lady, who can tell,
If you will ever think of Pell?

Here, breathed I many an ardent vow,
Here, as you chanced—blest chance! to pass,
I said with a pathetic bow[1]—
"Miladi, voulez vous le bras?"
Here, wooed your hand with gentle squeeze,
Here, popp'd down plump upon my knees!
But who, my Lady, who can tell,
If you will ever think of Pell?

Lo! at your toilet as you sit,
Lordlings and embryo statesmen wait;
There love, and politics, and wit,
In motley coterie debate!
While these young dogs, and millions more,
Day after day besiege your door,
Ah! who, my Lady, who can tell,
If you will ever think of Pell?

Think in my breast what wild despair,
What rash tumultuous passions rise!
Think of your glossy auburn hair,
Your pearly teeth, your hazel eyes!

[1] Probably Lord John was thinking of Tickell's description of him, already alluded to in this chapter.

Think how this barbarous last adieu,
Robs me of peace, of life, of you!
Think—think, but I'll be d—n'd to hell,
If you will ever think of Pell.

Such are the amusing evidences of Lord John Townshend's wit and humour, that I found in Brummell's album, which are characterized by a spirit of playful rather than malignant satire. In the heyday of youth, and even in manhood, when engaged in the turmoil of politics, and surrounded by the excitements of that brilliant society by which he was courted and admired, he had little time, or perhaps disposition, for reflection; and the last preceding stanzas were no doubt written at the earlier period. But a strong contrast to them is presented in the next, and last example of his poetical talent, and, greatly is the estimate that we should have formed of his character, elevated by the impression, that these lines leave upon the reader's mind; they evince, not only how deep and sincere were his parental feelings, but also those religious ones, which, as he himself observes, were "to cheer his closing day." In the evening of life, Lord John Townshend was visited by several heavy domestic trials, having lost three children; one of them was the godson of his friend Charles Fox, and named after him. The first of these afflictions, was the death of a favourite daughter, and this melancholy event, he thus feelingly records.

To the Memory of Georgiana Isabella Townshend, who died on the 17th of September, 1811, in the Twenty-first year of her age.

By her Father.

Oh! gone for ever—loved lamented child!
So young, so good, so innocent and mild,
With winning manners, beauty, genius, sense,
Fond filial love, and sweet benevolence;
The softest, kindest heart, yet firmest mind;
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd;
Never, oh! never yet a fairer bloom
Of opening virtues found an early tomb!

How hard thy trials, how severe thy woes,
She, she alone, thy sorrowing mother knows,
Who, three long years, with sad foreboding heart,
Bankrupt of every hope from human art,
Still wept and watch'd, and still to Heaven for aid,
Her fruitless vows with meek devotion paid.
But thou, pure spirit! fled to endless rest,
Dear child! my heart—Dear Bella! thou art blest.
And oh! the thought that we again may meet!
Oh! not another gleam of hope so sweet
Dawns on thy father's breast with welcome ray,
To soothe his grief, and cheer his closing day.

It was after reading this natural and affecting epitaph, that the author, deeply impressed by its beauty, though unskilled in verse, wrote the following lines; they have no poetical merit, but may meet with charitable criticism from the many, and interest the sympathies of some, who have passed through the same ordeal as himself.—They commemorate the death of Edgar, who was born at Odessa, in South Russia, and died there suddenly on the 7th of March, 1840.

THE FOREIGN GRAVE.

Traveller, why shed the tear?—the flowing sails
Are spread, and fill'd by favouring gales!
Why sad and pensive thus, when, high and bright,
Old England's cliffs rise proudly on your sight?
When all around is gaiety and mirth,
Why listless view the land that gave you birth?

* * * * *

The Traveller paused—then on his friend, his bride,
He threw an earnest glance, and thus replied:—
"Stranger, think not that with regret I view
Those headlands bold—to England I am true!
On mouldering Rome I've gazed with deep delight,
On Marathon look'd down from dark Pentelic's height;
And wandering on with ardour unsubdued,
Symplegades I pass'd, and Euxine rude;
But not fair Hellas, with her southern smile,
Compares with yonder gem—our sea-girt isle.
To me that bay, that crag and inlet deep,
Are old familiar friends, yet still I weep;

For as we journey'd, full of hope and joy,
Death cross'd our cloudless path—we lost our boy!
With aching heart, his beauteous frame I bore
To the wild steppe on bleak Odessa's shore;
And there, where in the field of death is seen
A small enclosure, with its gate of green,
I laid him down: it was the place of rest
Of friends, who in that land I loved the best.
I look'd into the grave, the snow had drifted there;
Oh! what a winding-sheet for one so fair!
Though from his lips no word our ears could greet,
His glance was language, and his smile was sweet.
When last I saw his tranquil little face,
'Twas nestled in his mother's fond embrace;
So warm, so rosy, cast in such a mould!
Now wreathed in snow, inanimate and cold.
In foreign accents rose the burial hymn;
My eyes were fill'd—aye to the very brim—
No simple floweret decks that infant's tomb,
Nature denies the daisy there to bloom;
But near the wall a small acacia grows,
Which o'er the grave a transient shadow throws.
No sculptured marble decorates the spot—
Think you that cherub-boy is then forgot?
Oh no! so long as life and sense are ours,
His loss will tinge with gloom our gayest hours;
Tombs must, like man, decay; the foaming wave
May, in some ages hence, that churchyard lave;
Perhaps its mounds invade, and with rude hand
Sweep every trace away, and leave a sand——
Stranger! 'tis for my child these tears I shed;
Our hearts are on the Euxine with the Dead!"

Towards the close of his life, Lord John Townshend spent much of his time at Brighton, where he was greatly respected, and received many and marked attentions from His late Majesty. He died on the 25th of February, 1833, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

CHAPTER XVII.

Estimation in which Brummell was held by clever men—The Poet Crabbe's opinion of him—The Butterfly's Funeral—Brummell the Author of it—Julia Storer—The Beau's Verses on her child—An anecdote from the Clubs of London—A rencontre between Sheridan and Brummell—Sheridan's fugitive poetry—Lines addressed to the Countess of Besborough—Tom Sheridan—The loss of the Saldanha Frigate—His stanzas on the event—Lines to Julia.

That Brummell possessed a refined taste, not merely in dress and manners, but on subjects more worthy of his intellect, is proved by his being admitted on intimate terms to the society of such women as the late Duchesses of Devonshire and Rutland; and men whose pursuits were of a much higher order than those of the idlers of Watier's, or the *flaneurs* of Bond-street and St. James's. Had he indeed been nothing better than an elegant automaton, he would never have acquired the influence that he decidedly obtained; he would not have enjoyed the society of clever men, neither would they have thought it worth their while to bestow a word upon him, even in their moments of relaxation.—But the reverse was the case: his acquaintance was not limited to men of fashion only; it comprised a great portion of the most intellectual men of his time, and at what period of our history was there such a constellation of genii?

His acquirements, of which I have already spoken, were sufficient to make him a most delightful accession to any society; his reading, though desultory, was extensive, and therefore he could always, in one way or

other, take a respectable, if not a leading part in conversation ;—that he showed admirable tact in adapting it to the taste of those in whose society he might happen to be, appears by the testimony of men very superior to himself. In the Memoirs of the amiable Crabbe, his son observes, that his father, when visiting at Belvoir, "was particularly pleased and amused with the conversation of the celebrated Beau Brummell." The Quarterly Review, also, the Medo-Persianic law-giver of literature, and the grindstone of mental reputations, actually acknowledged that he had talent; though it condemned him severely, and justly, for not having employed it in a more sensible and useful manner.

Of his poetry, the following are specimens. The first, The Butterfly's Funeral, does not, it is true, possess the originality of Roscoe, or Mrs. Dorset, but it is an admirable effort in the same style as their poems, to which Brummell subsequently alludes. Though familiar to, and the delight of every child, these lines have hitherto been published under feigned initials, of which "B," however, was the last letter; but they have never been attributed to him. Mr. John Wallis, who, in 1804, first brought out this trifle, and printed three thousand copies of it, which were speedily sold, says, in his reply to my inquiry on the subject, "I cannot recollect whether I knew at the time who was the author of The Butterfly's Funeral; it is, however, very likely I may have received it *direct from Mr. Brummell*, for I knew, and was in the habit of seeing, him, and other conspicuous characters about town, at the time I published that poem."

Brummell sent these verses to a lady at Caen, and I subjoin the following extract from the letter that accompanied them. "But to change," he says, speaking of his miseries, "this *larmoyant* egotistical strain, I will transcribe you some verses that I have omitted in my album—they are not of the gayest subject; but never mind! they were written at the period when The Peacock at

Home,[1]—The Butterfly's Ball,[2] and other trifling but meritorious poetical things of the same description, were in vogue with all the world in London: the Butterfly's Funeral was then commended by good-natured friends, and, as probably you never read it, should you like it, it may meet with the same charitable eulogy from you."

THE BUTTERFLY'S FUNERAL.

Oh ye! who so lately were blythesome and gay,
At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away;
Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fled,
For the soul of the banquet, the Butterfly's dead!

No longer the Flies and the Emmets advance,
To join with their friend in the Grasshopper's dance;
For see his thin form o'er the favourite bend,
And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend.

And hark! to the funeral dirge of the Bee,
And the Beetle, who follows as solemn as he;
And see where so mournful the green rushes wave,
The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave.

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,
And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn;
And the Moth, who was grieved for the loss of a sister,
Bent over the body and silently kiss'd her.

The corse was embalm'd at the set of the sun,
And enclosed in a case which the Silk-worm had spun;
By the help of the Hornet the coffin was laid
On a bier out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarves came the Butterflies all,
And six of their number supported the pall;
And the Spider came there, in his mourning so black,
But the fire of the Glowworm soon frighten'd him back.

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[1] The Peacock at Home, was written by Mrs. Dorset, a sister of Charlotte Smith.

[2] The Butterfly's Ball and Grasshopper's Feast, was written by W. Roscoe, Esq., for his children, and set to music by order of their Majesties for the Princess Mary, the present Duchess of Gloucester.

The Grub left his nutshell, to join in the throng,
And slowly led with him the Bookworm along!
Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,
And wrote these few lines, to be placed on her tomb :—

EPITAPH.

At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,
Here sadly we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave ;
'Twas here we to beauty our obsequies paid,
And hallow'd the mound which her ashes had made.

And here shall the daisy and violet blow,
And the lily discover her bosom of snow ;
While under the leaf, in the evenings of spring,
Still mourning his friend, shall the Grasshopper sing.

The succeeding stanzas were also in the album, and Brummell asserts that they are his likewise; but a gentleman well read in the fugitive poetry of the last and present century, is not of that opinion, and thinks they have been published : he referred me to the collections of Dodsley, Nicholls, and Pearch, in which, however, I could not find them. It might be supposed that Brummell would scarcely have felt sufficient interest in the subject, to take up his pen either to transcribe, or compose them ; but whether he wrote them or not, if he only applied them to the circumstance to which they refer, he showed some feeling, and very good taste. He told the lady to whom he sent a copy, that he wrote them in 1806 for Julia Storer, whose unfortunate history I shall pass over in silence ;—she died a few years after.

Unhappy child of indiscretion,
Poor slumberer on a breast forlorn!
Pledge and reproof of past transgression,
Dear, though unwelcome to be born.

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing
To Heaven, thy mother fain would dare ;
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken prayer :

Yet, spite of these, my mind unshaken,
In parent duty turns to thee;
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days shall loved and guarded be!

And though to rank and place a stranger,
Thy life an humble course must run;
Still shalt thou learn to fly the danger
Which I, too late, have learnt to shun.

And, lest the injurious world upbraid thee,
For mine, or for thy father's ill;
A nameless mother still shall aid thee—
A hand unseen protect thee still.

Meanwhile, in these sequester'd valleys
Still shalt thou rest in calm content;
For innocence may smile at malice,
And thou,—oh! thou art innocent!

But, amongst all Brummell's friends, none contributed so largely as the Sheridan family to enrich his collection of poetry; there being in it three sets of stanzas by Mrs. Sheridan, two by Tom, and seventeen by Richard Brinsley. The following anecdote, however, taken from a work entitled, The Clubs of London, is scarcely consistent with the friendly terms on which he and Sheridan appear to have been, as shown by that paragraph of Brummell's letter, in which he mentions Sheridan, as "one of those who, in other and happier days, gave him their minor productions before they had assumed any other form than that of manuscript." This author says, that "the wit, meeting Brummell one day near Charing Cross, and perceiving that he appeared anxious to avoid him, accosted him thus: 'Ah! Brummell, my fine fellow, where have you been at this time of day?'

"The Prince of dandies was at first rather nonplussed, but at length drawled out, 'Sherry, my dear boy, don't mention that you saw me in this filthy part of the town; but perhaps I am rather severe, for his Grace of Northumberland resides somewhere about this spot, if I don't mistake. The fact is, my dear boy, I have been

in the d-a-mn'd City—to the Bank : I wish they would remove it to the West End, for re-al-ly it is quite a bore to go to such a place ; more particularly as one cannot be seen in one's own equipage beyond Somerset House, and the hackney coaches are not fit for a chimney-sweeper to ride in. Yes, my dear Sherry, you may note the circumstance down in your me-mo-randum-book, as a very remarkable one, that on the twentieth day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and three, you descried me travelling from the east end of the town like a common citizen, who had left his counting-house for the day, in order to dine with his upstart wife and daughters at their vulgar residence in Brunswick-square.' When Brummell had concluded this affected rhapsody, Sheridan said,

"'Nay, my good fellow, travelling from the east! after all, that is surely impossible ; you must be joking.'

"'Why, my dear boy, why ?' demanded Brummell.

"'Because the *wise* men came from the east,' replied Sheridan.

"'So then, s-a-r,' exclaimed the fop, 'you think me a fool, do you ?'"

"'By no means,' answered Sheridan, turning away, 'but, I know you to be one, and so, good morning.'

"Brummell, like the equestrian statue just opposite to him, was struck dumb and motionless for a few seconds : at length he vociferated, 'I tell you what, my friend Sherry, I shall cut you for this impertinence, depend on't ; I mean to send the Prince to Coventry for the next twelve months, and you shall accompany him.' Sheridan laughed heartily at the idea of being put under Brummell's imperial ban, and to the great amusement of the fellow of his excommunication announced to him the woful tidings the same evening."

That the first answer was really given by Brummell to some jocular remark of Sheridan's, as mentioned by the author of this work, is very possible ; but there are

circumstances in the details of the narrative a far which cast a doubt on the genuineness of the whole story. The "dear boying," and "dear Sherrying," are not like the Beau; nor did he ever drawl out his words, or "vociferate," in the manner here described; and though Brummell was not able to cope with Sheridan's wit, he would never have been struck dumb and motionless, (by-the-bye this is the first time I ever saw it intimated that this statue once possessed the powers of speech and motion,) or have been so simple as to place himself in a position to be called a fool; neither is it at all credible that the orator would have made such a vulgar speech, more particularly without the slightest provocation.

The principal part of the poetical trifles that Sheridan sent to Brummell have been already published; but the following interesting fragments of the versatile genius of that clever man have not, I think, met the public eye.

R. B. Sheridan.

The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil,
Early from radiant Love's impartial light,
Steals one small spark to cheer his world of night.
Dear spark! that oft through Winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows.
The wandering tar, who not for years has prest,
The widow'd partner of his day of rest;
On the cold deck, far from her arms removed,
Still hums the ditty which his Susan loved.
The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile:
But ere the battle, should he hear her cries,
The lover trembles and the hero dies.
That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
Droops at a sigh, and sickens at a tear.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BESBOROUGH.

When memory, chill'd by absence, shall decay,
And love's first warm impression fade away,

Oh! may this sketch, with more than mimic art
Recall the living likeness to your heart;
Revive affection, threatening to decline,
And while it pleads my faith, recover thine.

ON FEMALE INFLUENCE.

In female hearts, did sense and merit rule,
The lover's mind would ask no other school;
Shamed into sense, the scholars of your eyes,
Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wise;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love.

TO ——.

Dear object of my late and early prayer,
Source of my joy, and solace of my care,
Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,
As makes me wish, and tells me how to live;
To thee the Muse, with grateful hand would bring,
These first fair flowers of the doubtful Spring.
Oh, may they, fearless of the varying sky,
Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye,
In fairer lights their vivid blue display,
And sweeter breathe their little lives away.

TO ——.

The stricken deer that in his velvet side,
  Feels at each step the trembling arrow play;
In shades of thickest covert loves to hide,
  And from the cruel hunter speeds away.—
But I, more wounded than the stricken deer,
  Scarce wish from my destroyer's aim to fly—
I weep, but 'tis, alas! too soft a tear,
  And e'en my groans are mingled with a sigh.[1]

ON A CHILD.

In some rude spot where vulgar herbage grows,
  If chance a violet rear its purple head,
The careful gardener moves it ere it blows,
  To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed.

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[1] See Pope's lines on his love for Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Such was thy fate, dear child!
Thy opening such!
Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown;
For earth too good, perhaps,
And loved too much—
Heaven saw, and early mark'd thee for its own.

DELUSION, PHANTOM, AND FICTION.

In Britain's sad hour of grief and contention,
The three new estates fairly met in convention;
'Twas to help the poor country's distracted condition
And of royal authority make a partition.
Delusion's attorney, lest things might grow worse,
Laid claim to his household, his peers, and his purse:
"You're right," exclaim'd Phantom, "I'll serve you with zeal,
But, remember, I'm keeper of him and his seal."
Quoth Fiction, "my object with yours quite accords;
So I rule the proceedings of Commons and Lords:"—
The physicians all said, the decision was fair;
But old Anarchy swore he'd put in for his share.

The next stanzas are by Tom Sheridan, whose name, alas! at the moment I am writing, excites the most melancholy reflections; for death has recently dealt severely indeed with his kindred. His brother, the last of his own generation, died lately; and in the same newspaper was announced the death of poor Frank, his son, the gayest, the wittiest, and the idlest of pleasure-loving beings; he also "has shuffled off this mortal coil," and in a foreign country. Every one, as I have often seen, did their best to spoil him; therefore it was not extraordinary that he had many foibles; but there was a large balance of generous qualities in his character, which, as he was his own enemy, and never other people's, will not fail to outweigh the remembrance of his faults and infirmities. Both father and son died abroad; the former, at the Cape of Good Hope, on the 12th of September, 1817; the latter, at the Mauritius, in the autumn of 1843.

Both of these pieces of poetry, by Tom Sheridan, who had much of the convivial wit of his father, are of

more original character than any verses that Richard Brinsley ever composed. The first was written shortly after the wreck of the Saldanha frigate, commanded by the Honourable William Pakenham, brother of the late Earl of Longford, who, with his officers and the whole of the ship's company, amounting to three hundred men, were lost off the coast of Ireland, on the night of the 4th of December, 1811, The Saldanha was a new frigate, one of the finest in the navy, and her commander, a rising officer, of the highest character, was only in his twenty-ninth year. This dreadful catastrophe is thus recorded in the Annual Register:—

"Rathmilton, December the 6th. His Majesty's ship, Saldanha, Captain the Honourable William Pakenham, sailed from Cork on the 19th of November, to relieve H.M. ship Endymion, off Lough Swilly; and having reached that harbour, she, with the Endymion and Talbot, sailed on the 30th inst., with an intention, it is said, of proceeding to the westward: on the 3rd of December it blew very hard from the north-west; the wind continued to increase till the 4th, and in the evening and night of that day, it blew the most dreadful hurricane that the inhabitants of this part of the country ever recollected. At about ten o'clock at night, through the darkness and the storm, a light was seen from the signal-towers passing rapidly up the harbour, the gale then blowing right in. This light, it was supposed, was on board the Saldanha; but this is only conjecture; for, when the daylight discovered the ship a complete wreck in Ballyna Stokerbay, on the west side of the harbour, every soul on board had already perished, and all knowledge of the circumstances of her calamitous loss thus perished with her." The bodies of Captain Pakenham and two hundred of the crew were washed ashore, and the only living thing that escaped on this dreadful occasion, is said to have been a parrot, belonging to one of the officers.

THE LOSS OF THE SALDANHA.

T. SHERIDAN.

"Britannia rules the waves:"
Heard'st thou that dreadful roar?
Hark! 'tis bellow'd from the caves
Where Lough Swilly's billow raves,
And three hundred British graves
Taint the shore.

No voice of life was there,
'Tis the dead that raise the cry;—
The dead, who heard no prayer,
As they sunk in wild despair,
Chaunting in scorn that boastful air,
Where they lie.

"Rule Britannia," sung the crew,
When the stout Saldanha sail'd;
And her colours, as they flew,
Flung the warrior-cross to view,
Which, in battle, to subdue
Ne'er had fail'd.

Bright rose the laughing morn,
That morn that seal'd her doom;—
Dark and sad is her return,
And the storm-lights faintly burn,
As they toss upon her stern,
'Mid the gloom.

From the lonely beacon height,
As the watchmen gazed around,
They saw their flashing light
Drive swift athwart the night;
Yet the wind was fair, and right
For the Sound.

But no mortal power shall now
That crew and vessel save;
They are shrouded as they go
In a hurricane of snow—
And the track beneath her prow
Is their grave.

There are spirits of the deep,
Who, when the warrant's given,
Rise raging from their sleep
On a rock or mountain steep,
Or 'mid thunder clouds, that keep
The wrath of Heaven.

High the eddying mists are whirl'd,
As they near their giant forms;
See their tempest flags unfurl'd!
Fierce they sweep the prostrate world;
And the withering lightning's hurl'd
Through the storm.

O'er Swilly's rocks they soar,
Commission'd watch to keep;
Down, down with thundering roar
The exulting demons pour—
The Saldanha floats no more
On the deep!

The dreadful hest is past,
All is silent as the grave,
One shriek is first and last—
Scarce a death-sob drank the blast,
As sunk the quivering mast
'Neath the wave.

"Britannia rules the waves;"
Oh vain and impious boast!
Go, mark, presumptuous slaves,
Where He who sinks or saves,
Scars the sands with countless graves,
Round your coast.

The following are on a very different theme, and in striking contrast to the preceding.

TO JULIA.

Since you will needs my heart possess,
Julia, 'tis just I first confess
The faults to which 'tis given;
It is much more to change inclined
Than restless seas or raging wind,
Or aught that's under Heaven.

Nor will I hide from you the truth,
It has been from its very youth
A most egregious ranger;
And, since from me it oft has fled,
With whom it was both born and bred,
'Twill scarce stay with a stranger.

The black, the fair, the gay, the sad,
It is so very, very mad,
With one kind look can win it;
By nature 'tis so prone to rove
'Twill quit success, for change, in love,
And what's more, glories in it.

And now, if you dare be so bold,
After the truths that I have told,
To like this arrant rover;
Be not displeased, if I confess
I think the heart within *your* breast,
Will prove just such another.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Other contributors to Brummell's Scrap Book—Lord Melbourne—His Lines on the Bust of Fox—The Dream—Translation of an Ode from Anacreon—The Honourable George Lamb—The Robber's Good-Night—R. Payne Knight—The Yellow Leaf—George Canning—His Squib on Mr. Whitbread's speech at the impeachment of Lord Melville—The Duchess of Gordon's salute—Mrs. O'Neill—Stanzas by that lady.

Amongst the long list of distinguished persons who sent *vers de société* to Brummell, Lady Dacre, Lady Granville, and Lord Melbourne, are the only three individuals who now survive, and consequently the only persons to whom it was necessary to apply for permission to publish these evidences of their taste and accomplishments. The reply that I received from Lord Melbourne was couched in terms of amiable circumspection, and perfectly in accordance with his known good nature; he says, "I can have no objection to your inserting any poetry of mine, in your intended work, which you think may add to its interest, provided there be in it nothing discreditable to the writer, nor injurious to the feelings of others; on both of which points, you will exercise a sound discretion." No objections of this nature can possibly be urged against the first, or the three succeeding trifles from his lordship's pen: they were probably written very early in life, and had been the elegant occupation of leisure hours passed, in reality, by the side of the tranquil Cam; but, in imagination, reposing on the banks of some streamlet, wild in the classic island of Cythera. His lordship had, however; even at this time, not only distinguished himself by his classical, but by other and more

solid attainments; and perhaps, the most flattering testimony of this was given by Fox, when he made his celebrated speech on the death of his friend the Duke of Bedford—one of the finest declamations of the heart ever made within the walls of the House of Commons. On that memorable occasion, he finished his painful task by introducing the following passage from the Essay of William Lamb, sur l'Avancement Progressif de l'Esprit Humain; recited at the University of Cambridge in December, 1798: "Le crime n'est un fléau que pour le temps où le succès le couronne, tandis que la vertu, soit qu'elle triomphe soit qu'on la persécute, est un bienfait du ciel, non seulement pour l'âge où nous vivons, mais pour la postérité la plus reculée; elle sert au bonheur des hommes, dans le moment présent par ses actions, et dans l'avenir par ses exemples." Lord Melbourne's admiration for this great, though unsuccessful, statesman, is powerfully and simply expressed in the following apostrophe to his bust.

ON THE BUST OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Live, marble live! for thine's a sacred trust,
The patriot's name that speaks a noble mind;
Live, that our sons may stand before thy bust,
And hail the benefactor of mankind!
This was the man, who, 'midst the tempest's rage,
A mark of safety to the nation stood;
Warn'd with prophetic voice a servile age,
And strove to quench the ruthless thirst for blood.
This was the man, whose ever deathless name
Recalls his generous life's illustrious scenes;
To bless his fellow-creatures was his aim—
And universal liberty his means!

The three succeeding pieces were also from his lordship's pen.

THE DREAM.

Hide, Sun, thy head! delay thy light,
And yield to Love's befriending night
Some portion of thy sway;

I would not change the airy form,
Which seems to meet me kind and warm,
For all the blaze of day.

In vain I sue—stern Fate denies:
My slumbers break, the Vision flies,
I lose my Laura's charms;
That taper waist, that bosom fair,
Dissolving into empty air
Eludes my eager arms.

No wretch, his day of respite done,
Who sees his last uprising sun
And only wakes to die,
Curses the light with so much pain,
And weeps, and sighs to sleep again,
So ardently as I.

Invidious light! my hated bane,
Why rudely break the ideal chain
On which my raptures hung?
I saw sweet Laura's angel grace,
My eyes were fix'd upon her face,
My soul upon her tongue.

Her rosy lips I seem'd to press,
Nor seem'd the maid my fond caress
By frowns to disapprove;
I heard her voice so sweet, so clear,
Sound music to my ravish'd ear,
For it express'd her love.

Smile, then, sweet Laura! let me find,
For once, reality as kind
As golden visions seem;
For it has been my lot to rue,
That all my sorrows still were true,
And all my joys a dream.

The following ode was translated by a Mr. Shepherd—see the Poetical Register for 1810—or rather do not see it, for the translation is sadly inferior.

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON,

WHO CALLS UPON SOME EMINENT ARTIST TO PAINT HIS MISTRESS.

Ἄγε, ζωγράφων ἄριστε.
γράφε, ζωγράφων ἄριστε.

Come, Painter, who with skilful hand
Canst rival even Nature's art;
Come, Painter, draw, as I command,
The absent mistress of my heart.

Paint first each soft and jetty tress,
With which her graceful head is crown'd;
If colours can so much express,
Oh! paint them breathing odours round.

Above her cheek, full, lovely, fair,
Where modest blushes reddening glow.
Beneath her mildly curling hair,
Describe with skill her ivory brow.

Ah! how to imitate her face
Thy chiefest science will be tried;
Between her brows the middle space
Nor quite confound nor quite divide.

Here let the eyelid's lash be shown;
Here let her semblance bear complete,
Dark arching eyebrows like her own,
Which meeting, scarcely seem to meet.

But, Painter, do not here forget
To give her eye its native flame,
Azure, Minerva-like, and yet,
As melting as the Paphian dame

Her nose and cheek then fashion well—
That white as milk, and roseate this:
Her lips, like soft Persuasion's swell,
Pouting and challenging the kiss.

Beneath her chin, where dimples play,
About her neck of Parian stone,
Let all the Loves and Graces stray;
That happy spot is all their own.

But oh! those beauties of my fair,
Which I alone must e'er reveal,
Come, Painter, with the strictest care
Beneath the purple robe conceal.

Yet sometimes let the skin of snow
Through the thin garment's covering shine,
And faintly tell what beauties glow
Unseen by any eyes but mine.

Enough, enough! upon my sight
Her charms with dazzling lustre break;
She seems to breathe! with fond delight
I pause, for she ere long will speak.

Come, Painter, Love demands thy care,
Thy strongest, brightest powers command;
Thy most unfading lines prepare,
Thy finest eye, and happiest hand.
For though I oft have seen to grow,
Beneath thy touch, the mimic face;
Have seen thy magic pencil throw
Upon the canvas living grace;
This task must e'en thy labour foil,
Unequal all thy skill must prove;
This task will mock thy utmost toil,
I think thou canst not paint my Love.
Thy pencil—thine alone—may reach
The charms that fav'ring beauty gave,
And thou, like her, perhaps, may'st teach
The cheek to blush, the hair to wave;—
But ah! a lover more requires
Than waving hair, and blushing cheeks;
He asks the idea his flame inspires,
The form that lives, the face that speaks:
He asks that brow that teems with sense,
The feature with expression fraught;
The eye that beams intelligence,
The pregnant glance, and silent thought.
He asks that lip that seems to swell
With love it does not dare reveal;
He asks that eye that fears to tell
The pleasing tale it can't conceal.

Oh! couldst thou trace the gentle heart,
As in her features it is shown!—
But here, unpractised in thy art—
That charm, my Love, is thine alone!

There were two or three other fragments of Lord Melbourne's poetry; and one of them, written in his brother's pocket-book, after Mr. Lamb had recovered from a dangerous illness, offers a pleasing testimony of the friendship that existed between them. This gentleman, well known to the world as the author of a translation of Catullus, appears also to have added several pieces of his composition to Brummell's collection; and the following very original song is the happiest effort amongst them. At the period of his death, which took place in London on the 23rd of January, 1834, in the forty-ninth year of his age, Mr. Lamb was Under Secretary of State for the Home Department.

THE ROBBER'S GOOD-NIGHT.

GEORGE LAMB.

The goblet is empty, and toll'd are the chimes,
Sleep hides from mankind both its sorrows and crimes;
And, in quiet repose till the dawning of day,
The guilty and honest, the wretched and gay.

The guilty can sleep, though terrific, 'tis said,
The dreams and the ghosts that encircle their bed;
But he who a victim's last curses can bear,
Will not shrink from the bodiless spectres of air.

The wretched can sleep, for the bosom is worn,
The heart has grown dull with the weight it has borne;
More sweet are the visions in slumber that live,
Than the mournful realities daylight can give.

Yes! the goblet is drain'd, and its floods in their course
Have drown'd all reflection, regret, and remorse;
And shall spread o'er my pallet as tranquil a rest,
As the moralist paints on the couch of the blest.

There were likewise the following verses by Payne Knight, the author of Taste, and one of the most

eminent Greek scholars of his day. At his death, which took place at his house in Soho-square, on the 28th of April, 1834, he bequeathed his collection of medals, drawings, and bronzes, worth more than thirty thousand pounds, to the British Museum. Amongst the drawings was a volume of Claude's, for which Mr. Knight gave sixteen hundred pounds to a person, who, a few days before, had purchased it for three pounds!

THE YELLOW LEAF.

R. P. KNIGHT.

Round flew the bowl, the laugh rose high,
Whilst summer's richest canopy,
The wedded boughs of emerald dye,
Was all our shade.

So soft the air, so gay the plain,
Though August's moon was in her wane,
We said that summer's verdant reign
Would never cease.

High rose the laugh, the transports swell,
When sudden, potent as a spell,
Detach'd by no rude zephyr, fell
One yellow leaf.

The mirth was hush'd, the songsters' lays
Broke short; and each in solemn gaze
Hung on the leaf, nor dared to raise
A timorous eye;

Each fear'd, upon the other's face
His own sad feelings writ, to trace,
As the pale emblem spoke the race
Of summer run.

It seem'd some fairy, throned in air,
Had mark'd our bliss, and pausing there,
Dismiss'd a monitor to bear
Truth to each heart.

To tell us that the scene might glow,
But soon should change in cheerless snow,
To tell us that our bliss should know
An autumn too.

That joys but coming sorrow speak,
As calms precede the tempest bleak,
That death his surest victim's cheek
With roses paints.

Yes, in that moment, on that day,
Reflection stole my smiles away;
And, like him, weeping to survey
His myriad bands,

Methought, ere many a year goes round,
Few may, of us, who on this ground
Now gaily revel, few be found
To meet again.

The young before the old may go;
And he who bids this measure flow
May fall, perhaps, the first, to show
This moral true.

I will close this chapter with the following lines of George Canning's and some by Mrs. O'Neill, also from the scrap-book: the former do not certainly impair the force and truth of Mr. Lockhart's remark on his satirical powers. "No man," he says, "ever possessed a gayer wit in society than he did; his lash fetched away both skin and flesh, and would have penetrated the hide of a rhinoceros:" it would indeed have penetrated the hide of that animal, and tanned. I have not found these lines amongst Canning's published poems. They were written on Mr. Whitbread's speech at the opening of the impeachment of Viscount Melville in 1805, of which trial Chief Baron Thompson observed, that he had "heard of an 'impeachment of waste,' but that these proceedings were, in his humble opinion, a waste of impeachment." Many were the droll stories that the amiable old judge had to tell of this trial, and that of the famous one of Warren Hastings; at which he used to assure his delighted listeners, the juniors of the bar, that his Brother Gould, when proceeding with great solemnity to take his place at the spot appointed for the judges, sat down on one of the

heralds,—who was so disguised by his tabard that he mistook him for a state chair!

GEORGE CANNING.

I'm like Archimedes for science and skill,
I'm like a young princess that went up a hill;
And, to interest the hearts of the fair, be it said,
I'm like a young lady just bringing to bed.
Would you know why th' eleventh of June I remember,
Much better than April, or March, or November?
'Twas because on that day ('tis with pride I assure ye)
My sainted progenitor took to his Brewery.
That morn he began his first brewing of beer,
That evening commenced his connubial career:
On that day he died, having finished his summing,
And the angels cried, "look! here's old Whitbread a-coming."
So that day I hail with a smile and a sigh,
For his beer with an E, and his bier with an I.
And on that day each year, in the hottest of weather,
The whole Whitbread family feast altogether.
My Lords, while the beams of this hall shall support
The roof which o'ershades this respectable court,
(Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the Hindoos,)
While the beams of the sun shall shine in at the windows,
My name shall shine bright, as my father's now shines,
Emblazon'd on Journals, as his is on Signs.

A most extraordinary and touching circumstance closed the proceedings of this trial, which, however it may have flattered Lord Melville, did not perhaps afford him such unalloyed gratification as it did amusement to his brother peers. It is said that when his acquittal was pronounced, the eccentric Duchess of Gordon, his countrywoman, rose from her seat, and with a warmth of feeling, which made every particular hair of his lordship's ermine stand on end, rushed forward and kissed him!—exclaiming, in no very subdued tone, "Weel, my lord, I'm very glad to see that we have at least one honest mon in this hoose."

Henrietta Boyle, the authoress of the amusing verses that conclude this chapter, born in 1758, was the only daughter of Charles, Viscount Dungarvon, eldest son of

John, fifth Earl of Cork. On the 18th of October, 1777, she married John O'Neill, Esq., of Shanes Castle, near Antrim, in the streets of which town he was cruelly and brutally piked by the rebels in 1798.

MRS. O'NEILL.

Ere raging seas between us roll,
Oh come and soothe my tortured soul!
Return once more to me;
Come, and each anxious fear remove,
Speak peace, and tell me that you love,
And bid me live for thee.

Come, and my wayward fancy cheat,
Persuade me by some dear deceit
That long I shall not mourn;
Calm all my woes, subdue my sighs,
By some sweet lawful perjuries,
And be for once forsworn.

Swear, that ere three eternal weeks,
You'll kiss the tear from off my cheeks,
Though you mean twice the time;
Swear, that for worlds you would not be
Another day or hour from me,—
Love will absolve the crime.

Mrs. O'Neill died on the 3rd of September, 1793, and her husband was created a peer on the 30th of November following. This accomplished lady wrote some interesting poetry, amongst which, under the name of Geraldine Verney, was an Ode to the Poppy, originally printed in her friend Charlotte Smith's novel of Desmond, and subsequently in the Rev. A. Dyce's Specimens of British Poetesses.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Wales, ring the bell"—The real delinquent—Brummell's quarrel with the Prince of Wales—Causes that led to it—Ben and Benina—Mrs. Fitzherbert—The Beau's impudence—"Who's your fat friend?"—Brummell's intimacy with the Duke of York—Letters from the Duchess to Brummell—Her great partiality for dogs—Fête at Oatlands—The Duke's reply to his servant—A Pastoral Dialogue by R. B. Sheridan—The Right Honourable George Rose.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great disparity of rank, the intimacy that was formed between Brummell and the Prince of Wales, continued for some years uninterrupted. He was a constant guest at Carlton House, and was distinguished by many marks, never pecuniary ones, of his royal friend's partiality for him. At length however a rupture took place, but it was not caused by the circumstance to which it is usually attributed. The story of "Wales, ring the bell!" was always denied by Brummell: indeed he seemed indignant at its being generally credited; and I have heard him, in explanation of the subject, say, "I was on such intimate terms with the Prince, that if we had been alone I could have asked him to ring the bell without offence; but with a third person in the room I should never have done so, I knew the Regent too well." The vulgar impudence of the action itself, without Brummell's denial of it, makes the anecdote extremely improbable; and he was also too good a judge of his own interests to run the risk of being turned out of the Prince's society for the mere fun of enacting such a piece of tomfoolery.

Another version of the story is, that one evening, when Brummell and Lord Moira were engaged in ear-

nest conversation at Carlton House, the Prince requested the former to ring the bell, and that he replied without reflection, "your Royal Highness is close to it;" upon which the Prince rang the bell and ordered his friend's carriage, but that Lord Moira's intervention caused the unintentional liberty to be overlooked.

This act of folly has, and I believe with more truth, been attributed to a young relation of Captain, afterwards Admiral Payne's,[1] and under circumstances far more creditable to the Prince's good taste and good feeling. Admiral Payne, a wit and *bon vivant*, was comptroller of the household; and owing to the position he occupied, and his intimacy with the Prince, this lad, a midshipman in the navy, was sometimes asked to dine at Carlton House. Of course, boy like, he boasted of the honour in the cock-pit; and one day, when rallied by his companions on the extremely easy terms that he represented himself to be upon with his royal friend, he made a bet, that, the next time he dined with the Prince, he would tell him to ring the bell. A few days after he was again invited to Carlton House, and, having primed himself with champagne, actually did ask the Regent to ring the bell. His Royal Highness immediately complied, and when the page in waiting, or some other subordinate, made his appearance, said good humouredly, "Put that drunken boy to bed."

Brummell, as well as his friends, attributed his quarrel with the Prince of Wales to a series of sarcastic remarks, in which he had indulged at the expense of Mrs. Fitzherbert; indiscretions that he was led into by foolishly espousing the part of a noble lady her rival: but his talent for ridicule once enlisted in her cause, he did not spare even the Prince himself. There was at that time

[1] John Willett Payne was a Rear Admiral of the Red, Vice Admiral of the coasts of Devonshire and Cornwall, Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries; he died on the 17th of November, 1803.

a burly porter at Carlton House, nicknamed "Big Ben," who was so tall that he could look over the gates, and as the Regent was then increasing in size, Brummell often designated the master by the appellation of the servant, and Mrs. Fitzherbert by that of "Benina." It is also said that he annoyed her by various remarks of the same kind; and that, when desired by the Regent at a ball at Lady Jersey's to call her carriage, he obeyed, but in doing so, substituted the word *mistress* for the usual one of Mrs., and laid a strong emphasis on the insulting epithet. If this anecdote is true, no wonder that when it came to the lady's ears, as well as the Prince's, with the allusions to their *embonpoint* (upon which subject they were, as people frequently are, extremely sensitive), such ill-timed jokes were resented; and that Brummell was dismissed:—he always, however, considered that the continuation of the Regent's anger was owing to Mrs. Fitzherbert, whose absurd vanity in identifying herself with the Crown of England—for it was that or nothing—made her peculiarly unforgiving on this subject; and her dislike to Fox renders it probable that Brummell's opinion was correct. Moore, however, in a parody on a celebrated letter from the Prince Regent, to the Duke of York, on the 13th of February, 1812, gives the former the credit of all the indignation against Brummell, and adduces another well-known *mot* of the Beau's as the reason of it.

> "Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
> To mortal, except, now I think on't, Beau Brummell;
> Who threatened last year, in a superfine passion,
> To cut me, and bring the old King into fashion."

But, whatever the causes of offence may have been that led to the quarrel, the Beau treated the affair with his usual assurance; and waging war upon his royal adversary, assailed him with ridicule in all quarters, and affected to say that he had himself cut the connexion: it was in this spirit, no doubt, that he said to Colonel

McMahon, "I made him what he is, and I can unmake him." Of course, after this break, the Regent determined to take advantage of the first opportunity that occurred, of showing the world that he was no longer anxious to continue the acquaintance. An occasion for his so doing presented itself not long after in a morning walk, when the Prince, leaning on Lord Moira's arm, met Brummell and Lord A——, coming in the opposite direction, and, probably with the intention of making the cut more evident, his Royal Highness stopped and spoke to his Lordship, without noticing the Beau—little thinking that he would resent it; great therefore must have been his surprise and annoyance, as each party turned to continue their promenade, to hear him say in a distinct tone, expressive of complete ignorance of his person, "A——, who's your fat friend?" But Brummell was sometimes in a humour to adduce other reasons than the right one for the *fracas*, which led to his final rupture with the Regent, and the favourite fiction that he then palmed upon his most eager listeners was, that they had been rivals in a love affair, in which the Prince was of course the unsuccessful suitor.

When Brummell found that his Royal Highness had really closed the doors of Carlton House against him, he cultivated with greater assiduity the friendship that had always existed between himself and the Duke of York, who was never known, in good or ill report, to desert a friend; and his conduct, and that of the Duchess, to the Beau in his exile, were striking instances of the steadiness and sincerity of their friendship. "The Duchess," says Mr. Raikes, "was a person of excellent taste, and a very nice discriminator of good breeding and manners, and the regard which that Princess entertained for Brummell was highly creditable to him. It may, indeed, be said in favour of the manners of that day, that her Royal Highness often remarked how superior they were to the tone of those that existed at the period of her marriage, when

the Duke was surrounded by a set of *roués* who seemed to glory in their excesses, and showed a great want of refinement and courtesy in women's society. At the time Brummell visited at Oatlands, England had been for many years without a Court, and the limited circle that surrounded the Duke and Duchess of York, though differing scarcely from that of a private family, rendered it the only Royal residence that was the scene of constant hospitality ; and it might have been appropriately termed a little Court, in which the affability on the one side, and the affectionate deference on the other, were equally remarkable. Here used to assemble, at the end of the week, Brummell, and all the most agreeable men of the day, intimately acquainted with each other, and sincerely attached to their Royal host and hostess."

I am ignorant of the precise dates at which the two following notes from the Duchess to Brummell were written ; but they were copied by myself from her autograph, and are inserted as a proof that he must have stood high in her esteem, and that she corresponded with, and received him, on the most intimate footing. The first was written to acknowledge the receipt of a note announcing the loss of a lottery-ticket, which they had purchased together : the paragraph alluding to the chances of his future life is happily expressed, and the sincerity of the concluding sentence was fully proved in after-years, by her generous conduct towards him when she had the pain of seeing that her good wishes turned out unavailing.

Oatlands, ce 20 Septembre.

Vous avez une manière si aimable d'annoncer les plus mauvaises nouvelles, qu'elles perdent par là de leur désagrémens ; je ne puis cependant que m'affliger avec vous de la perte de tous nos beaux projets de fête, qui s'évanouissent avec la perte de notre billet de loterie, dont je vous acquitte la dette ci-joint, et y joignent les vœux les plus sincères que ceci puisse être le dernier mauvais tour

que la Fortune puisse vous jouer, et que dans toutes les autres circonstances de votre vie, elle puisse toujours vous être favorable. Ce sera me rendre justice que de vous persuader que personne ne peut s'intéresser plus sincèrement à votre bonheur et à tout ce qui vous concerne.

Je n'ai rien à vous dire de ma solitude qui puisse exciter votre curiosité, n'y ayant vu personne *de ceux qui vous* intéressent depuis votre départ. J'espère que vous reviendrez bientôt dans ces contrées, et qu'il me sera permis de vous réitérer moi-même ici les assurances de l'amitié sincère et de la considération parfaite avec laquelle je suis

Votre toute affectionnée amie et servante,

F.

The next note from her Royal Highness was to thank him for remembering her fête-day, and sending her a beautiful little dog, which Brummell, with his usual good taste, had selected for his present in preference to anything else, knowing the passion his royal friend had for that animal. Her Royal Highness is said to have had at one time upwards of one hundred dogs at Oatlands, and she sometimes erected monuments over her especial favourites: they are grouped round a fountain in the grounds in front of a grotto, to which, during the summer months, she frequently retired with her work or a book. It is, I believe, near this spot that the inhabitants of the parish in which Oatlands is situated erected a monument to the memory of this amiable woman, to which the humblest amongst the parishioners spontaneously requested permission to contribute their mite.

Windsor, ce neuf de Mai.

On ne saurait être plus sensible que je le suis au souvenir obligeant que vous avez bien voulu me donner au jour de ma fête, et au charmant cadeau que le Duc m'a remis de votre part. Recevez mes remercîmens les plus sincères pour ce joli petit *chien*, c'est l'emblême de la

Fidélité; j'aime à me flatter qu'elle sera celui de la continuation de notre amitié, à laquelle je vous assure que j'attache le plus grand prix.

J'ai une toux de *cimetière* qui menace ruine; si elle ne m'a pas mis sous terre avant le commencement du mois prochain, je compte me rendre à Londres, dans ce temps-là, et un des motifs qui me fait envisager avec le plus de plaisir ce séjour est qu'il me procurera l'avantage de vous y rencontrer et de pouvoir vous réitérer moi-même combien je suis

Votre toute affectionée amie et servante,

F.

Though the parties at Oatlands were generally, as I have before remarked, of a very unostentatious character, the Duchess's birth-day was sometimes celebrated with great splendour, particularly the one of 1811, of which I have heard Brummell speak. The King and Princesses were present, and, after they left, the park-gates were thrown open to the public, consisting principally of the tenants and labourers in the neighbourhood, who assembled in the lower part of the house. Here tables were laid out with refreshments, which were soon cleared; and the punch, six quarts of which were placed upon each, having freely circulated, at nine dancing commenced, the Duchess leading off the first dance, called the Labyrinth, with Colonel, now General, Upton.

It was by these unaffected examples of hospitality that the Duke endeared himself to high and low about him; and the numerous instances on record of his generous disposition, more particularly when in command of the army, and his unvarying anxiety to promote the comfort of the most subordinate member of it, have rendered his memory dear to the service, and completely effaced the recollection of his failings. Very many are the anecdotes related of the unpremeditated proofs of his kindness of heart, and ready consideration for his inferiors in station; but every soldier should know the following one,—and

every insolent lackey too. The Duke was on the point of mounting his horse one day at Oatlands, to take a ride, when, observing a poor woman slowly retreating from the door, he enquired of the servant who she was? The fellow flippantly replied, "Nobody, your Royal Highness, but a soldier's wife, a-begging." "And, pray, sir," said the Duke, indignantly, "what is your mistress?" It is needless to add, the poor woman was relieved.

In Brummell's album are several interesting souvenirs of his visits at Oatlands, written by Sheridan and Lord Erskine, who very likely gave them to him as having also been a guest on the occasions to which they refer. They are pleasing instances of the cheerful and friendly feeling that existed amongst those who enjoyed the Duke's hospitality; and it was probably after one of these brilliant and agreeable parties, that Sheridan wrote the following admirable and good-humoured quiz upon Erskine, which, though satirical, is much too harmlessly witty to have offended the ex-Chancellor. There was no date attached to it, but it was evidently written after that nobleman resigned the seals, and previously to May, 1812, as Mr. Perceval, who is mentioned in it, was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons on the 11th of that month.

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN,

OR,

THOMAS AND RICHARD.

(*Erskine.*) (*Sheridan.*)

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

Where Oatlands' lofty bank, in sylvan pride,
Looks o'er the Thames and the fair prospect wide,
There is the spot where once two shepherds stood,
Safe from the river's fast encroaching flood;
Fictitious shepherds, true, and eke 'tis truth,
Swains not exactly in the bloom of youth;

Yet both had skill to talk, and verse could scan,
And now in measured rhyme their converse ran ;
While Thomas clear'd his pipe, sly Richard thus began :—

RICHARD.

How could'st thou, Thomas, at the festive board,
Admitted guest of Oatlands' royal lord,
Decline the challenge which I gave to thee
To break a lance in sportive poesy ?
Thou know'st, ere now we've tried the gay dispute,
Unvanquish'd then, how could'st thou now be mute ?
Unstudied verse might royal care beguile,
And raise on listening beauty's cheek a favouring smile.

THOMAS.

Friend Richard, well I saw your treacherous aim,
You sought to triumph, and bring me to shame ;
To make a boast in royal beauty's eyes
You dared the contest, and you hoped the prize ;
By nature dull, by art a rhymer made,
Verse your profession, poetry your trade.
I, bred to nobler purposes, disdain
A puny contest with the scribbling train ;
And though I sometimes condescend to rhyme,
When humour prompts, and business grants me time
I never publish—do you ask the cause ?
I'm quite contented with my own applause.

RICHARD.

Nay, Thomas, hold ! for now, by heaven, you wrong
The taste of friendship, and thy power of song ;
For who has read a line that bears thy name,
Which, though withheld by thee from vulgar fame,
Taste would disown, or genius fail to claim ?

THOMAS.

Thy praise, dear Richard, is no doubt sincere,
But justest praise may yet be bought too dear ;
Practised in jingling verse, you know your power,
I, the chance poet of an idle hour,
With thee in verse will battle, when George Rose [1]

[1] The Right Honourable George Rose, son of the Rev. David Rose, of Lethnet, and descended by his father from an ancient family in Nairnshire, was born on the 17th of June, 1744. At the early age of four years he was brought to England, where he was educated, and rose

Shall hate employment, and demand repose ;
When Trotter[1] shall the prince of lies outfib,
And Spencer Perceval[2] shall challenge Cribb ;
An eagle you, from your own wing your pen
You draw—then bravely challenge a poor wren !

---

to distinction entirely through his own exertions. One of the first patrons of this leviathan of industry was Brummell's father, who from his position in the Treasury was of great service to him in forwarding his interests. The following is an epitome of his lucrative and honorary occupations. In 1767 he took a principal share in the publication of the Journals and Records of Parliament, from the earliest period : in 1772, he was appointed to the Keepership of Records in the ancient Treasury at Westminster ; in 1776, he was appointed Secretary to the Board of Taxes ; in 1782, he was named Secretary to the Treasury under Lord Shelburne, and Pitt ; was removed on the change of Government in the spring of 1783, and re-appointed under Pitt in the December following. In this year he also obtained a reversionary grant of the office of Clerk of Parliament. In 1784, he was elected M.P. for Launceston, and in 1788 he vacated that seat, on succeeding to the above-mentioned office, and was returned M.P. for Lymington. In 1790, he sat for Christchurch. In 1801, he resigned his Secretaryship of the Treasury, and in 1804, on Mr. Pitt's return to power, was appointed Joint Paymaster-General of the Forces, and Vice-President of the Committee of Privy-Council for the Affairs of Trade, which he retained till the death of that Minister. In 1807, under the Duke of Portland, he was appointed Treasurer of the Navy, and re-appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade. He was likewise a Privy-Councillor, Trustee of the British and Hunterian Museums, an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, Deputy Warden of the New Forest, and one of the Verderers of the same. Under these circumstances it is wonderful the Honourable Gentleman did not "demand repose." Sir George Rose died at his seat, Cuffnells, near Lyndhurst, on the 13th of January, 1818, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

[1] John Barnard Trotter, Esq., Private Secretary to C. J. Fox, of whose life and career he published a very strange account. This work drew forth some strong animadversions from different writers, and among the rest, Dr. Moseley, who decidedly contradicted the author, with respect to the medical treatment of the illustrious statesman. It is probably to Mr. Trotter's book that Sheridan alludes, and to the proverbial saying, "He lies like the d——l."

[2] A specimen of Sheridan's drollery ; for this unfortunate gentleman was particularly thin, and slightly formed, and not exactly the person who might be expected to throw down his glove to the Champion of England.

RICHARD.

Nay, Thomas, sure this flattery's unfit,
Or wish you irony to pass for wit?
Your simile forego,—I dared the test,
Not who was strongest, but whose muse was best;
To cover your retreat retract your theme,
Who hears an eagle's voice must hear a scream;
Quick then, dear Tom, some new allusion bring,
Till wrens bear thunderbolts, and eagles sing.

THOMAS.

By heavens! I do my lofty spirit wrong,
To grate this jarring pipe with thee so long:
Hast thou not known me in my hour of pride,
When at the bar I led the legal tide?
Who could more surely, by each trick and fudge
Humbug the jury, or browbeat the judge?
How many patriots[1] has my fluent tongue
Lifted to glory, who had else been hung!
While, advocating freedom's sacred cause,
I won the mob, and gain'd each jail's applause—
Proving the right of treason to upset the laws.

RICHARD.

Nay, not so warm, my dearest Thomas, pray,
I grant your merit, and grant all you say;
Thou hast indeed saved many of the gang,
Who in return would gladly see thee hang.

THOMAS.

Richard, I scorn thy taunts and wiliest sneers;
The merit's mine, the ingratitude is theirs.
But, grant my labours no due thanks obtain'd,
Can you forget the higher post I gain'd?
Must I remind you of the seal I bore,
The wig and golden tassell'd robe I wore,
The flowing train behind, and broider'd purse before?
Now, by these glorious honours, which again
I surely shall possess—(though God knows when,)
In verse with thee I never will contend,
Unless I choose the theme * * *

RICHARD.

* * * * * Agreed, my friend.

THOMAS.

Then will I sing to our great Master's praise.
* * * * * * *

[1] Lord Erskine defended Lord George Gordon, Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Thelwall.

CHAPTER XX.

A Dinner Party at Oatlands—Lord Erskine's description of it in verse—The company present—Colonel Armstrong—The Honourable William Spencer—Monk Lewis—Kangaroo Cooke—Lady Anne Culling Smith—Miss Fitzroy—Colonel de Lancey Barclay—Brummell—Le Chevalier Cainea—Lord Erskine's childhood—One of his letters written from school—Goes to sea in the Tartar—Letter to Lord Cardcross from Jamaica.

THIS challenge of Sheridan's seems to have had its effect upon Lord Erskine on the 31st of December, 1812, on which day, in compliance with the good old custom of seeing the Old year out and the New year in, a dinner party was given at Oatlands; and this he afterwards described in the following lively and agreeable manner.

LORD ERSKINE.

The fair Princess[1] sat first, far the highest in place,
But her rank in eclipse by good nature and grace—
Her manners no court upon earth could bestow,
To the best of all hearts their perfection they owe;
And her converse, so pleasant, so keen, so refined,
No reading could give—its bright source is the mind;
Her elegant form gives a life to the whole;
Coalition complete of the body and soul.
Next, Armstrong[2] was seated; on Armstrong depend,
For wit as companion, for truth as a friend;

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[1] Her Royal Highness Frederica Charlotte Ulrica Catharina, Princess Royal of Prussia, married to the Duke of York, on the 29th of September, 1791, and died at Oatlands, on the 6th of August, 1820, in the fifty-fourth year of her age.

[2] Lieut. Colonel James Armstrong, originally in the Tenth Foot, and subsequently in the Ceylon and 50th Regiments, was at this time an aide-de-camp of the Duke of York's. He died on the 15th of August, 1828.

As a man of the world he 's completely at ease,
No effort he makes to amuse or to please;
Yet is sure to do both, with his manners so quiet,
Sliding in better things than many who try it.
To Armstrong next sat, my friend William Spencer;[1]
Why Spencers such poets are, I would fain ken, Sir;
I hate all monopolies—never was seen
Such a fuss as we had, with the famed "Faerie Queen."
Ere England had numbers, this bard took the lead,
And wrote like an angel when few men could read.
Thus centuries pass'd; and now when Old Time
Has exalted our language, and fashion'd our rhyme,
William Spencer runs in, other poets before,
To witch us as Edmund has witch'd us of yore;
And yet not content with this talent divine,
Whenever he *speaks*, he must sparkle and shine.
But to make such a picture as friendship would draw,
You must lend me, dear Spencer, your pen or your jaw—
Each a capital prize to a man of the law.
"Other poets," cried Lewis,[2] who sat next beside,
"Who shoulder us thus, may all evils betide!"
But Lewis all earthly approach may defy;
As a canonized monk he may mount to the sky;

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[1] "Polished William Spencer, the Poet of society," as he was usually called, was the second son of Lord Charles Spencer, by the Honourable Mary Beauclerk, daughter of Lord Vere, and sister of Aubrey, fifth Duke of St. Albans. The first of Mr. Spencer's Poetical Works, and published in 1790, was a translation of Bürger's Leonora, embellished by his aunt Lady Diana, the wife of Topham Beauclerk, a great macaroni in his day. Subsequently to this, he wrote a Drama called Urania, or the Illuminé; it was performed at Drury Lane, with some applause, and his friend Lord John Townshend wrote the prologue. In 1811, he published a collection of Poems which were dedicated to Sarah, Lady Jersey. This accomplished gentleman, one of the most agreeable dining-out men of his day, died at Paris, on the 23rd of October, 1834.

[2] Matthew Gregory Lewis, born in London in 1773, was the son of a large West Indian proprietor, at one time Under Secretary at War. Educated at Westminster, he afterwards travelled on the Continent, and remained some time in Germany, where he imbibed that excessive love of the marvellous, which he afterwards displayed in his works: exhibiting all the fantastic vagaries of his Teutonic models, in addition to the wildness, originality, and licence of his own ideas. He had talent, but it was of an illegitimate and unhealthy description; and his novel and nickname, The Monk, by which he acquired an infamous notoriety, and

No, no, we can't spare his original brain,
Which has led us so often in Fancy's fair train;
The scenes that surround us so dully the same,
Who shifts with his genius well merits his fame.

---

which on account of its licentiousness was very popular with a certain class, will be a lasting monument of his depraved taste—lasting, because society will never be without readers who delight in works of that character; and in this respect he lives for posterity, a posterity of demireps and courtezans, inexperienced youth and debauchees. Mr. Lewis was a senator, as well as a novelist; but seldom took part in the business of the house, and never made a figure in it. The notoriety that he succeeded in obtaining by his works, a superficial skill in poetry, and great conversational powers, his wealth and the letters M.P., enabled him to insinuate himself into the society of people of rank. He was a constant visitor of the Princess of Wales at Kensington House, and, as seen by this poem, an occasional one at Oatlands; where he made himself agreeable to her Royal Highness, by writing elegies and epitaphs on the death of her dogs, and possibly birth-day odes when they were living. In the periodicals of the day, and particularly in a satirical poem, published in 1802, Mr. Lewis and his works are severely criticized, and the author concludes his censures with these two lines:—

"That the man who to talent makes any pretence
Should write not at all, or should write common sense."

In fairness, however, it ought to be mentioned, that his friend Mr. Galt says, in the Diary illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth, that he possessed generous and noble feelings, and talents of a very high description. Lord Byron, another intimate friend of his, observes, that he was a "*good* man, a clever man, but a bore. My only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated bores—especially Madame de Staël, or Hobh[illegible] for example. But I liked Lewis, he was the jewel of a man, had [illegible] been better set; I don't mean *personally*, but less *tiresome*, for he was tedious, as well as contradictory, to every thing, and every body. Poor fellow! he died a martyr to his new riches—of a second visit to Jamaica.

'I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again.'

That is—

I would give many a sugar-cane
Mat Lewis were alive again!"

But it is not easy to reconcile these opinions with the spirit of Mr. Lewis's works, which deliberately tend to debase the human heart always sufficiently prone to error and infirmity. The most correct view

Next to Lewis there sat, would you wish to know who?
I will tell you—my worthy good friend Kangaroo;[1]
He who goes by a name by parents not given,
Depend on 't is one highly favour'd by Heaven;
The friend whom we love we mould at our pleasure,
And count on his temper the best of all treasure;
Since in spite of the misanthrope's sullen pretence,
Good nature is still the companion of sense.
Thus take the world o'er, you will find very few
Who have more of sound brains than this same Kangaroo;
And as for his person, his breeding, and taste,
They speak for themselves, so I pass on in haste.
By this Colonel sat one, in gay circles well known,
Yet, who see him in rounds of amusement alone,
Know little about him—they see him at ease,
A high man of fashion, with talents to please;
But believe me, in London to rise to the top,
Like Brummell (since London discarded the fop,[2])
You must know all that's known to the highest in place,
And possess the rare gift to give knowledge a grace.
But why should the muse, his acquirements to show,
Fly to common-place truths which the vulgar well know?
Since the brighter the emerald the duchess now wears,
The higher of course is the polish it bears.
Oh, what shall I write? next him sat Lady Anne,[3]
How shall I describe her? describe her who can.

---

of the Monk's character appears to have been taken by Madame de Staël, who wittily and piquantly remarked, that he was not only "*inférieur, mais très inférieur.*"—Mr. Lewis died at sea, in 1818.

[1] Major-General Henry Frederick Cooke, C.B., and K.C.H., commonly called Kang-Cooke—a portrait of whom, under that sobriquet, is to be found in Dighton's caricatures, was at this time a captain and lieutenant-colonel in the Coldstream, and aide-de-camp to the Duke of York. Various rumours have been circulated to account for his name having been thus humorously associated with the mammalia of New Holland. One is that he let loose a cage full of these animals at Pidcock's menagerie; another, that on being asked by his old patron, the Duke of York, how he fared in the Peninsula, replied that he "could get nothing to eat but kangaroo." General Cooke died on the 10th of March, 1837, at Harefield Park. He was the last surviving brother of Lieutenant-General Sir George Cooke, K.C.B.

[2] Probably some *passé* dandy about town.

[3] This lady, who is still living, is the only daughter of Garrett Wellesley, second Lord Mornington, and sister of the late Marquis Wellesley.

When I think on her face ev'ry thought's at an end;
And my numbers must flow as their chances may send,—
Her eye, full of fire, passes through to the heart,
As Wellington sees through his ranks at a dart;
But a truce is soon put to this turbulent pother,
By the chain-shot of wife tied together with mother;

Her ladyship was born on the 13th of March, 1768, and married first, Henry Fitzroy, third son of Charles, Lord Southampton, and subsequently, on the 9th of August, 1799, Culling Charles Smith, Esq. Of the distinguished persons mentioned by Lord Erskine in this poem, Lady Anne and her husband are, I believe, the only individuals that still survive. The following obituary, taken from a morning paper in the spring of this year, is strong presumptive evidence that Lord Erskine's amiable and friendly portraiture of Lady Anne was not merely an unmeaning courtesy, and that though her beauty was great, and her love for her children intense, she extended much kindness and consideration to her dependants. "Died, at the Palace, Hampton-Court, on Saturday evening, May the 13th, in her seventy-fifth year, beloved, esteemed and deeply lamented by all who knew her, Mrs. Sarah Milner, for fifty-two years the faithful and affectionate servant of Lady Anne Culling Smith." This testimony to the memory of a tried and faithful servant leads me to speak of another instance of the same kind, which, while waiting to examine the register to ascertain a date for this work, I observed on a modest tablet in a secluded corner of St. Martin's Church. The tablet is of grey marble, and though the letters are gilt, they were not easily distinguished; but on climbing over the side of a pew, and standing on a seat, I found the following inscription upon it, which is such an excellent proof of Her Most Gracious Majesty's kind feeling for an old servant, and probably, from its retired position, so little known, that I have ventured to insert it here, as an example to her countrywomen.

Sacred to the memory of Louisa Louis,
For many years the faithful and devoted servant of Her late Royal Highness
the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and, from her earliest infancy, honoured by the affectionate attachment of
Her Majesty Queen Victoria;
By whose gracious command this tablet has been placed in St. Martin's Church.
Born at Erbach, in Germany, 1771; died at Buckingham Palace, On Easter Sunday, 1838.

Each beauty-bred wish she's for ever annulling,
All lost in her daughters, and Frederick,[1] and Culling.[2]
Well, I thought myself safe, and that nought could annoy
One pass'd through this furnace,—but Madame Fitzroy![3]
A plague on such king-craft, renew'd the temptation,
With beauty new hatch'd in the fifth generation.
Ah Stuarts! I feel in the depth of my soul,
The madness that led ye from loyal control;
The child of your blood, I renounce your command,
The people's free Brunswicks shall reign in this land;
Yet still, like a traitor, my fair Caroline,
Your subject I live, as *your* right is divine.
Halt, blundering muse, to the right-about face,
You have pass'd over Barclay,[4] go back to his place;
You sure must have seen him, so handsome, so tall,
A straighter has never sprung up since the fall;
Better fashion'd without, nor freer within
From malignant ill-nature's original sin.

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[1] Frederick William Culling Smith, only son of Culling Charles Smith, Esq., and Lady Anne, and a godson of the Duke of York. On the 18th of January, 1820, he was appointed to an ensigncy in the Coldstream Regiment of Guards, and subsequently obtained a troop in the Blues, in which corps he remained till 1826, when he received an unattached majority, and afterwards joined the 80th Regiment. To the deep regret of his family and friends, Major Smith died at Malta, on the 19th of June, 1828, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

[2] Culling Charles Smith, Esq., father of the above, and son of Charles Smith, Esq., Governor of Madras, who was a younger brother of Culling, the first baronet of that family.

[3] Anne Caroline, daughter of Henry Fitzroy, third son of Charles, Lord Southampton, and Lady Anne Wellesley, afterwards Lady Anne Culling Smith. Henry Fitzroy's father was a great-grandson of Henry Fitzroy, first Duke of Grafton, and, through him, descended from the unfortunate House of Stuart—his Grace having been the illegitimate child of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, by Charles the Second. The cleverness with which Lord Erskine maintains his political principles, and at the same time indulges his gallantry, is very amusing. Miss Fitzroy died on the 16th of December, 1835.

[4] De Lancey Barclay, C.B., another aide-de-camp of the Duke of York's, and one of the most popular men in the army. He was at this time in the Royal Corsican Rangers, and died very suddenly of a cold, caught by travelling too lightly clad on the top of a coach. Colonel Barclay was in the Guards at Waterloo; and, at the period of his death, which took place on the 28th of March, 1826, he was one of the aides-de-camp to George the Fourth.

Him famed in our armies one day we shall see,
Though a Barclay, a Quaker he never will be.
What sounds melt on air? sure I'm raised to the skies,
What harmony swells on the senses and dies?
Then rises again and pulls at the heart
With strong chords of Nature, made stronger by art.
Can this be a dream? No, La Cainea[1] appears;
The music I thought must be his, or the spheres'.
What again? have the fairies encircled me round,
And carried me off to their spell-bedew'd ground?
Do I hear Catalani, or is it a thrush,
In spite of the winter, that sings from his bush?
No; those beautiful sounds so novel, so true,
Discover their author; yes, Mercer[2] 'tis you:
Yet think not their notes which yet dwell on the ear,
Are all we enjoy when their sources are here.
No—they heighten their value in these social hours
By taking their parts in the mind's higher powers:
Miss Muse, you seem tired, but remuster your pith,
For, next, sat the man of my heart, Culling Smith.
His friendship I've tried, and for ever have found
His soul as sincere as his judgment is sound;
To look at him now, so sprightly, so gay,
As airy and light as a bird on the spray,
You would think him but made for the joys of the table,
And that all we have heard of grave parts was a fable—
But let Downing-street tell, which has seen him so late,
Alas! snatch'd away by a too fickle fate,
How he show'd himself form'd for the business of state;
Quick, active, intelligent, full of resource,
In manner all mildness, in matter all force.[3]

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[1] Le Chevalier Cainea, a celebrated amateur Italian singer, who resided in England for several years at the commencement of the present century. He was a frequent guest of the first families in the country, as well as at the Duke of York's. His voice was a beautiful tenor, and his style of chamber-singing replete with taste and feeling.

[2] A gentleman who moved in this circle of society, also an excellent singer.

[3] The allusion which Lord Erskine here makes to the part Mr. Culling Smith took in public life, refers to the period when he was Under Secretary of State to his brother-in-law, the late Marquis Wellesley, at the time Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Tom Erskine sat last—sailor, soldier, and lawyer,
A cross, beyond doubt, between the de'il and old Sawyer;[1]
He tried all the tricks of the old common law,
Till to Chancery sent, which can cure every flaw:
So merrily, merrily, let him live now,
With the planters of trees and the holders of plough.

By two autograph letters of Lord Erskine's, now in my possession, the first of which was written when he was only twelve years of age, it appears that he was at school at St. Andrew's; and as trifling circumstances connected with the childhood of such a distinguished man cannot fail to interest the reader, I have given the letters a place here. Their introduction is the less abrupt, as they will in some measure illustrate the allusion made to his own life in the words "sailor, soldier, and lawyer;" for a paragraph in the first seems to account for the early predilection he displayed for a seafaring life: this was probably acquired in his visits to the captains of the Norway galliots that he speaks of, or in his walks about the quays of the good city of St. Andrew's.

St. Andrew's, August 11, 1762.

My dear Brother,[2]—

I received your letter, and it gave me great joy to hear that you were in health, which I hope will always continue. I saw in the papers that you have got a new

[1] Sir Robert Sawyer was Attorney-General in the reign of Charles the Second. When the attack was made on the Charter of the City of London ballads were sung about the streets comparing him to the d—l. His daughter and heiress married Thomas, eighth Earl of Pembroke, and by him had issue Henry, the ninth Earl. She died in 1706.

[2] David Stewart, Lord Cardross, Lord Erskine's eldest brother, afterwards eleventh Earl of Buchan. His Lordship was at this time a Lieutenant in the Thirty-second Regiment, which he joined as Ensign on the 2nd of August, 1761. He retired from the army in 1763. "Lord Buchan's political career," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "commenced under the patronage of the great Earl of Chatham, in the diplomatic department; but he passed the larger portion of his life in literary retirement, cultivating the muses, and occasionally laying before the public the fruits of his acquirements."

cousin, by your commander, Major Seton,[1] marrying Miss Murray, of Abercarney. I am in my second month at the dancing-school; I have learned Shantrews and the single hornpipe, and I am just now learning the double hornpipe. Our school has the vacation just now: we got them on the 4th day of August, and all the boys that live in the country have gone home. There is a pretty large Norway ship in the harbour: the captain took Harry[2] and me into the cabin, and entertained us with French claret, Danish bisket, and smoak't salmon; and the captain was up in the town seeing papa to-day. He intended to go out that day or the next, if the wind was favourable; but he had not water enough to carry him out. He is to sail on Friday, because the stream is great.

Yesterday I saw Captain Sutherland, a nephew of Lord Duffus[3] his lady, who has a lieutenant's commission in Lord Sutherland's militia, exercise his party of Highlanders, which I liked very well to see. In the time of the vacation Harry and me writes themes, reads Livie and French with Mr. Douglas between ten and eleven. Papa made me a present of a ring-dial, which I'm very fond of, for it tells me what o'clock it is very exactly. You bid me, in your letter, write you when I had nothing better to do; but I assure you I think I cannot employ myself better than to write to you, which I shall take care to do very often.

Adieu, my dear brother, and believe me to be, with great affection,

Yours,

THOMAS ERSKINE,

[1] Also in the Thirty-second Regiment, and at this time a Lieut. Colonel in the army.

[2] The Hon. Henry Erskine, the celebrated advocate, and an elder brother of Lord Erskine.

[3] Eric Sutherland, called Lord Duffus by courtesy, being the son of Kenneth, third Baron Duffus, a distinguished naval officer, who was attainted after the rebellion in 1715. Eric died in 1768, having failed

In this letter, which is a correct copy of the original, a martial spirit is also observable, and the future sailor and soldier alike peep forth: the note is written very neatly with lines, and in a plain school-boy's hand, and considering the age of the embryo Chancellor of England, the mistakes of orthography and grammar are not to be complained of; there was, however, very little or no punctuation, a point on which Mr. Douglas, probably, did not care to weary his spirited and clever pupil. Two years after this capital specimen of his epistolary powers was written, young Erskine went to sea in the Tartar, with Commodore Sir John Lindsay,[1] which was ordered in the first instance to Pensacola, in the Gulf of Mexico, and subsequently to Jamaica, from whence the following letter was dispatched to his brother.

Kingston in Jamaica, July, 1764.

My dearest Cardross,—

I wrote to you about ten days ago, giving you some small account of what I had seen here. I am still with Dr. Butt, but shall sail now in about ten days; he is appointed Physician General to the Militia of the Island of Jamaica, by his Excellency Governor Lyttleton,[2] whom I waited upon at Spanish Town, along with the doctor, some days ago. He is a very affable and agreeable man, as I ever saw, and one of great learning. The longer I stay in the West Indies, I find the country

to reverse his father's attainder. He married his cousin, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Dunbar, of Hempriggs. The title was restored in 1826.

[1] Sir John Lindsay, K.B., died at Marlborough House, on his way to Bath, June the 4th, 1778, aged fifty-one years.

[2] Sir William Henry Lyttleton, elevated to the Peerage of Ireland, in July, 1776, by the title of Baron Westcote, and afterwards to that of England by that of Lord Lyttleton, which title had expired with his nephew and predecessor. His Lordship was Governor of South Carolina in 1755, of Jamaica in 1760, and Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Portugal, in 1776. Lord Lyttleton died in September, 1808.

more healthful, and the climate more agreeable; I could not help smiling when Mama mentioned in her letter, how much reason you had to be thankful, that you gave up your commission, or you would have gone to the most wretched climate on the earth. I don't know indeed, as to the rest of the West Indian Islands, but sure I am, if you had come here you would have no reason to repent it. To be sure, to stay here too long, might weaken a constitution, though hardly that; but to stay here some time is extremely serviceable. As for me, I have great reasons to like the West Indies; I have never had an hour's sickness in them, never enjoyed better spirits, and found in them so good a friend as ever I desired to meet with, as I mentioned in my last letter. She supplies the place of mother when at a distance from all my relations, and behaves to me in every respect better than many relatives, whom, from their kindred to my parents, ought to do; that is a great advantage, especially when one is in a foreign country.

I suppose you will by this time be thinking of going abroad, as it draws near the time you intended going: I suppose you will go first to Italy. Remember to write to me from these places; you will have many opportunities when you are in Portugal, or Spain, as they have great trade with the West Indies; so that I expect you won't forget the poor Pots, for I assure you, he always dearly remembers his own Cowly.

I begin now to draw indifferently: I am studying Botany with Doctor Butt, so I will bring you home drawings of all the curious plants, &c., &c., and every thing that I see. I have sent Mama home a land turtle, to walk about Walcot garden; it is very pretty, particularly its back, which is all divided into square lozenges, and the shell is as hard as a coat of mail. If you have got anything that you wish to send me, you need only direct it to Dr. Butt in the same manner you direct letters, and put it into a merchantman bound for the

West Indies, and it can't fail coming safe. Doctor Butt desires his best compliments to you, and will be obliged to you, if you will send him out such a profile of you, as you copied from Mr. Hoar's. Pray give my compliments to all, and know and believe me to be, my dear Cardross,

Your affectionate brother,

THOMAS ERSKINE.

Both these letters evince an affectionate, studious, and active disposition, and, from the young sailor's having been made an acting-lieutenant by Sir John Lindsay, it is only reasonable to suppose, that he did not abandon his profession on account of either inefficiency, or insubordination: this decided step was, however, taken by Erskine soon after Sir John was relieved by Commodore Johnson, and the cause which led to it was said to be the harsh conduct of his new commander.

CHAPTER XXI.

Lord Erskine enters the Army—His slow promotion—Leaves the service—Enters at Cambridge—His great admiration and friendship for Fox—Lines written by him at Oatlands on receiving from the Duchess of York a lock of that statesman's hair—Lord Byron—Two fragments of his unpublished poetry—Stanzas on the murder of Mr. Weir, by the Rev. J. Mitford—The younger Brother's claim—Les Mille Colonnes—Epigrams.

After his return home, young Erskine tried the sister service, and on the 1st of September, 1768, obtained an Ensign's commission in the second battalion of the First, or Royal Regiment of Foot, most of the officers of which corps, as well as the Colonel, John Duke of Argyle, were his countrymen. In this regiment he remained seven years, having been promoted in 1770, at the early age of twenty, to the rank of *Benedict*, and to a lieutenancy on the 21st of April, 1773.

It was possibly this slow promotion which induced Lieutenant Erskine to quit the army two years after, added to the encomiums that his talents elicited from clever and intellectual men; which possibly encouraged the idea, that he might distinguish himself in an arena more suited to his genius. Dr. Johnson, when on his tour in Scotland, and at the time sixty-three years of age, dined at Sir Alexander Macdonald's, where, as Boswell says, "was a young officer in the regimentals of the Scots Royals, who talked with a vivacity, fluency, and precision, so uncommon, that he attracted particular attention; he proved to be the Honourable T. Erskine, youngest brother to the Earl of Buchan, who has risen into such brilliant reputation at the bar of Westminster

Hall. Erskine told us," says Boswell, "that when he was in the island of Minorca, he not only read prayers, but preached two sermons to the regiment;" on which Mr. Croker observes, "Lord Erskine was fond of this anecdote; he told it to me the first time that I had the honour of being in his company, and often repeated it, with an observation that he had been a sailor and a soldier, was a lawyer, and a parson; the latter he affected to think the greatest of his efforts, and to support that opinion would quote the prayer for the *clergy* in the Liturgy, from the expression of which he would (in no commendable spirit of jocularity) infer, that the enlightening them was one of the *greatest marvels* 'which could be worked.'"

This anecdote completes the illustration of the line,

"Tom Erskine sat last—sailor, soldier, and lawyer,"

with the addition of another profession; and, as Lord Erskine, in his letter to his brother, says, that he "studied botany with Dr. Butt, the Physician-General," it is not impossible that he practised under him, and took a degree. This would establish his credit to a very extraordinary claim—that of having belonged to all the "liberal professions," and would account very satisfactorily for his having so heartily espoused the Whig cause.

After retiring from the army, Mr. Erskine went to Cambridge, and was called to the bar in 1778; in 1783 he was made King's Counsel, and in 1806 appointed Lord-Chancellor. The change of his uniform for a silk gown did not, however, annihilate his military feelings, for during the war he was Colonel of the Law Association Volunteers; and it was while in command of this distinguished corps, at a review in Hyde Park, that he gave one of the many amusing proofs of his talent for repartee. It was the King's birth-day, and the royal cavalcade having passed down the line, the Duke of Cambridge fell

back and spoke to Erskine, saying, "How well your corps behaves: are they all lawyers?" "Yes, Sir," he replied; "and some of them very good lawyers too." "And good soldiers," said the Duke; "for how silent they are!" "Yes," said Erskine; "but does your Royal Highness recollect that we have *no pay?*"

Lord Erskine had not lost his military spirit at the age of sixty-five, for, in one of his letters, written from the Continent in July, 1815, he observes, "As soon as I return you shall have an account of my tour with the army in France, and going with it to Paris: we shall have peace at last." "Neither Lord Erskine's conversation," writes Mr. Croker, "(though, even to the last, remarkable for fluency and vivacity,) nor his parliamentary speeches, ever bore any proportion to the extraordinary force of his forensic eloquence. Those who only knew him in private, or in the House of Commons, had some difficulty in believing the effect he produced at the bar. During the last few years of his life his conduct was eccentric, and justified a suspicion, and even a hope, that his understanding was impaired." Eccentric he certainly was towards the close of his life. A friend of mine met him one afternoon walking in the Park, accompanied by his little dog, (that, with reverential feeling, he had christened after the great orator of his party,) and asked him what had been going on in the House of Lords the night before? when he replied, "Oh, it was all G—d d—n butter and Ireland. Fox, Fox," he continued, as he walked on, whistling to his four-footed representative of Charles James, "Fox, Fox," &c. Lord Erskine's attachment to the memory of his friend was very great, and the following lines, also in the Beau's collection, were written by him, at Oatlands, on receiving a lock of his hair from her Royal Highness the Duchess of York.

Could reliques, as at Rome they show,
Work miracles on earth below,

This hallow'd little lock of hair
Might soothe the patriot's anxious care ;
Might, to St. Stephen's chapel brought,
Inspire each noble, virtuous thought
With which its echoing benches rung,
Whilst thunders roll'd o'er Fox's tongue ;—
Alas ! alas ! the vision's vain !
From the dark grave none come again.
That spirits wait on human weal
Is but the dream of holy zeal ;
Yet, not for that less dear should be
Whate'er may lift my mind to thee ;—
And this shall tell beyond the grave,
The head that bore, the hand that gave !

It is singular, considering the number of witty but briefless barristers, which either an increase in the population and therefore in their own numbers, or a disinclination to employ them, has left in the enjoyment of learned leisure ; that not one of them should have amused himself and others with the biography of their great model, and collected the *jeux d'esprit*, impromptus, and other memorials of his humour and talent, with which he used to "humbug the jury, and browbeat the judge." The description of the dinner-party at the Duke of York's is an interesting specimen of the light and lively spirit which, at sixty-two years of age, animated this great advocate's leisure hours, after his retirement from public life. His egotism, which has so often been complained of by his contemporaries, and which has been alluded to by Sheridan in The Eagle and the Wren,

"I'm quite contented with my own applause,"

is certainly not perceptible in that poem. Lord Erskine seems to have been amiably occupied in selecting topics for praise in others, instead of extorting their admiration for himself, which he is represented by Lord Byron to have done, to a most unpleasant degree, in the summer of the very same year. They were dining together at Middleton, Lord Jersey's, and, in Byron's words,

"amongst a goodly company of lords, ladies, and wits, &c., there was * * * *, Erskine too! Erskine was there, good, but intolerable. He jested, he talked, he did every thing admirably, but then he would be applauded for the same thing twice over; he would read his own verses, his own paragraph, and tell his own story again and again, and then the 'Trial by Jury,' I almost wished it abolished—for I sat next to him at dinner. As I had read his published speeches, there was no occasion to repeat them to me." Lord Byron, who was only twenty-five years of age when he made this flippant remark, appears to have dwelt frequently and severely upon this point of Lord Erskine's character, for he says, "March 6th, 1814. On that day I dined with Rogers: Sheridan told a very good story of himself and Mademoiselle Recamier's handkerchief:—Erskine, a few stories of himself." If Lord Erskine was vain, which appears to be universally admitted, he had at least good grounds for being so; though not on account of his poetry—very nearly all that Lord Byron had to be proud of; and this he was, as Lucifer himself: had he lived to Counsellor Ego's age, he might possibly have talked over Childe Harold, and The Corsair, till his hearers were sick of listening to him. In his youth the noble poet was certainly not deficient in anxiety for praise, as his actions, and talented lampoon upon better men than himself, though not such clever poets, fully attest. Brummell was very intimate with Lord Byron: he not only speaks of him in the letter which accompanied his album, when he presented it to his young friend, but also in another, given towards the close of this memoir. In that, he alluded to a correspondence that existed between them "in our familiar days;" and as the two following pieces of his Lordship's poetry, taken from the album, are not printed in the latest edition of his works, I venture to hope that they have never been published.

TO ONE WHO PROMISED ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

LORD BYRON.

Vow not at all, but if thou must,
Oh! be it by some slender token;
Since pious pledge, and plighted trust,
And holiest ties, too oft are broken.
Then by this dearest trifle swear,
And if thou lov'st as I would have thee,
This votive ringlet's tenderest hair
Will bind thy heart to that I gave thee.

TO ——

LORD BYRON.

Go—! triumph securely—the treacherous vow
Thou hast broken, I keep but too painfully now;
But never again shalt thou be to my heart
What thou wert—what I fear for a moment thou art:
To see thee—to love thee—what heart could do more?
To love thee—to lose thee, 'twere vain to deplore!
Ashamed of my weakness, however beguiled,
I shall bear like a man what I feel like a child.
If a frown cloud my brow, yet it lours not on thee;
If my heart should seem heavy, at least it is free:
But thou, in the pride of new conquest elate,
Alas! even envy shall feel for thy fate.—
For the first step of error none e'er could recall,
And the woman once fallen for ever must fall;
Pursue to the last the career she begun,
And be false unto many, as faithless to one;
And they who have loved thee will leave thee to mourn,
And they who have hated will laugh thee to scorn;
And he who adored thee—must weep to foretell
The pangs which will punish thy falsehood too well.

The following stanzas, certainly possessing as much originality as any that have yet been given, were the last that Brummell inscribed in his common-place book. They must have struck his fancy much, for it was evident, by the carelessness of the writing compared with every other piece in the book, that he had long ceased to make any additions to it. In them the author apostrophizes the bird of night, on the subject of Weir's murder, by the cold-blooded villain Thurtell, in Gill's-hill Lane, near

Elstree, Herts, on the evening of the 24th of October, 1824. The principal features of this notorious crime are dexterously introduced, and the reader may fancy the feathered witness of it, one of the owls in Der Freischutz, who, with dilated eye and waving wings, relates the dark horrors he beheld.

ON WEIR'S MURDER.

REV. J. MITFORD.

Owl! that lovest the boding sky!
In the murky air
What saw'st thou there?
For I heard through the fog thy screaming cry.
"The maple's head
Was glowing red,
And red were the wings of the autumn sky;
But a redder gleam
Rose from the stream
That dabbled my feet as I glided by!"

Owl! that lovest the stormy sky!
Speak! oh speak!
What crimson'd thy beak,
And hung on the lids of thy staring eye?
"'Twas blood, 'twas blood!
And it rose like a flood,
And for this I scream'd as I glided by!"

Owl! that lovest the midnight sky!
Again, again,
Where are the twain?
"Look! while the moon is hurrying by:—
In the thicket's shade
The one is laid,
You may see through the boughs his moveless eye."

Owl! that lovest the moonless sky!
A step beyond,
From the silent pond,
There rose a low and a moaning cry;
On the water's edge,
Through the trampled sedge,
A bubble burst, and it gurgled by:
My eyes were dim,
But I look'd from the brim,
And I saw in the weeds a dead man lie!

Owl! that lovest the darken'd sky!
Where the casements blaze
With the faggots raise,
Look! oh look! what seest thou there?
Owl! what's this?
That snort and hiss!
And why do thy feathers shiver and stare?
"'Tis he, 'tis he!
He sits mid the three,
And a breathless woman is on the stair!"

Owl! that lovest the cloudy sky!
Where clank the chains
Through the prison panes—
What there thou hearest tell to me:
"In her midnight dream,
'Tis a woman's scream,
And she calls on one—on one of the three."
Look in once more
Through the grated door—
"'Tis a soul that prays in agony."

Owl! that hatest the morning sky!
On thy pinions grey
Away! away!
I must pray in charity,
From midnight chime
To morning prime,—
Miserere, Domine!

Thurtell's victim was buried in the churchyard of the village of Elstree, a little off the road from London to St. Alban's, and in the chancel of the church are also the remains of Miss Ray, the unfortunate mistress of Lord Sandwich, the circumstances of whose violent death have already been mentioned. The talented author of these lines gave me permission to insert them here, and to that gentleman, Mr. Leigh Hunt, and the Rev. A. Dyce, I am indebted for much kind and valuable assistance, in my endeavours to ascertain what portions of the poetry in Brummell's album had already been published. This has, I trust, together with my own researches, protected me from the error of publishing, as a novelty,

what has been printed before,—a remark which I hope will also apply correctly to the remaining little pieces and epigrams : they were entered anonymously, and with the exception of the epigrams, may or may not be, what he designates in his note, as some of his own "namby-pamby productions;" if so, the following was probably written at Calais or Caen.

TO MISS F——.

Though such unbounded love you swear,
'Tis only art I see;
Can I believe that one so fair
Should ever dote on me?

Say that you hate, and freely show
That age displeases youth,
And I may love you when I know
That you can speak the truth.

THE YOUNGER BROTHER'S CLAIM.

Whene'er in rapturous praise I speak
Of Susan's eye, of Susan's cheek,
And own my ardent flame;
They tell me that I praise in vain,
For Susan proudly will disdain
A *younger* brother's claim.

Yet my fond heart will not resign
The hope it form'd to call her mine,
When first my eyes beheld her;
I still believe my Bible true,
For there 'tis clearly proved that you,
Susannah, hate an Elder.

LES MILLES COLONNES.

Boast, Versailles, thy hundred fountains;
Paris, boast thy marble domes;
Jove may take thine air-built mountains,
Pluto take thy catacombs.

Place Vendôme let Mars arouse, and
Raise one column o'er War's throne;
Cupid elsewhere builds a thousand,
Vive! ah, vive les Milles Colonnes.

English, French, there throng together
Round a dame too fair to view;
Who with glove of white kid leather,
Rings a bell of or-molu.

Prince Eugene's Italian throne is
Hers, her smile confers the ton,
Men who once preferr'd Tortoni's,
Now frequent les Milles Colonnes.

Pallas wove her Mechlin laces,
Amphitrite strung her pearls,
Iris tinged that face of faces,
Flora dress'd those towering curls.

But the Queen of love and joy, all
Heaven forsook, her azure zone
Casting in the Palais Royal,
Round la dame des Milles Colonnes.

As the dog of Nile when drinking
Coy the alligator shuns,
Quaffs the stream with terror shrinking,
Runs and laps, and laps and runs;

Dread, fond youths, this Gallic Circe,
Sip your demie-tasse alone:
Love and Beauty know no mercy,
Fly! ah, fly! les Milles Colonnes!

ON THE COLLAR OF A LADY'S DOG.

Je ne promets point de largesse
À quiconque me trouvera:
Qui me ramène à ma maitresse,
Pour récompense——il la verra.

EPIGRAMS.

Certain rimeur, qui jamais ne repose,
Me dit hier arrogamment
Qu'il ne sait point écrire en prose;
Lisez ses vers—vous verrez comme il ment.

Well known, but worthy of a reprint:—

D'UNE FEMME PAR SON MARI.

Ci-gît ma femme; ah! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos, et pour le mien!!

CHAPTER XXII.

Brummell at the Clubs—Watier's—Lord Byron and the Dandies—The ball at the Argyle—Brummell one of the four gentlemen who gave it—The Regent goes to it—The Beau's run of good luck at Hazard—Alderman Combe and Brummell—High play at Watier's—Brummell's continued losses—His friend's good-natured attempt to save him—Ill success of his scheme—Dick the Dandy-killer—A new way to pay old debts—The sixpence with a hole in it—The storm gathering.

At the commencement of Brummell's career, he was generally with the Prince or his great friends, and but seldom at the clubs; so seldom, indeed, that one of his chums in the Tenth told me that he rarely met him at them. He did not at this period require strong excitements, like his friends Sheridan and Fox, and men of similar dispositions; to them the clubs were like night taverns, to which they retired for amusement, after undergoing the terrible sufferings of politicians wisely condemned by the country to legislate for it till midnight. Deep potations, blade bones of mutton, and the music of the dice-box he had, at this time, the good sense to eschew: 'tis true he dropped in occasionally upon their orgies, *pour se dévaliser l'esprit*, and to enjoy the jokes of others, but not to steep his own intellects in wine. After his quarrel with the Prince, he was a great deal more at the clubs, particularly Watier's,[1] which was at the corner of Bolton-street, and extremely select: this club was established by a person of that name, with a

[1] Brummell was also a member of Brookes's; he was proposed by Mr. Fawkener, on the 2nd of April, 1799, and *declined*, as it is delicately expressed in the ledger of the club, in May, 1816.

committee of gentlemen, Brummell being one of its principal supporters. It is thus alluded to by Lord Byron, who calls it the "Dandy Club," and he speaks of Lord Alvanley, Brummell, Mildmay, and Pierrepoint, as the four chiefs.

"I liked the Dandies," says the noble Poet; "they were all very civil to me, although in general they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame de Staël, Lewis, Horace Twiss, and the like, most damnably. They persuaded Madame de Staël that A—— had a hundred thousand a year, &c., &c., till she praised him to his face for his beauty, and made a set at him for—, and a hundred fooleries besides. The truth is, that though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough of it to conciliate the great ones, at five-and-twenty. I had gamed and drunk, and taken my degrees in most dissipations, and having no pedantry, and not being overbearing, we ran on quietly together. I knew them all, more or less, and they made me a member of Watier's, (a superb club at that time,) being, as I take it, the only literary man, except two others, (both men of the world,) Moore and Spencer, in it. Our masquerade was a grand one, so was the Dandy ball too."

This memorable fête was given at the Argyle Rooms in July, 1813, by the four gentlemen already mentioned, after winning a very considerable sum one evening at hazard. Elated with their run of good luck, they very gallantly determined to give a fancy ball, one that would astonish their friends: a serious question however arose among them, whether they should or should not invite the Prince, who had previously quarrelled with Brummell and Sir Henry Mildmay; but after a long, loyal, and solemn discussion on this most important subject, Brummell very properly laid aside his own feelings, and it was agreed that Mr. Pierrepoint should sound the Regent, and ascertain if he would like to accept the

invitation. The Prince immediately intimated, and with some eagerness, his desire to be invited, and he accordingly was so, in the names of *all* the four votaries of Terpsichore; and on the night in question my informant went early, with a few others, in order that they might get well placed, for the purpose of witnessing the manner in which His Royal Highness would notice Brummell and Sir Henry.

When the Prince arrived he made one of his stately bows to Lord Alvanley and Mr. Pierrepoint, and shook each of them cordially by the hand; but of the other two gentlemen he took no notice whatever, nor would he even appear to know that they were present. The consequence was, that when the Regent retired, Brummell, justly incensed at the insult thus publicly and designedly put upon him, would not attend him to his carriage: this the Prince did not fail to observe, and the next day, when speaking of the circumstance, said, "Had Brummell taken the cut I gave him good-humouredly, I would have renewed my intimacy with him," which, in conformity with the feeling thus expressed, he never afterwards did. This anecdote is in strong contrast to the general opinion, that the Prince was the most finished gentleman of his day. Surely it was undignified on his part, to take advantage of his rank, and cut his old companion when he was actually his guest, and certain that he could not retaliate.

When Brummell first commenced play, he was very successful, the case with nine men out of ten, and on one occasion, he won six-and-twenty thousand pounds—pretty high play for a man whose patrimony did not much exceed that sum. His friends after this lucky hit, strongly recommended him to buy an annuity; but, he either refused to adopt the suggestion, or neglected to act with sufficient promptitude upon their advice, and, a few nights after, he lost it all again. The following is an example of his success and of his impudence, and also

the rather unusual circumstance of his getting the worst of a joke. The loser was the late Alderman Combe, also a great gamester, and who, though unsuccessful in this instance, made, it is said, as much money by his dexterity at play, as he did by brewing. One evening while he filled the office of Lord Mayor of London, he was busily engaged at a full Hazard-table at Brookes's, where the wit and the dice-box circulated together with great glee, and where Brummell was also one of the party, "Come, *Mash-tub*," said the Beau, who was the caster, "what do you set?" "Twenty-five guineas," answered the Alderman. "Well, then, have at the Mayor's pony[1] only, and seven 's the main," replied Brummell; and he continued to throw until he drove home the Brewer's twelve ponies running; he then rose from his chair, and, making him a low bow whilst pocketing the cash, exclaimed; "Thank you, Alderman; in future I shall never drink any porter but yours." "I wish, Sir," said Combe, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same."[2]

The reaction, however, came at last; the stakes were too high, and the purses of his companions too long, for him to stand against any continued run of bad luck; indeed, the play at Watier's, which was very deep, eventually ruined the club, as well as Brummell, and several other members of it; a certain Baronet now living is asserted to have lost ten thousand pounds there at *écarté*, at one sitting: but play ran high at all the clubs; "Pay fifteen hundred pounds to Lord * * *," said the late Marquis of H. one night to the croupier, at White's—it was for one rubber of whist. "It should, however, be remarked," added the member of this club who mentioned the circumstance to me, "the order was more often given by the noble Marquis's adversary." The influx of foreigners, in the years 1814 and 1815, greatly

[1] In gaming slang, *a pony* means twenty-five guineas.

[2] New Monthly Magazine.

contributed to increase the taste for play at this period, and the celebrity gained by Blucher, at the baths of Pyrmont, did not desert him in London. Gay and gallant Guardsmen too, fresh from their late achievements in the field, and tired of "roughing it on a beefsteak and a bottle of port," were eagerly bent on indemnifying themselves for the hardships they had undergone; Almacks and the Clubs were burning to receive them, the women were all crazy to have them in their drawing rooms, and they lost no time in making love, as ardently as they had made war; or, in losing their back pay, that had accumulated by a disease under which the army in Spain had frequently and severely suffered—an affection of the military chest. Elder brothers, who unfortunately did not fight, were immediately laid under contribution; at least all those who were able and willing to honour the heroes and their cheques; and these new levies, or a portion of them, also found their way to the board of green cloth. The season of 1814 saw Brummell a winner, and a loser likewise, and this time he lost not only his winnings, but "an unfortunate ten thousand pounds," which, when relating the circumstance to a friend many years afterwards, he said, was all that remained at his banker's.

One night, the fifth of a most relentless run of ill luck, his friend Pemberton Mills heard him exclaim that he had lost every shilling, and only wished some one would bind him never to play again;—"I will," said Mills, and, taking out a ten pound note he offered it to Brummell, on condition that he should forfeit a thousand, if he played at White's within a month from that evening. The Beau took it, and for a few days discontinued coming to the club; but about a fortnight after, Mills, happening to go in, saw him hard at work: of course the thousand pounds was forfeited; but his friend, instead of claiming it, merely went up to him, and touching him gently on the shoulder, said, "Well, Brummell, you may

at least give me back the ten pounds you had the other night."

He was at last completely beggared, though for some time he continued to hold on by the help of funds raised on the mutual security of himself and his friends, some of whom were not in a much more flourishing condition than himself; their names however, and still more their expectations, lent a charm to their bills, in the eyes of the usurers, and money was procured; of course at ruinous interest. It is said, that some unpleasant circumstances, connected with the division of one of these loans, occasioned the Beau's expatriation, and that a personal altercation took place between Brummell and a certain Mr. M——, when that gentleman accused him of taking the lion's share.

The author will not undertake to say to whom, or to what extent, culpability is to be attached in this affair: Brummell might have hoped that a turn of luck would enable him to retrieve his losses, and repay those of whom he had borrowed; and as to the punctuality attending the payment of play-debts at White's and Brookes's, it does not appear that a want of it was at all unusual,—that is, if we are to judge by the letters of Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, and others. The impossibility, however, of settling this quarrel, is assigned by Lord Byron as the reason which led to Brummell's departure from England. "When Brummell," says his Lordship, "was obliged by that affair of poor M——, who thence acquired the name of Dick the Dandy-killer, (it was about money, and debt, and all that,) to retire to France," &c., &c. Certain it is that he was well acquainted with the money-lenders, for several of these parchments emerged from their obscurity during Brummell's sojourn at Calais. Some of these bonds were drawn by Lord C——, the Marquis of——, and George Bryan Brummell, and, as fragments of them were occasionally sent to one of his friends there, to mix his snuff in, it may be

presumed that at least a few of these proofs of mutual love and affection had been redeemed; but there is also every reason for supposing that, in similar transactions, several of his obligations were left unfulfilled: those who were parties to them suffered of course by his departure, and I believe no one more so than Lord R—— M——.

Among the numerous anecdotes with which he has been charged, is one which applies specially to his indifference on these matters. According to this *on dit*, Brummell once consented to borrow five hundred pounds of an individual who, from his position in society, had some difficulty in getting introduced into the world of fashion, and who hoped that his assistance in the emergency referred to, would secure him, through the Beau's influence, the much-desired honour: it did so, but not exactly in the manner that he expected, for, when in Brummell's decadence his applications for payment became frequent, and of course annoying, the falling meteor at last replied, that he had already paid him: "Paid me," said Mr. ——, "When?" "When?" re-echoed Brummell, with assumed indignation, "why when I was standing at the window at White's, and said as you passed—Ah, how do you do, Jemmy?" But verily "there is a tide in the affairs of men," particularly in such men, and it was a neap one with him: Fortune, who had been his housekeeper so long, now fairly gave him warning; it was useless calling for fresh cards, the game was up. Yet, great as his extravagance was, it was play that completed his ruin: had he refrained from gaming, this great man might have lived all his life on the sunny side of St. James's Street! and been buried by the side of his respectable ancestor, in the churchyard of that parish, instead of wearing away a monotonous existence upon the charity of his friends, in pacing the dirty streets of a continental town.

Brummell had a very odd way of accounting for the sad change which took place in his affairs at this time.

"He used," observes one of his friends at Caen, "when talking about his altered circumstances, to say, that up to a particular period of his life every thing prospered with him, and that he attributed this good luck to the possession of a certain silver sixpence, with a hole in it, which somebody had given him years before, with an injunction to take good care of it, as everything would go well with him so long as he did, and *vice versa*, if he happened to lose it. The promised prosperity attended him for many years, whilst he held the sixpence fast but having at length, in an evil hour, unfortunately given it by mistake to a hackney-coachman, a complete reverse of his previous good fortune took place, and one disastrous occurrence succeeded to another, till actual ruin overtook him at last, and obliged him to expatriate himself. On my asking him why he did not advertise, and offer a reward for the lost treasure, he said, 'I did, and twenty people came with sixpences having holes in them to obtain the promised reward, but mine was not amongst them.' 'And you never afterwards,' said I, 'ascertained what became of it?' 'Oh! yes,' he replied, 'no doubt that rascal Rothschild, or some of his set, got hold of it.' If you think the foregoing *plaisanterie* worth inserting, do so; I can vouch for its authenticity, as it occurred in conversation with myself. Whatever poor Brummell's superstitious tendencies may have generally been, he had unquestionably a superstitious veneration for his lost sixpence." But to continue: a cloud also had for some time been gathering over his fame as well as his fortunes; the *prestige* of his name was going, and his fiat no longer regarded; public events had eclipsed him, and the ladies of the *beau monde* were far more interested in hero worship, or in procuring a hair from the tail of Platoff's horse, than securing the good opinion of the once all-powerful dictator. Brummell and Buonaparte, who had hitherto divided the attention of the world, fell almost together;

the former being doomed to the mortification of seeing his share bestowed on the sea-fight in the Serpentine, the Chinese Pagoda, and Oldenburg hats, and his cleanliness forgotten in that of the fierce sons of the Don.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Symptoms of a move—Brummell's epistle to his friend Scrope Davis—The wit's laconic reply—His extraordinary *penchant* at college—Brummell cuts his cable, and comes to an anchor at Calais—The Author passes through that town—Boxing, gouging, and the *savate*—The table d'hôte at the Royal—The mysterious stranger—A walk on the market-place—English refugees—Various reasons for expatriation.

At length the pressing solicitations of the Dandy-killer made London—London, in the height of the season,—positively unpleasant to the unfortunate Antonio, who would perhaps have given a pound of flesh, ay, and perhaps more, to have averted the crisis; but his creditor was no Shylock, and ducats there were none, so there was but one alternative left, and on the 16th of May, 1816, he suddenly retired from the stage on which he had played such a conspicuous part. On this eventful Thursday, he dined off a cold fowl and a bottle of claret, which was sent him from Watier's, and it is said that only a few hours before he took wing, he wrote the following laconic note to one of his *intimes* :—

My dear Scrope,

Lend me two hundred pounds; the banks are shut, and all my money is in the three per cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow morning.

Yours,

George Brummell.

His friend, very probably thinking that he was hard up, immediately sent him this equally laconic reply :—

My dear George,

'Tis very unfortunate; but all my money is in the three per cents.

Yours,

S. Davies.[1]

"Scrope Davies," says Lord Byron, "is a wit, and a man of the world, and feels as much as such a character can do." In this respect the resemblance between the two friends was sufficiently strong, and, if the anecdote is true, the answer could scarcely have occasioned Brummell any surprise. But he was not a man to moralize upon it, or soliloquize in front of his club or the houses of his friends, those houses in which he had been so often a welcome guest; though, as he passed them this evening for the last time, the future must have pressed itself upon his mind, with a very cheerless and unpromising aspect. On the night that he left London, the Beau was seen as usual at the Opera, but he left early, and, without returning to his lodgings, stepped into a chaise which had been procured for him by a noble friend, and met his own carriage a short distance from town. Travelling all night as fast as four post-horses and liberal donations could enable him, the morning of the 17th dawned on him at Dover, and immediately on his arrival there, he hired a small vessel, put his carriage

[1] A clergyman, a friend of mine, told me that he was once roused from his slumbers in the dead of the night, by a violent knocking at his bed-room door, and a shrill female voice, calling out in accents of terror, "Sir, sir, Mary's a beginning to cut her throat," another Abigail of the establishment. I allude to the circumstance, as an introduction to an anecdote told of Scrope Davies, who, when at Cambridge, is said to have cut his, after every Newmarket meeting; indeed so frequently did he amuse himself in this way, that on one occasion the medical man who was sent for, refused to hurry when he heard it was Scrope's throat that he was required to sew up, saying, "There is no danger of him, I have done that six times already." Knowing that Mr. D—— has survived this extraordinary habit forty years, I trust that I shall not be accused of imputing to him any intention of becoming a *felo de se*.

on board, and was landed in a few hours on the other side. By this time, the West End had awoke and missed him ; particularly his tradesmen and his enemies, both of whom had long scores against him.

In much less haste, and happily with a very different object in view, I took my departure for France in the spring of 1842. Calais lay in my route, and in the few days I remained there, I collected the little that was remembered of the Beau's history, during his long residence in that sanctuary of English debtors. The absurd privileges of by-gone times, which were so long left untouched by corrupt Governments, are now falling rapidly before the power of public opinion ; and perhaps no greater proof of the desire to promote the interests of honest men has been given in the treaties with foreign powers of late years, than that clause which has opened the shores of America to the righteous claims of justice. To her demands "la Grande Nation" is still deaf, but though it may be an Utopian idea to suppose that any particular creed of the Christian religion will ever be universal, we may at least hope that this, the greatest of its attributes, will at some period be recognized by all mankind : with us the principle of leaving the course of justice free has long been recognized, and the last remnant of a contrary character was destroyed, when the privileges of the Isle of Man were abrogated. While the rogue has been thus defeated in his plans of emigration, greater facilities for arranging his difficulties, and a greater share of personal liberty, have been afforded to the honest debtor : for the protection of such men, no country can show a more humane code of laws than England.[1]

If there was any one on board the Belfast absconding

[1] Since the above was written, and on the 13th of February of the past year, 1843, a Convention was signed between England and France, for the mutual surrender in certain cases of persons fugitive from justice.

from them, or his creditors, the slow rate at which we made our way down the river, against the still flowing tide, must have given him some qualms, even while we were in smooth water, for a silver oar might easily have overtaken us before we reached Gravesend. Old Father Thames is always a stirring sight to an Englishman, but the Pool was nearly clear of shipping, owing to the lengthened set-in of westerly winds: and not even a barge was run down, or a wherry swamped, to enliven the tedium of looking at the sedgy banks of the Essex shore. Tired of nature, I turned to my steaming companions; but with them, alas! all was unprofitable as on terra firma; they were as taciturn as Englishmen, when strangers, and dependent entirely on each other for amusement, usually are; and the only sociable creature on board was Boatswain, the captain's Newfoundland dog, whose good opinion I soon secured with a biscuit: it would have been difficult to say how long it would have taken me to secure that of my companions. It was night when we reached our destination, but there was still light enough to see, that the "juste milieu" authorities had grubbed up the plate on the pier that marked the spot on which Louis the Eighteenth

"Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet"—

his left foot: unfortunate omen! when he returned from his exile. Every thing else wore the same aspect here as on a previous visit, when, to prevent me from introducing the cholera, I was obliged to submit to a quarantine of three days, in company with a Spanish courier, as highly seasoned with garlic as any *olla podrida* that he had ever eaten. A villainous place near Fort Rouge was the one appointed for our purification; whether that happy consummation was ever obtained by my companion, in this world, I will not undertake to say positively—in purgatory it might have been just possible. The morning after my arrival I took a stroll on the

ramparts, and found Hogarth's Gate looking not a day older; the fishwomen and their skate not a whit more handsome; they—the women, not the skate—still wearing huge gold earrings, and blue-and-red worsted stockings and petticoats. The habits of the people, at any rate those of the lower orders, appeared to have remained as unchanged as their costume; and it still happens that a Frenchman may be seen to bite his friend's nose off on the Grande Place, in the squabbles that take place on a market-day, or beat his head in with his *sabot* after he has got him down.

Boxing may be termed a noble science, though the exhibitions in the prize-ring of late years have led many to think it otherwise; as the lion does not yet lie down with the lamb, nor is likely to do so for some time to come, the utility of "the noble art of self-defence" must be acknowledged—in so far as it restrains all unfair and savage propensities, when men will not settle a quarrel without proceeding to blows. What will its enemies say to the execrable American practice of gouging? or the disgusting mode of fighting, indulged in by our neighbours, called the "savate?" It was, probably, a detestation of these, or other brutalities, and a conviction of the necessity of maintaining in the more humble classes what is natural to every Englishman, a love of fair play, that induced such men as the late Duke of York, Lord Albemarle, the present Lord Grey, Mr. Wyndham, and others, to countenance the prize-ring by their presence.

Calais has great attractions in the eyes of a "Levanter," but, I imagine, in his only: he sleeps securely within its walls, and does but dream of those which might have held him within their stern embrace in his own country. With all its disagreeables of "canaux et canaille," and its deficiencies of all sorts, there is one fact which must recommend Calais, not only to the debtor, but to every Englishman, above all the towns in

"The vine-covered hills and gay regions of France"—

it is the nearest to Shakespeare's Cliff in that country of England, which the Beau, in the amusing quintessence of his refinement, always spoke of as "Albion."

Various are the shades of guilt or necessity that have made it expedient for so many of our countrymen to expatriate themselves to this uninteresting place, and to give a detailed account of the reasons which have induced the greater portion of the English residents to cross the Channel would, indeed, be a work of labour, and invidious as well as useless; but, without concerning oneself upon the subject, it was impossible to take a morning walk and not meet some of them loitering about the streets, and hearing of their various misdemeanours.

The "table d'hôte," at the Royal, introduced me to a countryman, who was, I firmly believed, an unfortunate *échappé* of some sort, but what I could not divine; and such a surmise was not uncharitable at Calais, where a "table d'hôte" is scarcely *en règle* without one.

The stranger sat opposite to me, and I saw at the first glance that he was not a debtor; or, if so, not a *chevalier d'industrie*, or a ruined man about town; he was too well dressed to be either; moreover his countenance had not the slightest characteristic of the genus Diddler. His face was one of those faces which the French call *impassible*, and looked as if it had never been ruffled since his last flagellation at school, some fifty years before. I allude only to his nose and mouth, for his eyes were concealed by a pair of dark green goggles, which defied all speculation as to the shape or colour of the features behind them. During the repast he ate but little, and spoke less; and I observed that he appeared very uneasy and fidgetty whenever the door was opened by the servants on entering the *salle*. Once, too, during dinner, he removed his spectacles, and then I saw that his eyes were as strong as the bull's-eyes in a ship's deck: indeed, I felt from this moment certain that they

were put on as a disguise. While speculating, however, in my own mind what this mysterious elderly gentleman could be, or why, with such eyes, he wore goggles, the dinner concluded—and as I was sipping the remainder of my Bordeaux and watching the assiduous manner in which he continued chopping up his apple-parings, the waiter came in and announced the arrival of the English mail. Ah! how strangely was the stout gentleman agitated at this intelligence! how he chopped away! I could hear him breathing as loud as the beast in Sinbad's cave; and his complexion, from being the colour of the *vin ordinaire* before him, became as white as the table-cloth—indeed, whiter, for that was, as usual at every "table d'hôte," anything but white. "Are you unwell, Sir?" said I across the table. "No, Sir, thank you," replied the stranger hesitatingly; and, while he was yet speaking, the *garçon* again entered with a bundle of English newspapers. The forced calmness of his demeanour now forsook him altogether; off went his goggles, and before the papers were well out of the waiter's hands, he seized one of them. How he trembled as he tore away the envelope!—how he buried his eyes in the type! He seemed to throw each into a different column to skim it the quicker—down the middle and up again; his organs of vision were fairly dancing a country-dance. At length the *Times* was scanned, was searched in every part, and, having terminated his examination, he, to my surprise, threw it down, quite careless of the general contents.

The suspicious goggles were then replaced, and monosyllables came slowly from between his half-closed lips—"Oh! ha! very odd!" and then a groan, and then a pause,—and then a "Not yet," like the thief in Ali Baba; and the good man threw himself back in his chair with a most hopeless expression of countenance. Very soon after he left the room, and my compassion being increased rather than diminished, I followed him out into

the court-yard of the hotel, and approached him. "You appeared anxious to see the paper, Sir," said I; "was there any news?" "Nothing particular," replied the stout gentleman; "funds wonderfully high—wonderfully high; ninety-three, Sir, ninety-three; but it is a mere flash in the pan, Peel must go out." How I happened to fix upon the subject I know not, but my next inquiry was, whether the election petitions were concluded. He started, as if I had been a rattle-snake; and, struggling to gain composure for his answer, another "Not yet" came from his rotundity in thick and laboured accents. In a few minutes he was confidential, and I was informed why he was domiciled in Calais. "Sir, you see before you a most unfortunate individual; but let me ask you first of all whether you are a Whig?" "No, Sir," said I, "I am not now; they are extinct." "Well, Sir, Whig or Tor"—I frowned—"Conservative I mean,—no offence, Sir,—I hope no offence; but cannot you feel for a man in my situation?" "That I can," I replied; "but pray what is your situation? are you in debt, Sir?" "In debt! no, Sir;" and the gentleman looked dreadfully shocked at the imputation,—the green spectacles rose at least half an inch. "Why then here?" I continued. "Ah, Sir! you may well inquire why I, one of the first merchants in Liverpool, am living in this frog-hole of a place. I hate the French, Sir, and thank Heaven I do not speak a word of their language: the fact is,"—and the old man sunk his voice to a whisper, and looked anxiously round the court,—"the fact is, Sir, I am here to get out of the way, Sir—out of the way of a Speaker's warrant." Then came all the details of the election, how the Tory member bribed, and how the affable Lady Anne had induced him to administer to the necessity of the electors on the other side; and finally, what a martyr he was to the cause.

A month in Calais, away from his wife and children, and his coal fire and bottle of port, to say nothing of his

ledgers, had however worked a miracle with the enthusiastic reformer, and most solemnly did he swear never to have anything more to do with elections or Lady Annes again. "Sir, they may return who they like for me in future;" and as the exiled merchant said this we reached the Grande Place. There he drew my attention to several Englishmen who were promenading up and down, and pointed out certain individuals amongst them who had acquired an unenviable notoriety in England. "That person crossing the square," said my informant, "is Mr. R——o, who figured in the Exchequer Bill affair; that one moving off through the crowd is Mr. M——, a forger in another line; and that dissipated looking fellow crossing to the Hotel de Ville, at one time drove his four-in-hand, and was one of the most wealthy commoners in England. The only thing he drives now is a hard bargain, which he does with every tradesman he deals with." A political refugee was next pointed out as the ex-radical candidate for Marylebone; and in conversation with him, was a dark-looking, pock-marked, black-whiskered man in a blue great coat, and two yards of red comforter. "Who do you think he is?" said my Cicerone. "I can't imagine, perhaps a fisherman."

"Oh no! he is an English policeman in disguise, just come over to arrest three well-known jail birds, who have lately committed a burglary with horrible violence near Nottingham, and, as I live, Sir, there go the rascals —look! near the *café* in fustian jackets and corduroys. See how they are laughing at B 64; and well they may, for do you know the French government has refused to give the scoundrels up! The only chance the policeman has is to kidnap them when they are drunk, and smuggle them on board the packet; but he has been here a fortnight, and they have not yet given him an opportunity." "And are you acquainted with any of the *soi-disant gentlemen* delinquents?" "Oh no! replied my now

talkative acquaintance, "I heard their histories from the Englishman who sat on my right at the 'table d'hôte.' He meets every packet that comes in, and if it arrives in the morning, knows, before I meet him at dinner, the name, height, parentage, and age of half the passengers; their business, both here and at home; whether they are in the army or the fleet, the church or the law; whether they are travelling solely for amusement or escaping from their creditors; or whether they are, like myself, Sir, keeping out of the way of a Speaker's warrant. I know your name, Sir; your name is Jesse; you are in the army; you live at Brighton; and your age is thirty-two." "And how on earth does he know this?" said I. "Easy enough," replied my acquaintance; "my right-hand neighbour is acquainted with all the *commissionaires*, and sees all the passports when they take them to be *visés*."

A man-monkey in a cocked hat and red breeches, who had just perched himself on a chair to astonish the natives of the environs, (for it was market day,) now commenced "Grenadier, que tu m'afflige!" in tones less human than those of his crazy violin; and, making my bow to the irreproachable and independent elector, I elbowed my way through the crowd, and soon found myself at the door of Mons. Leleux, in the Rue Royale, where Brummell lodged during his residence at Calais.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Brummell's lodgings in the Rue Royale—His good-natured landlord—M. Leleux's regard for him—Proofs of it—Brummell's effects sold by auction in London—Copy of Mr. Christie's Bill of Sale—The snuff-box that was destined for the Regent—Brummell furnishes his rooms—His passion for buhl furniture—Ridiculous extravagance in the indulgence of it—His Sêvres china—Napoleon's paper weight—The Beau's conundrum snuff-box.

M. Leleux's house, originally the old Hotel d'Angleterre, is on the right-hand side of the street, and but a few yards from the Hotel de Ville: the two oval frames that are still seen over what in former days was the gateway, once encircled portraits of George the Second and his Queen; but these *bas reliefs* were destroyed by the rioters during the popular outbreaks of the Revolution. Half-a-dozen doors farther on, is a shop which has for its sign "Au Pauvre Diable," not an inappropriate one in the town of Calais.

Pressing down the latch of M. Leleux's door, the noise of which was the signal for opening another, at the extremity of the shop, I stood in the presence of the best bookseller in Calais, and one of its most good-natured-looking citizens. His cap, with that odd snipe-bill-looking peak so commonly seen in France, and my best André, were immediately raised; and to my request that he would assist me in gleaning some intelligence of the deceased Beau, he acceded with ready politeness, and with a frank and soldier-like bearing that I certainly thought smacked not of the *Garde Nationale.* In my further intercourse with him I found that my surmise was correct: it had been acquired in the tent of Miranda, during the wars of the South American republics, for M.

Leleux was secretary to that celebrated man. countenance lighted up as he spoke of his old lo and, having opened the trenches of conversatio taking a large pinch of snuff, he commenced a ki recitative of his sayings and doings, which unfortunately amounted to very little in the end. "Ah, mon cher Monsieur," said the old *militaire*, "je n'ai aucun documens de lui. Je pourrais cependant vous fournir quelques petits détails, et cela volontiers. D'abord c'est moi qui l'avait bien connu, car quatorze ans il a demeuré dans cette maison, et je vous ferai voir son appartement;" and we ascended the staircase together to the first floor.

"This, Sir," observed M. Leleux, in very good English, but with a slight accent, "was his drawing-room, and this one adjoining, his dining-room; you see they are front rooms; his dormitory was on the other side of the passage. After he had resided with me about five years, I allowed him to have the rooms a little to the left of these; they are approached by a different staircase: that suite consisted of a dining-room on the ground-floor, and a drawing-room over it, and a handsome bedroom at the back. It was at this time Mr. Brummell's ambition to obtain the office of consul at Calais, and the gentleman who held it being then in very bad health, made him rather sanguine on the point. The expectation, however, was never fulfilled, for he is still living, and likely to live; but being won over by my *locataire's* persuasive manner, I permitted him to decorate his rooms in his own way; and though he did it very well, I can assure you I was not much the richer for the money he laid out. Mais, Monsieur, le pauvre homme était si amusant, si amusant, qu'on ne pourrait rien lui refuser. Sir, I would have kept him for nothing if he would have stayed: ah! he certainly was a very droll fellow."

Our conversation here terminated, and I took my leave; but on a subsequent visit the old gentleman

showed me over the rooms already alluded to. They must have been very comfortable: but the black and white marble pavement of the private entrance, which Brummell laid down, and the rich crimson paper of the dining-room, are all that remain as evidence of his acknowledged taste and extravagance.

I must now "hark back to his burst from London," when, in the words of Pope, he bid farewell to the "dear d—d distracting town," and left the box of Lady —— with a joke more than usually satirical. The dogs of the law were quickly on the scent; but they no sooner reached Dover than they dropped their tails discouraged, for Reynard, instead of running to earth, had taken the water, and not a hope remained of their catching him. On his arrival at Calais, he took up his temporary abode at Dessin's hotel, then in the hands of Quillacq, to whom he sold his carriage; he remained there a short time, and afterwards hired a set of rooms belonging to the same proprietor.

When Brummell left London, he was living at No. 13, Chapel Street, Park Lane, to which house he had removed from Chesterfield Street, some time before; it belonged to Mr. Hart, the Duke of Gloucester's steward. The change appears to have been much for the worse, a mews gracing one side of the house; his tradesmen also began to whisper that he was getting shaky, and would not pay much longer. By the dinner-service and glass that were disposed of after he left Chapel Street, it seems, that he occasionally entertained his friends in his new residence, though he had discarded his cook on quitting Chesterfield Street. He did not ever replace him, and found, no doubt, that other people's viands were much cheaper than his own, and quite as good; when by any accident he was thrown upon his own resources, he managed to content himself with the best repast Mr. Brookes could provide:—

"Liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill
Was hasty credit and a distant bill."

A few days after his flight, his furniture and effects were sold at public auction by Mr. Christie; the following is a copy of the first page of the book of sale:—

A Catalogue
of
A very choice and valuable assemblage
of
Specimens of the rare old Sêvres Porcelaine,
Articles of Buhl Manufacture,
Curiously Chased Plate,
Library of Books,
Chiefly of French, Italian and English Literature, the best
Editions, and in fine condition.
The admired Drawing of the Refractory School Boy, and others,
exquisitely finished by Holmes, Christall, de Windt,
and Stephanoff.
Three capital double-barrelled Fowling Pieces,
By Manton.
Ten dozen of capital Old Port, sixteen dozen of Claret (Beauvais),
Burgundy, Claret and Still Champagne,
The whole of which have been nine years in bottle in the
Cellar of the Proprietor;
Also, an
Assortment of Table and other Linen, and some Articles of
neat Furniture;
The genuine property of
A MAN OF FASHION,
Gone to the Continent;
Which,
By order of the Sheriff of Middlesex!
Will be Sold by Auction
By Mr. Christie,
On the Premises, No. 13, Chapel-street, Park-lane,
On Wednesday, May 22nd, and following Day.

Amongst the articles of Brummell's furniture, were a mahogany-framed sliding cheval dressing glass on castors, with two brass arms for one light each, a medicine chest, and colour box. The drawing-room had a chimney glass, in a carved ebony frame, chintz furniture

and Brussels carpet; the back drawing-room had also a chimney glass, book-shelves, and library bookcase. The dinner service consisted of twelve oval dishes, twenty soup-plates, seventy-eight meat ditto, nine wine-coolers, a breakfast service for eight persons, three claret jugs, twelve hock glasses, forty wine ditto, decanters, &c. There were sixteen pairs of sheets, forty huckaback towels, napkins, &c. Amongst the Sêvres china was a pair of oval vases, which sold for nineteen guineas; they were green, with flowers and fruit, and mouldings of burnished gold. A small cup and cover of the same, eighteen pounds. An ewer and basin, mazarine blue and gold ground, richly ornamented with birds and exotics finely painted in compartments, with the name of each specimen upon them; the handle of this ewer was silver gilt, and the lot fetched twenty-six pounds. There were also a variety of chocolate cups and other articles, a clock of Vulliamy's, a letter scale—(no doubt, all his letters were franked)—the design a figure of Cupid, weighing a heart with a brace of doves; this was in or-molu on a black marble plinth. A silver tea-kettle embossed and chased, brought forty-seven pounds. There were only six spoons and four forks—how did they happen to be left behind?

Amongst the books were some good historical works, the Standard Poets, two editions of Shakespeare, his friend Ellis's Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, bound in curiously raised calf; the Quarterly and Edinburgh, the Memoirs of de Grammont, Chesterfield's Letters, Berrington's Abelard and Eloisa, and a large collection of novels now forgotten. A family party at dinner by Holmes, fetched eighty-five guineas. There were also editions of Flaxman's designs for the Iliad, Æschylus, and Bürger's Leonora; a copy of the Musée Français, portraits for the Memoirs of de Grammont, prints by Cipriani and Bartolozzi, a portrait in oils of his father's benefactor, Lord North, and portraits of Nelson,

Pitt, the Duke of Rutland, and George the Third. The Beauvais Claret sold for five pounds eight shillings; the Champagne, three pounds five shillings; and the Port, four pounds per dozen.

The sale was attended by many members of the fashionable world, every one being apparently anxious to purchase something; the Duke of York was not there, but he gave orders for some Sêvres china to be bought for him. Purchases were made in this manner by many of his friends. Amongst the company present were Lords Besborough and Yarmouth, Lady Warburton, Sir Henry Smyth, Sir H. Peyton, Sir W. Burgoyne, Sir T. Stepney, Colonels Sheddon and Cotton, General Phipps, Mr. Massy Dawson, Acland, of the Albany, Mr. Mills, of Park-street, Mr. Tower, and the Rev. — Belli.

The competition for the knick-knacks and articles of *virtù* was very great; amongst them was a very handsome snuff-box, which, on being opened by the auctioneer before it was put up, was found to contain a piece of paper with the following sentence, in Brummell's handwriting, upon it :—"This snuff-box was intended for the Prince Regent, if he had conducted himself with more propriety towards me." The proceeds of the sale amounted to about eleven hundred pounds, and the sum was paid to the Sheriff of Middlesex.

But I must return to Calais. Brummell remained but a few months in M. Quillacq's lodgings, from them he removed to the house of M. Leleux, where he remained till he left for Caen, in the September of 1830. He was no sooner in possession of his new apartments, than he set about furnishing them in the most expensive manner; and five-and-twenty thousand francs, which he took with him, or received shortly after his arrival at Calais, were quickly spent in making himself perfectly comfortable in his new abode. He had quite an old dowager's passion for buhl furniture; and in the indulgence of this taste, he expended large sums of money. Many of the most

recherché articles that adorned his *salon* were brought from Paris by a courier, who executed these and other commissions for him, and who gained a profit of thirty thousand francs upon the purchases he made, during the ten or twelve years he was thus employed. This was a large sum; but Brummell, in his absurd mania for such things, sometimes disbursed half as much in one year. Sometimes a *chef-d'œuvre*, a darling cabinet, did not suit; it had then to be disposed of, which it was for half the original cost; at other times, a perfect gem had to be sent back to Paris, of course at his own expense; or perhaps the article was exchanged; in this case his *commissionaire* profited both as buyer and seller.

At length, having bestowed incalculable pains, and many sleepless nights and anxious days, upon this interesting and important subject, he managed, in spite of his extreme fastidiousness and his poverty, to collect a sufficient quantity of buhl and or-molu to furnish his three rooms in the elegant and costly style of Louis Quatorze; and they would have commanded the approbation of the most *enragée* buhl-furniture-fancier of his former clique. He also squandered large sums in bronzes, japanned screens, and whims of every description. On one side of his drawing-room stood a large cabinet, with brass wire doors; these were kept locked with the most jealous care; for they protected, from the familiar and dangerous inspection of his visitors, a service of extremely beautiful Sêvres china. The designs were most exquisite, and on each plate was represented, in colours chaster than the originals, all the celebrated beauties that held such powerful sway over the courts of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth; and, as they were not few in number, the reader may imagine that his inanimate but elegant harem completely filled his buhl seraglio. These portraits were so charmingly done, that the Beau, in the true spirit of a sultan, used to inform his visitors, that it was "almost profanation even to look at these frail fair ones."

The walls of this room were covered with pictures and prints—a few of the former being from the pencil of a young artist of the town, who was patronized by the Beau by way of encouragement. Some favourite books, in handsome suits of morocco or silk, reposed on the card-tables; and, on the circular one in the centre of the apartment, lay a little crowd of valuable snuff-boxes, miniatures, card-cases, paper-weights, and knives, and portfolios, in every variety of gold, enamel, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and tortoiseshell, embossed leather, and embroidered satin. Amongst this collection of expensive trifles were an or-molu greyhound and a *presse-papier* of Sienna marble, surmounted by a small bronze eagle; the latter was presented to him, as a souvenir, by Monsieur de Montrond, Talleyrand's foreman, and had at one time pressed the despatches and private papers of Napoleon. It is now in the author's possession, and not the less valued for having once belonged to the greatest and bitterest enemy England ever had.

Many amongst the multitude of little *bijoux* that ornamented this table were esteemed by him far beyond their intrinsic value; some of them were the *cadeaux* of royalty, and, could they have spoken, especially those that were the gift of an amiable woman, whose charitable remembrance of him will be hereafter alluded to, they might have wiled away many of his lonely hours. His passion for snuff-boxes was extreme: he had one which he only could open, and some friend of his, while he was at Belvoir, tried it with his knife, with the intention, no doubt, of purloining his snuff, which was always excellent. Hearing of the outrage, Brummel said, "Confound the fellow, he takes my snuff-box for an oyster:" but notwithstanding the splendid collection he possessed, and having sent his friend Capel, by permission of the First Lord, to Naples, to procure him a perfect *tabatière*, he actually had one of black shell and gold built at Calais. This he gave to the present Duke of B—, in

exchange for a bank-note of fifty pounds; in other words, that nobleman consented to receive it that he might with more delicacy present him with that sum—for, though a ruined man, Brummell had not yet been subjected to all the dirty degradations that invariably accompany that character, when his ruin is the result of premeditated folly and unrestrained indulgence. This sketch of the drawing-room would be incomplete if I omitted to mention, that the table-cover on which all his useless elegancies were displayed was worked for him by the Duchess of York, and that his easy-chair was the gift of the same kind friend.

Correctness of taste in everything was decidedly the Beau's forte, and, seated in his *fauteuil*, surrounded by his buhl, paintings, prints, knick-knacks, and the Sêvres portraits of the beautiful La Vallière and her discreet rival, he appeared, amongst the heterogeneous medley of English who subsequently attended his levée, nearly the only living creature in keeping with the room and its details.

CHAPTER XXV.

Donations made to Brummell by his friends—The Duchess of York's liberality to him—Her Christmas present—Mr. Chamberlayne—Brummell learns French—Scrope Davies's description of his progress—The Beau's fashionable visitors—Lord Westmoreland invites him to dine—Brummell's reply—The legal intruder—The exile's daily avocations—His dog Vick—Her illness and death—Anecdote from "Granby"—Brummell's grief at the loss of his pet.

CONSIDERING the reduced state of his circumstances, the reader will naturally inquire how it happened that Brummell managed to gratify a taste so little in accordance with them? The answer is, that though a man of fashion, he had an extraordinary number of good friends; and the sums of money that he must have received from various sources, many of them unknown, attest the fact, that he was, at this time, even too generously assisted. A clerk of M. de Vos, a Calais banker, called on him one morning to place a large sum in his hands, that had been paid into their bank the day before; it was stated to me to have been a thousand pounds, but supposing it was only half that amount, it was a large donation. So strict was the incognito preserved, that the fortunate recipient could never trace the gift to the generous individual who sent it. But in the circle of those who administered not only to his wants but to his luxuries (the evil day had not yet come, when he was to find the utmost difficulty in procuring the necessaries of life), no one appears to have extended relief to the expatriated Beau, with more warmth of feeling or delicacy of manner, than the late Duchess of York. The "votre très-affectionnée amie et servante" of more prosperous times, was practically

illustrated towards him to the day of her Royal Highness's death. Every year at Christmas some token of regard was conveyed to him; a purse, a card-case, or note-keeper, the work of her own fair hands; Brummell treasured these proofs of the Duchess's taste and skill, and had several of them remaining when he was at Caen. These little marks of her regard, when opened, were never found empty, and a rustling was always heard within their folds, which no doubt fell agreeably upon ears now so little familiar with the sound of Bank-notes.

But women are ever the most lasting in their attachments, whether of love or friendship, and the conduct of this Royal lady is the more meritorious on account of her high rank; for the opportunities which persons in her exalted station have of witnessing the miseries of human nature are few, and, from ignorance rather than indifference, they frequently are not so much alive to the sufferings of mankind as those who daily witness those sufferings: they bask in the sunshine of perpetual personal comfort, and, while plenty is ever pouring forth her blessings around them, no beggar is allowed to tread the palace courts—poverty is scarcely bold enough to make its appeal to their hearts in person, and language in the form of a petition, however strongly worded, does not truthfully and vividly describe what they seldom or never see.

The Duke of Gloucester also treated Brummell with much kindness and consideration, and when His Royal Highness, in his way through Calais, went down to the Packet to embark, Brummell always accompanied him: had he only imbibed a small portion of the Duke's punctuality in the weekly audit of his accounts, he might perhaps have had the satisfaction of one day returning in his company to the opposite shore. He had also a kind friend in John Chamberlayne, Esq., who contributed to his comfort by the payment of a yearly gratuity, which it was his intention to continue in the event of his own

decease; but, becoming afflicted by insanity, he left no will. This was a sad chance for Brummell: he wrote to his representatives on the subject, but the answer was unfavourable; and it was intimated to him that there was no memorandum to that effect among Mr. Chamberlayne's papers. The Duke of Argyle, though not affluent, seldom forgot to call and assist him with money; and Lord Alvanley, who never passed his door without doing the same, invariably dined with him; the dinner, *bien entendu*, being sent from Dessin's at his Lordship's expense.

Many other noblemen and gentlemen at various periods relieved the dull tenor of his life by their visits; and from each he received substantial proofs of their regard. Among them were the Dukes of Wellington, Rutland, Richmond, Beaufort, and Bedford; Lords Sefton, Jersey, Willoughby, d'Eresby, Craven, Ward, and Stuart de Rothesay. To the assistance tendered him by his friends, may of course be added that of his relatives. His principal correspondents were the Duke and Duchess of York, Lord Alvanley, and J. Chamberlayne, Esq.

In the early part of his residence at Calais, he led a very retired life, for he was unable to speak French with fluency, and his mornings and evenings were occupied in perfecting himself in that language: he could not otherwise have entered a French *salon* with any degree of comfort; the English society he abominated, and frequented it only during the latter part of his stay there, when he had grown less difficult and less exclusive.

Nothing could be more indicative that Brummell had ability and energy, when the occasion suited him to exercise it, than the proficiency he attained in French; for, as will be seen in the sequel, he made himself master of the language, and could, for an Englishman, write an excellent letter. Byron's anecdote of Scrope Davies, given in Moore's Life of the noble poet, is delightfully incorrect:—"When Brummell retired to France," says

his Lordship, "he knew no French, and having obtained a grammar for the purpose of study, our friend Scrope Davies was asked what progress Brummell had made in French? He responded, that the Beau had been 'stopped, like Buonaparte in Russia, by the *elements*.'" Like many other good things told of Brummell, it is deficient in the desideratum necessary to give it value—truth. During the period that the army of occupation remained in France, he enjoyed the society of several of his old friends, who were serving with it, and many others on their way to Paris, which capital was then all alive with the revelry and dissipation of foreigners, and *emigrés* who had been exiled from the Trois Frère's, Vérey's, and *rouge et noir*, for upwards of twenty years: the chief of our gallant army, also, paid the town some flying visits *en route* to or from England, and I have heard it asserted, without, at this period, noticing his great rival in notoriety; but at length the most good-natured man in all England, the Marquis of ——, effected a reconciliation between them, and, from this time, his Grace never passed Brummell's door without enquiring after him, and sometimes giving him an invitation to dine with him at Dessin's. This was sometimes announced from his carriage, as he went by, for he had not, of course, a minute to spare.

It appears that the late Lord Westmoreland, when passing through Calais, also called on him, and said how happy he should be if he would dine with him that day at *three* o'clock! Brummell's answer was truly characteristic:—"Your Lordship is very kind; but I really could not *feed* at that early hour!" "When I first knew Brummell at Eton," said the courteous old gentleman who sent me this anecdote, "we daily dined together at *twelve*, and *fed* very heartily!"

But Brummell, soon after his arrival, had less distinguished and agreeable visitors than either the Duke or Lord Westmoreland. On one occasion an itinerant

communicator of the legal house of Howard and Gibbs, tapped softly at his door, with the intention of presenting some law paper for his signature, or consideration: "Come in," said the Beau, deceived by so gentle an application for admittance; his visitor's head, on a level with the latch, was instantly in the room—his body being cautiously kept in the passage, "Why, you little rascal," screamed the astonished George Bryan Brummell aforesaid, directly he saw him, "are *you* not hung yet? begone!" the head obeyed, the door closed, and the little body departed.

His routine of life at Calais was methodical in the extreme; he rose at nine, breakfasted off *café au lait*, and sat reading the Morning Chronicle, *brochures*, or books (that is, after his Lévizac had been laid aside), till twelve; precisely at that hour he might be seen in a flowing brocade dressing-gown and velvet cap, like the beret of the olden time, crossing the passage to his bedroom; and so punctually did he keep to stated hours, that his landlord's "devils" used to exclaim, when he appeared, "Ah! voilà Monsieur Brummell; c'est midi," and they immediately struck work, and went to their dinner.

The business of his toilet now commenced, and this occupied a considerable part of two hours: from the time that was completed he held his levee, and sat *en prince* chatting with his friends. If it was in the summer, he resorted to the open window of his charming drawing-room, and apostrophized his acquaintance as they passed. "Brummell!" shouted one of them to him under his window—the Beau looked out—"Have you heard the news?" "No, what's the matter?" "Why S——, the banker, ran off last night." "Well, what of that?" "Why, I have lost a thousand francs." "Have you? then, my good fellow, in future take a hint from me, and always keep your banker in advance." At four o'clock he stepped into the Rue Royale, as well turned out as he ever did into St. James's-street, in the very meridian

of his glory. A walk on the ramparts, or to his garden at the foot of them, killed the next hour; but he walked more *pour se distraire* than for exercise, his "long walk," as he termed it, being out of one gate and in at the other, the two being about a hundred yards apart. The fact was that Vick, his terrier, was so afflicted with *embonpoint*, that even during this short promenade he was obliged to turn round and wait for her at least a dozen times before he had accomplished fifty paces. His partiality for this dog was extreme. Vick was once very ill, so he sent for two of his friends, learned in the diseases of the canine race, who, on their arrival, found her laid upon his bed, and Brummell in great distress standing by her side. An examination of her condition having taken place, the two dogopathists opined that she ought to be bled. "Bled!" said her master, turning away, "I shall leave the room; inform me when the operation is over." When poor Vick died he shed tears, and observed to Mr. Marshall, in his usual cynical tone, that he had "lost the only friend he had in the world," meaning, most likely, in the world of Calais.

Lister has introduced a version of this anecdote in "Granby," but there is a difference in the dog's name and species, and the time and place. The scene I allude to is laid at a nobleman's house in the country, where he broke up a prolix conversation one morning by making his poodle perform some laughable tricks, and directing the attention of the company to the beauty of his dog. "Come here, Polisson," he said, "come here and show yourself; is not he magnificent? Look at these tufts, I had him shorn by the best *tondeuse* in Paris. Lady Harriet, I 'll give you her direction." "Oh, thank you! how handsome he is; he must be quite a treasure." "Oh! invaluable: when Polisson dies I shall steal for him Lord Byron's epitaph on his Newfoundland dog; then I shall say, with my hand on my heart (speaking of my friends), 'I have never had but one, and there he

lies,'" pointing to the dog who was stretched upon the hearth-rug.

Poor Vick was buried, by his special desire, in Dessin's garden; and though her master did not actually put on mourning, he talked seriously of erecting a monument to her memory. His *salon* was peremptorily closed against visitors for three days, and it was several weeks before he permitted any one to speak of her death. He had subsequently three poodles: the most famous of the trio was called "*Atous*," and had been trained by a soldier of the garrison. This dog was a perfect specimen of canine intelligence, and he turned out for his walk at four, quite as neat as Brummell. His great accomplishment was to take a hot muffin from the plate before the fire, and run round the room offering it to the company; but poor "*Atous*" also died, and Brummell was again a prey to grief. Like a true cynic, his eye was seldom if ever moistened on hearing of the death of a friend, though a flood of tears was always ready when his dogs died. His poodle was regretted because it was constantly in his presence, and his decease left a blank in the daily routine of his habits and ideas.

But to resume the sketch of his diurnal proceedings. At five o'clock precisely he ascended the staircase to his rooms, and dressed for dinner, which was sent from Dessin's at six: at this meal he washed his œsophagus with a bottle of Dorchester ale, of which he had always a barrel in the house. This showed plainly indeed that he had "fallen from his high estate," and was fain now to treat with rather less contempt than he felt on hearing it—the sarcastic remark of the alderman, for the beverage was at least malt liquor. This potent stuff was followed by a liqueur glass of brandy, which he always took during dinner, and the rear was brought up by a bottle of Bordeaux; a pretty comfortable refection for a man who lived entirely on the charity of his friends.

It was after one of these niggardly repasts that he is

said to have written to the late Lord Sefton that he was "lying on straw, and grinning through the bars of a gaol; eating bran bread, my good fellow, eating bran bread." I will not however vouch for the truth of the story. The double X did not take great effect upon his brain; for though not given to excess, he had been well accustomed to a tolerable quantity of wine, to say nothing of Roman punch, into the mysteries of which it has been asserted that he initiated the Prince Regent. One who knew him intimately at Calais, assured me that he had never seen him inebriated but once, and then he was so disgusted with himself that he performed a voluntary penance of solitary confinement for eight days; query, with or without his Dorchester ale? At seven o'clock, or half-past, he went to the theatre, where he had a small box; or in the long warm evenings he retired to his garden, in the summer-house of which (now thrown down) he either read or noted down his recollections of his past career.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Brummell's visitor from Dover—His ungallant conduct to his daughter—His reception of Wellesley P—e on his arrival at Calais—Mr. B——y's toady—The morning walk with Lord Sefton—A *rencontre* on the ramparts—The Beau reported dead—Calais Gossip—Brummell adds his quota—The result—His appointment at Chalk Farm—His reception of Colonel R——d.

Such was the general tenor of his life, varied occasionally by a dinner at the consul's, or a visit from some friend of former years—a few of these stray birds of fashion would sometimes delay their departure for two or three days, merely to enjoy a laugh at the fund of anecdotes with which he was charged; and one of them who had a house at Dover, frequently crossed the water to see him, and always gave him notice of his intention, desiring that he would have all in readiness for his party at the Hotel, himself included. At these little fêtes, he was always in good spirits, and as amusing as ever. One day after dinner, the elegant Beau, though always on the *qui vive* that his proceedings should be faultless, upset a cup of coffee on the cloth. The bell was rung for the waiter to remove it, and on his appearing for that purpose he gave him to understand, with the most imperturbable gravity, that a young and graceful lady, the daughter of his friend, had committed this piece of *gaucherie*. Directly, however, he had left the room, the real delinquent hastened to apologise and soften the indignation of the innocent victim, or at least attempted to do so; adding drolly to a string of excuses, "You know it would never have done to let the world know that *I* was guilty of such awkwardness." This was not very chivalrous; even if his

fair neighbour had really spilt it, it would have been more goodnatured, if not so entertaining, to have taken the odium on himself—*mais son égoïsme régnait partout.*

But, however glad he might be to accept any invitation that promised to afford him amusement within the walls of the town, his friends could never succeed in persuading him to spend one night away from his own rooms. Lord Alvanley did, I believe, once prevail upon him to go to Dunkirk, and his landlord thought that he would at any rate not return that night; but he was mistaken, for at four o'clock in the morning, Brummell knocked at the door. The Beau appeared much flattered and pleased by any attentions paid him by his itinerant visitors, and always endeavoured to be more than usually agreeable to them—if that were possible, though he could not deny himself a joke, if it came into his head. I remember, said one of his Calais friends, that when sitting with him one morning, in walked W—— P—e, who had just landed from the Dover packet; it happened to be a very cold day, and the new arrival drew his chair close to the fire; this Brummell observed, and said, "Why, Wellesley, you appear cold! but I am not surprised at it, for you must have been devilish *hot* in England, or we should never have seen you here."

It was not till his old friends, Mr. G. C——m, Sir Arthur F——s, and afterwards Col. D——, Berkeley C——n, and Henry B——y, came and fixed themselves at Calais, that Brummell entered at all into the English society of the place, and then with great discrimination in the choice of his acquaintances.

But, even in spite of this caution, he sometimes came in contact with his friends' friends, whose manners were most disagreeable to him. At one house at which he visited, the master kept a kind of fag, a tame animal, who was ready to follow him anywhere, and eat his dinners. This person was also kind enough to market for him, go to the post, or to the stables on a cold night

—moreover, he was obliged to submit to be roasted: not like the present Lord Chief Justice, at Eton, once only and in earnest, and as a juvenile martyr to the ardour of his political opinions, but *à discretion*, and get no credit for it. Nature had done little for this convenient creature of a convenient race, and his parents less; but, *malgré* his outlandish bearing, his patron had the bad taste to permit him to appear in the presence of his company. It happened that on one occasion the Beau was of the party, and shortly after they had sat down to dinner, the toady thrusting out his plate, said, "Mr. Brummell, I'll trouble you for a potato." There was never a very large supply of silver at the tables of the English residents at Calais, and Brummell looked right and left for a spoon: but there was none, and he paused at the difficulty; the toady, however, tired of holding out his arm, quickly relieved him from the dilemma by saying in a persuasive tone of voice, "Oh, take your fork—I'm not particular." "My dear B——y," said the Beau, afterwards to his friend, "how can you ask gentlemen to meet such people at dinner? if your horses are ill, pay the fellow five francs and have done with him."

However, towards the close of his residence at Calais, he was not so particular whom he dined with. One day, when walking on the ramparts arm-in-arm with the late Lord Sefton, they were met by an extremely vulgar-looking Englishman, who bowed to Brummell in a very familiar manner. "Sefton," said the Beau, "What can that fellow mean by bowing to you?" "To me! he is bowing to you, I suppose, for I know no one in Calais." Soon after, however, the stranger passed again, and, seizing Brummell by the arm, said to him in a most frightfully cordial tone, "Don't forget, Brum, don't forget, goose at four—goose at four!" thus betraying the Beau's engagement to dine with his hospitable but vulgar friend, an invitation that he thought he had so cleverly concealed from his refined one. It was while promenad-

ing one day on the pier, and not long before he left Calais, that an old associate of his, who had just arrived by the packet from England, met him unexpectedly in the street, and cordially shaking hands with him, said, "My dear Brummell, I am so glad to see you, for we had heard in England that you were dead; the report, I assure you, was in very general circulation when I left." "Mere stock-jobbing, my good fellow, mere stock-jobbing," was the Beau's reply.

Like all small towns, whether in England or elsewhere, in which the society is limited, there were in Calais several male as well as female gossips, whose only occupation was, to perambulate from house to house, and retail, at each in succession, all that was true, and a great deal that was not, that they had seen or heard, or neither, in their morning walks. Brummell, as well as many others, was subject to have everything he said or did carefully discussed, and often enlarged upon, by such people; and they frequently fastened an ill-natured remark, or perhaps a good joke, upon him, when he had in fact never heard either, till he was called upon to contradict the *cancan* of the day.

This exaggeration was quite unnecessary as regarded him, for his satirical vein and impudence led him to make a sufficient number of pointed and saturnine remarks upon his countrymen, and lay himself open to retaliation. But Brummell was more particularly severe with those who manifested a disposition to intrude upon him without due introduction, or who vulgarly affected to be somebody, when their conduct and manners plainly indicated that they had never frequented that class of society to which they assumed to belong. Those who called themselves colonels or captains, without having any claim to the rank, were sure to be objects of his displeasure; retired tuft-hunters, also, and self-important fat gentlemen, were always singled out as targets for his keen and droll remarks. Whenever he was asked whether he knew any

character of this kind, or indeed others more agreeable, but not to his mind, his usual reply was, "Know him, my good sir? to be sure I do. The fellow is a rank impostor; I recollect him perfectly when he was butler at Belvoir." Or, "Don't you remember Jones, who kept the snuff-shop in Bond Street? that's the very man." In the following instance, however, he was called upon, in a very summary manner, to contradict one of his mischievous witticisms.

The sufferer in this case was a military man, who in the Peninsular, or some other war, had had the misfortune to be severely wounded in the face—in fact, to lose the most prominent feature of it. The sarcasm in question at length reached the ears of the injured party, and in consequence the Beau was one morning disturbed, at his breakfast, by a loud knocking at the door; his permission to enter was scarcely given, when the grisly warrior, with indignation in his eyes, and "satisfaction" in his thoughts, stalked into the room and confronted him. "Pray, sir," said Brummell, rising from his fauteuil, "what happy circumstance has induced you to favour me with such a very early visit?" "Why, the fact is, Mr. Brummell," replied the veteran, in a tone of voice which at once told his aggressor that the circumstance was anything but a "happy one," and that if his wit did not speedily get him out of the scrape, his valour must see him through it; "the fact is, Mr. Brummell, I have heard that you have been kind enough to spread a report about the town, affecting my position in society here, by stating that I am not a retired officer, and never held a commission; and that I am really nothing more nor less than a retired hatter." With admirable presence of mind the Beau listened to this accusation, which was certainly delivered in a manner savouring more of the camp than St. James's, and with much gravity thrown into his countenance, he immediately answered, "I am sorry, very sorry, that any one should conceive it possible that *I*

could be guilty of such a breach of good manners. I can assure you, that there is not a word of truth in the report." The captain, perfectly satisfied and delighted with his reception, now moved towards the door; when Brummell followed him to it, and as he was leaving the room, again affirmed that the report was false; "For," said he, "now I think of it, I never in my life dealt with a hatter without a nose." It is probable that the officer was not much pleased with this unfeeling speech, but he was so taken by surprise that he made no reply, and beat a retreat immediately. The only notice that Brummell took of the affair was, to express his astonishment the next day that any one should have sent him a "death's head!"

If his wit provoked a quarrel, it, as in this case, generally settled it; for he was by no means a lover of the duello. Some years before this period, the second of a gentleman, who had received instructions to call upon him and demand either satisfaction or an apology, is said to have announced his errand in a very peremptory manner, and concluded his message by saying that he must apologise in five minutes. "In five minutes, sir!" replied the Beau in a cold sweat, "in five seconds, or in less time, if you prefer it." Brummell attributed his dislike to assignations in defence of his honour to a constitutional tendency to knock under. He was, he said, dearly fond of notoriety, but not of this particular kind. "My dear fellow," observed the Beau to a friend, when conversing on the subject, "perhaps you are not aware of the circumstance, but I am not naturally of an heroic turn. Nevertheless, I once had an affair at Chalk-farm, and a dreadful state I was in, I can tell you; never in my life shall I forget the horrors of the previous night! sleep was out of the question; and I passed it in pacing my room, cursing the cruelly good joke for which I was on the eve of being torn from Lady—— and Roman punch for ever. The dawn was to me the harbinger of death,

not of another day; and yet I almost hailed it with pleasure; but my second's step upon the stairs soon neutralized the feeling; and the horrid details, which he carefully explained to me, annihilated the little courage that had survived the anxieties of the night. We now left the house, and no accident of any kind, no fortunate upset, occurred on our way to the place of rendezvous; where we arrived, according to my idea much too soon, a quarter of an hour before the time named.

"There was no one on the ground, and each minute seemed an age, as, in terror and semi-suffocation, I awaited my opponent's approach. At length the clock of a neighbouring church announced that the hour of appointment had come; how its tones, brought by the wind across the fields, struck upon my heart! I felt like the criminal, when he hears the bell of St. Sepulchre's for the last time: we now looked in the direction of town, but there was no appearance of my antagonist; my military friend kindly hinted that clocks and watches varied, a fact I was well aware of, and which I thought he might have spared me the pleasure of hearing him remark upon; but a second is always such a 'd—d good-natured friend.' The next quarter of an hour passed in awful silence, still no one appeared, not even in the horizon; my companion whistled, and, confound him! looked much disappointed; the half-hour struck—still no one; the third quarter, and at length the hour. My centurion of the Coldstream now came up, this time in *truth* my friend, and said to me, and I can tell you they were the sweetest accents that ever fell upon my ear, 'Well, George, I think we may go:' 'My dear M——' I replied, 'you have taken a load off my mind, let us go *immediately!*'" Brummell was by no means a bad classic, and he no doubt remembered that Horace kept a reputation, though he was not carried home upon his shield; but though he was certainly no Bayard, there is

no reason for asserting that he was another Bob Acres. Still, when he felt a deficiency in such emergencies, he should have applied to his friend, Lord A——, who could have lent him as much courage then, as he did money afterwards, and that was to no trifling extent.

Once, indeed, he showed fight in a most unusual and vigorous manner: it was when the then proprietor of a notorious courtezan called to request him to explain some insult, with which he was said to have regaled the lady, in a morning call that she had made him. High words having ensued between Brummell and this gentleman, he ordered him to leave the room; but finding that he demurred, the exasperated Beau, like the Bailie Nichol Jarvie, enforced his commands with a red-hot poker, that was opportunely resting in the fire at the time: in this instance our hero deserved the honour of an ovation, for it was a *hundred* to one against him, and his opponent was moreover a man of war. If we could muster credulity sufficient to believe the Memoirs of this modern Aspasia, who, singularly enough, has since turned Roman Catholic, she not only held the Beau captive, but in contempt, and this, too, when he was *Nulli Secundus* in London; but it is not astonishing that she affected to do so, for he must have inspired her with *une jalousie de femme à femme*—a woman can hardly be expected to forgive a man for being more elegant than herself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Brummell's screen—Destined for the Duchess of York—Description of this pasticcio—The six compartments—The elephant and Napoleon—Portraits of the Beau's friends—His illustrations of their characters—General U——n—The Marquis of Hertford—Lord Sefton—The hyæna tamed by the Muses and the Graces—The tiger and the French Revolution—Brummell's satire upon Lord Byron—Price offered for the screen—M. Leleux's parrot.

THOUGH Brummell read a great deal, his favourite matinal avocation was working at a large screen, which, when finished, he had destined for the Duchess of York; but the pleasure of recording, by this present, his sense of her great kindness, was denied him, for her Royal Highness died before it was completed; he then laid it aside, and never resumed his labours.

This work of taste and patience is a masterpiece in its way; and had it ever reached Oatlands, many a fair dame and antiquated spinster would have envied its royal owner. The screen measures five feet and a half in height, and, when opened, is rather more than twelve in length; it is divided into six leaves, and the ground is of green paper. The idea of a general design, with which it was evident Brummell had commenced, seems to have been soon laid aside. The most prominent features of it are the quadrupeds, which form the centre of the upper part of each leaf; these prints are on a scale much larger than the generality of the other drawings. In the first compartment is an elephant, the second bears a hyena, the third a tiger, the fourth a camel, and the fifth a bear. The sixth has no animal upon it. Many of the drawings which cover the remaining surface of the screen are coloured: the engravings are in line, mezzotint, or litho-

graph, with sketches in chalk, pastile, or pencil; in fact, a specimen of every possible variety of the limner's or engraver's art, if oils be excepted, is to be found upon it. It will therefore be easily imagined, that the general effect produced by such a multitude of objects, of every colour and form, is on the first *coup d'œil* very confused: but, on a closer inspection, the attention that has been devoted to arrangement of almost every part, becomes easily discernible; each little pictorial episode, and there are hundreds, is encircled by wreaths and garlands of flowers of every description; the rose predominating, much to the credit of the paster's taste; fruit, and emblems in character with the subject to be illustrated, are also mingled with the flowers; to give an exact description of this glorious piece of fiddle-faddle, the trifling industry of a thoroughly idle man, would be both useless and tedious. I shall therefore merely attempt a slight sketch, in the order in which I examined it, commencing with the first compartment.

On this leaf, as I have before remarked, there is an elephant, under the neck of which is a full-faced portrait of Napoleon, who, in this case, is the subject to be illustrated. By introducing this animal the Beau intended to express the Emperor's power; but on the throat of the modern king-maker is a butterfly, intended to represent another of his attributes, and to neutralize his greatness. The portrait is encircled by the neck, shoulder, and trunk of this Chouni; and the edges of the two drawings, which would otherwise have been discoverable, are concealed by other attributes, as well as by fruit and flowers, cut out and arranged with infinite pains. This plan of concealing the edges was pursued throughout with as much nicety as a sempstress would bestow on the hem of a *chemise d'homme*. Amongst these emblems, and immediately above the Emperor's head, is a mortar elevated for firing; from the mouth of it proceeds a sword, round which a serpent has entwined itself: a scythe and a flag,

with the Russian eagle on it, are crossed above the sword, and the trophy is completed by laurel branches over the emblem of Time. The trumpet of Fame, and a port-fire nearly burnt out, are above the Muscovite colours. The reader can scarcely fail to see the application of these illustrations to Napoleon's history.

Below the elephant, and in the centre of the same leaf, are grouped four coloured portraits; the one on the left hand looking outwards is General U——n, next to him are the late Marquis of Hertford and Lord Sefton, apparently in conversation; and the fourth (to me an *inconnu*) is on their right, and looking towards them. The general, who has a neckcloth large enough for three, and a rounded shirt collar on the same scale, is smelling a sprig of jessamine; a Cupid lolls on his shoulder, as much at ease as the reading Magdalen at Dresden, and is killing, not the general, but Time, with a book, probably Ovid's Art of Love. On the body of the gallant officer, who is thus indulging poor Cupid with a ride a pig-a-back, is pasted an unnatural and classical looking landscape, representing a forest in the distance, with a rocky foreground; but the principal subject is a young lady, who having thrown aside her harp, is caressing the antlers of a wounded stag. Back to back with the general is the late Lord Sefton, the defect in whose figure Brummell concealed with a flower, probably with the intention of showing that he considered his physical infirmities were entirely overbalanced by his amiable disposition. This he might well do, for he was one of his greatest benefactors. Between his lordship and the marquis is the head of a very lovely woman, ornamented, without the slightest necessity, by a plume of ostrich feathers. The two peers are so placed that it is difficult to say out of whose pocket the divinity is emerging; most likely that of the latter. Lord Sefton is in Hessians, and wears a very peculiar hat. My Lord of Hertford, whose whiskers look as if they were made of

leopard's skin, is dressed in a great-coat, and carries a large cane between a pair of yellow tan gloves, his left hand being inserted, like Lord Sefton's right, in his pocket behind. His emblems are also highly appropriate and numerous. First, and in the front, are two Cupids in an azure cloud, one bearing the hymeneal torch, and the other a dove, which is looking him amorously in the face. Cupids, in every variety of position that the *coryphée* of the grand opera could devise, float around his lordship. They may be literally said to swarm; and judging by their looks, each of them seems to be laden with the sweets of a different hive, more luscious than those of Narbonne or Hymettus. One, much larger and more saucy-looking than the rest, is standing on his lordship's shoulder, and rests, with folded arms, and the domesticated air of a favourite spaniel, upon his hat. To the right is a charming print, by Bartolozzi or Cipriani, of a young girl attended by the everlasting Cupids; above her is a little archer shooting at doves in a palm-tree, and around are Satyrs carrying Bacchantes and Shepherdesses in their arms. Farther on is a gentleman who sports a pair of yellow knee-breeches, and is presenting a nest of doves to a lady in a scarlet-bodied dress. All these subjects appear to have been *appliqué* with great judgment in honour of the most noble the Marquis of Hertford. The *inconnu*, the last of the quartett, is the counterpart of a piping bullfinch, and by the emblems that surround him may perhaps have been a celebrated "fanatico per la musica." These portraits are from Dighton's caricatures.

The Hyena in the second compartment is represented as being tamed by the Arts, Sciences, and Religion, symbols of which, mingled with the Muses and the Graces, are seen on every side. In the centre of this leaf is a coloured print, taken from a scene in the "Fille mal gardée." There are also various drawings representing historical, mythological, and rural subjects.

Amongst the most striking are Telemachus relating his adventures to Calypso, Phaeton driving his car, Time his chariot; a French dragoon at bivouac preparing a fowl for the camp-kettle; a *religieuse* at her devotions; a minuet at a French fair; a gentleman and a shepherdess, whose dog has seized the skirt of her dress, and with an anxious look is endeavouring to detach her from her admirer.

The tiger on the third leaf is surrounded by Cupids, cows, goats, &c., all, with the exception of the first, harmless and peaceful animals. On each side of the royal brute is a coloured print, representing the juvenile amusements of the Dauphin and the Duchess d'Angoulême. In the one to the right they are playing at soldiers: she is marching in front of her brother and beating a drum, thus indicating the resolute spirit which she afterwards showed: her dog is scampering before her; and her companion, who is dressed in the national colours, is carrying a flag, on which are inscribed the words *Union, Force.* She has evidently tempted him away from his ninepins to follow her, and these toys are seen behind him scattered on the ground. In the other print they are playing at battledore and shuttlecock, looking very happy and very merry. The ferocious tiger was well chosen to illustrate the period and the subject to which this part of the screen is devoted; for in this beast of prey are plainly personified the cruelties of the Revolution, and, in the domestic animals, the helplessness of those who suffered by its horrible excesses. The children's ignorance of the nature of the proceedings of which their flag and their tricoloured sashes were the emblems, and their utter unconsciousness of the anxiety and danger which at that very time surrounded them and all belonging to them, as expressed by their game of battledore and shuttlecock, is truly characteristic of their years. Such happily is generally the case with children. In the midst of the dreadful hurricane in which the crew

of the Bridgewater so nearly perished, and when not a ray of hope existed for the safety of a soul on board, where were the little children of one of the passengers, and what were they doing? Were they frightened at the unusual trembling of the ship, as she staggered under the concussions of each succeeding wave, or sobbing in their mother's arms? No; at that awful moment they were floating their little paper boats in the water that half filled the cabins. Below these prints are many other Cupids also, but by no means so comfortable as the one on Lord Hertford's shoulder. One poor boy is standing, in a cold wretched night, at the door of a house; his torch is thrown down in the snow, and his dripping pinions are scarcely covered by a scanty red mantle. He seems to be a good illustration of the old song, "In the dead of the night," and is apparently singing the insinuating line,

"I 've lost my way, ma'am; do pray let me in."

Near this mischief-maker is another smoking a pipe.

Below the camel, in the fourth compartment, is a man in Cossack trousers: a monkey is sitting on his back, gently exciting his own epidermis: a pensive Cupid is clinging to the coat of the incognito. Near him is a gentleman with a lady in his arms; a Cupid is looking up at them, and pointing to a volume of sermons which he holds in his hand: a butterfly has alighted on the cavalier's coat, and not far off is a group of Cupids and satyrs rushing in among bathing nymphs. There is also a female barber.

The bear in the fifth compartment is stimulating his appetite with a young crocodile: around him are children at play, shepherds, the Graces, Venus, and numerous insects and shells. Lower down are portraits of Charles Fox, Necker, Sheridan, the Regent Philip of Orleans, and John Kemble. Fox has a butterfly near him; Nelson, Greenwich Hospital; Sheridan, a Cupid carous-

ing on some straw; and Kemble, a ladybird on his waistcoat. Round the arm of a man in Hessians is a green monkey holding a mask, and another monkey is between his legs. There are also likenesses of Lucien Buonaparte, the Princess Charlotte, and the Duke of Cambridge when a young man; and a little piece representing an old *curé de village* trying, but in vain, to thread the needle of one of his pretty parishioners.

Byron and Napoleon, placed opposite to each other, occupy the upper centre of the last and sixth leaf: the former is surrounded with flowers, but has a *wasp* on his throat. This to his *friend* was base ingratitude on the part of Brummell, for the noble lord spoke of, and would have pasted him, with more charitable feeling. Kean, as Richard, is the last print I shall notice. He is below the Emperor, and his neck is ornamented with *two hymeneal* torches laid together crosswise by a true-lover's-knot.

It will be seen by this imperfect description that to understand fully the wit shown in the arrangement of all the groups, it is necessary that the observer should be familiar with the gossip of the day; and there is little doubt that any of Brummell's contemporaries would, with the greatest ease, recapitulate the histories attached to each, and explain to his juniors circumstances in the arrangement, that to them are merely unmeaning riddles.

When Brummell left Calais, the screen, according to his valet's version of the affair, was placed in his hands as part payment of a debt. Subsequently, when Sélègue's affairs became deranged, he was obliged to put it in pawn at an upholsterer's at Boulogne; and it was at this person's house that I saw it during my short stay in that town. A nobleman, one of Brummell's former friends, in passing through, was once anxious to buy it, but the gentleman's gentleman valued his master's exertions too highly, and foolishly asked seven thousand francs for it, a bargain which his customer very naturally refused. Since that period, another Englishman offered

two thousand; this, however, was declined; and when I saw it, the cabinet-maker was fitting it up very handsomely with a mahogany frame, and intended sending it to London, where he hoped to realize a large sum by the sale of it. This screen must have been a fertile subject of conversation for Brummell's privileged visitors, and to them only was it ever exhibited. To have heard him while employed in cutting out, cutting up, and pasting, his dearest friends, and expatiating upon the group that was under his hands at the time, must have been a treat indeed.

Having now introduced the reader to the Beau's buhl, Sèvres, quadrupeds, and screen, I must not omit to mention a biped that completed his effeminate establishment. This was no less a personage than a stately green-and-yellow parrot, which was very much attached to him, and, in return, he treated the intelligent bird with great consideration. Brummell was never tired of singing his praises and calling the attention of his visitors to his beauty. "Is he not a fine bird?" he used to say. "What plumage! what a beak and tail! How solemn he looks! Stand here, my good fellow, and examine him: don't you see a likeness to somebody?—a traveller, a poet, ay, and a patriot, too—a man who had the good luck to be sent to Newgate. Well now, how very obtuse; the likeness don't strike you, I see;" and then placing his visitor in a different position, he would continue thus: "Now, look at him in this point of view—*now* don't you see? how very odd! why, don't you see how like he is to Hobhouse?"

Hobhouse, however, at length got beyond the Board of Control, and was dismissed for malpractices into the court below, his beak being on more friendly terms with the curtains and the buhl furniture than was agreeable to his master, or rather to his master's *locataire*, for he was the property of Mr. Leleux. Whenever an opportunity offered, however, Hobhouse broke loose from his cage,

and would fly up to the Beau's windows. For this contumacious conduct he at last got pinioned; but he was an obstinate fellôw; and as he could not take wing, he used to walk up stairs, as well as his namesake or any other visitor, knock at his friend's door, and having obtained admittance, which he never failed to do, did not return to his cage without having received both wine and biscuit. This bird, I believe, came from Hâvre, appropriately termed, by Miss Costello, "the town of parrots."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Death of the Duchess of York—The petition of a Newfoundland dog, addressed to her Royal Highness—Brummell's memorandum on the back of it—George the Fourth arrives at Calais—The dinner at Dessin's—The Mayor unfortunately without a snuff-box—The King's remark on leaving the town—The Beau's increasing embarrassments—The tobacconist's opinion of him—The English *tullistes*—Their odd assault on one of Brummell's friends.

In the August of 1820, Brummell lost one of his best benefactors. The Duchess of York died on the 6th of that month. Deeply, and let us hope feelingly, did her pensioner deplore that event; for, by the demise of that amiable woman, he was deprived of one of his firmest friends, and much valuable assistance and sympathy, arising from her keen sense of the change in his position, and the generous impulses of a kind heart.

"Few characters," says Mr. Raikes, "in any situation of life, could be placed in competition with the late Duchess of York; she was not only a *très-grande dame*, in the highest acceptation of the term, but a woman of the most sound sense and accurate judgment, with a heart full of kindness, beneficence, and charity. The former was amply proved, by the adroitness and tact with which she so successfully avoided all collision with the cabals and *tracasseries*, which for so many years unfortunately ruled in various branches of the royal family; and the latter was attested by the constant attachment of her friends and dependants; the gratitude of her poor neighbours during her life, and the undisguised grief of all at her death. Whatever clouds (if indeed they ever existed)

obscured the earlier part of her marriage, were in later times completely dispersed; and nothing could equal the respect and attention with which she was always treated by the Duke, who rarely failed to consult her opinion, on most questions of real importance to his own interests. To the distinguished manners belonging to her rank, and a proper sense of the dignity befitting her exalted position in the country, she added a simplicity of character, and a general affability, which placed every one at their ease, and gave a peculiar charm to her society. Endowed by nature with a very superior mind, which had been highly cultivated and improved by books, she was at all times able to take the lead on any subject; her conversation was full of point, blended with great *naïveté*, and devoid of all sarcastic allusions; she had a very refined taste, and a great knowledge of the world; but, contrary to all received opinions, her study of mankind had never operated to check that feeling of general benevolence which formed the brightest gem in her character."

The extraordinary passion that her Royal Highness had for dogs, has been already mentioned; it was probably generally known, and accounts for the following curious petition having been sent to her, in the name of a fine Newfoundland, by some person who was desirous of having him well taken care of.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

The humble Petition of Neptune

SHEWETH;

That your Royal Highness's Petitioner, at an age so early that no trace of the circumstance is recorded in his memory, was torn from his fond mother and native mountains of Newfoundland, by an officer of the British navy, who during his life was a kind master to him; that, at his ever to be lamented death, your Royal Highness's Petitioner encountered many hardships of cold,

hunger, and neglect; that he was rescued from this unhappy situation by an officer of militia, and by him sent as an offering of friendship to his present protector, who has ever treated him with kindness and humanity! but alas! your Royal Highness's humble Petitioner is fated again to experience "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," unless your Royal Highness, with that benevolence which marks every action of your life, will stretch out your humane hand to save him. The gentleman with whom he now resides, is under the necessity of leaving England, and, finding it inconvenient to make your Petitioner the companion of his travels, intends to part with him, when he may become the slave of some unfeeling master, who may, in addition to the sufferings he has already endured, deprive him of that liberty he loves, the only blessing of which fate has never yet bereft him.

Humbly then does your Royal Highness's Petitioner implore your Royal Highness to take him into your service, and every moment of his life, (if permitted,) shall be passed at your Royal feet, and his faithful mind be filled with fidelity, gratitude and attachment towards his Royal Benefactress: on the earth, or in the water, he will be a zealously-devoted attendant and humble friend, who will fawn, without meaning to flatter, and would endanger his own life to defend that of his generous Mistress, most happy to follow her Royal footsteps through the sequestered glades of Oatlands, pursue her carriage, panting with dutiful devotion, or swim round her barge as it glides on the silver Thames.

Without vanity, your Royal Highness's Petitioner may boast of being, in strength, beauty, and fidelity, equal to any dog his frozen clime ever produced; and, happiest of the canine race will he be, if permitted the transcendent felicity of dedicating the remainder of his life to your Royal Highness's service. Oh! most amiable Duchess, grant this, your Petitioner's humble prayer, and

he, with all the fervour his heart and language are capable of, will ever, ever pray.

NEPTUNE.

P.S.—A line, by command of your Royal Highness, addressed under cover to Mr. ——, —— street, Westminster, if your Royal Highness deigns to accept his services, will bring your Petitioner, with awful respect, to your gate.

This petition was forwarded to the Duchess of York in September, 1815, and on the back of a copy of it presented by Brummell to a friend of the author's, was the following note, which, from the appearance of the ink, had evidently been written by him a short time after her Royal Highness's demise—probably when looking over his portfolio of recollective relics.

"The Duchess of York immediately sent for this amiable dog: his previous master would never reveal his name to her Royal Highness. Five years after, her Royal Highness, to the deep regret of all the world, died, and this poor animal walked in procession at her funeral. It is no romance, but the dog lingered in evident affliction, and died ten months after! The Duchess gave me this petition.

"GEORGE BRUMMELL."

In the September of the following year, 1821, the greatest event of his Calais life took place; the royal personage at whose festive board he had in former days been so frequent a guest, arrived in that town. George the Fourth was on his way to visit his Hanoverian subjects, and the place was not a little shaken from its monotonous routine by that occurrence. Fishing boats were laid up, and the fishwomen set "all alive O"—the authorities furbished up their old uniforms, and the Duke d'Angoulême, who had been deputed by Louis the Eighteenth to congratulate his Majesty on his arrival in

the French dominions, received him at Dessin's Hotel, and there they put up their horses together. When the King landed, the pier was crowded with spectators, and as he stepped on shore from his barge, his hat fell from his hand: this accident a quick-witted urchin immediately took advantage of, and rushing forward, restored it to his majesty, who put his hand into his pocket, and drew forth enough of the precious metals to provide his impromptu page with peg-tops and *brioches* for years to come.

But where was the Beau all this time? According to one rumour, he accompanied the Mayor to the landing-place, ready to profit by any opportunity that might occur of placing himself in the King's way. But this is an error; Brummell had gone out to take his accustomed walk in an opposite direction, and was returning to his lodgings at the very moment that his former patron, accompanied by the French ambassador, was proceeding in a close carriage to the Hotel. "I was standing at my shop door," said Mr. Leleux, "and saw Mr. Brummell trying to make his way across the street to my house, but the crowd was so great that he could not succeed, and he was therefore obliged to remain on the opposite side. Of course, all hats were taken off as the carriage approached, and when it was close to the door, I heard the King say in a loud voice, 'Good God! Brummell!' the latter, who was uncovered at the time, now crossed over, as pale as death, entered the house by the private door, and retired to his room, without addressing me."

A sumptuous dinner was given in the evening at Dessin's, and Sélègue, Brummell's valet, who was a *chef* in his way, attended to make the punch; he took with him, also, by his master's orders, some excellent maraschino, a liqueur to which he remembered the King was extremely partial, though *cannelle* was, I believe, his favourite dram. In the afternoon it was observed, his Majesty was not in his usual spirits; was this occasioned by his recognition of the morning, and to the uncertainty

whether Brummell would make his appearance or not? *Chi lo sa?* he never came—the maraschino at dinner diminished any unpleasant feeling (if it ever did exist) that the dread of such a *contretemps* might have created, and the evening passed off admirably. The Mayor, and several of the civil functionaries were invited and came to this fête; and after dinner, the King requested the former to lend him his snuff-box, but he replied, he did not take snuff, and had no box. The *commissaire de police*, being a sharp specimen of that branch of the Government, immediately presented his; his Majesty accepted it, took a pinch, which, in all probability, he allowed to fall on the floor, and the next morning sent him a gold box. It was on occasions like these that George the Fourth displayed his tact in bestowing favours, and Monsieur le Maire is said to have felt at that moment not a little annoyed that he did not carry a box. This gentleman was a wine-merchant, and a friend of Brummell's; he recommended him to several of his friends, and his wine being very bad, I believe that most of them found it difficult to forget and forgive the introduction.

The morning after the King's arrival, every one of his suite, with the exception of Sir —— ——, now Lord ——, called on him. His visitors remained some time, and before they took their leave endeavoured to persuade him to request an interview with the King, as he returned to England; Brummell had written his name in the book at Dessin's, but abstained from presenting himself, as he probably felt that a refusal to see him would be an indignity to which he did not choose to be exposed: though his finances at this time were anything but flourishing, and an official appointment of some kind would have been a most desirable thing for him, he felt, even in his difficulties, most unwilling to cringe to the only man who could grant him the favour he so much needed. It has been stated, that, during the King's stay at Calais, Brummell sent him a box of snuff, and that his Majesty, having

previously heard that he was in distress, said, "I understand what it means," placed a hundred pound note in it, and returned it by one of his suite, desiring him at the same time to say that he could not see him.

The English papers gave out, that he stood in a conspicuous position in the lobby of the theatre, when the King went to his box, with the view of bringing their former intimacy to his remembrance, and profiting thereby; and that his Majesty bowed to him, and sent him a present during the evening. Another edition of the story was, that the Beau's present of snuff was accompanied by two or three yards of sausages, that he had selected and purchased himself at some *charcutier's* in the town, who was famous for these delicacies; but *sausages and Beau Brummell* do not read consistently together. According to Mr. Leleux, the real version of the snuff-box story was this:—the Consul came to Brummell late one evening, and intimated that the King was out of snuff, saying, as he took up one of the boxes that were lying on the Beau's table, "Give me one of yours." "With all my heart," replied Brummell, "but not that box, for if the King saw it I should never have it again:" implying thereby that there was some history attached to it in which His Majesty was concerned. On reaching the theatre, the Consul presented the snuff, when an exclamation followed the first pinch, and the King turning round said, "Why, sir, where did you get your snuff? There is only one person that I know who can mix snuff in this way." "It is some of Mr. Brummell's, your Majesty," replied the Consul, and the conversation here closed.

The next day the King left for Cassel; and, as he seated himself in the carriage, he said to Sir Arthur Paget, who commanded the yacht that brought him over, "I leave Calais, and have not seen Brummell." This remark was heard by several persons who were assembled in the yard of Dessin's hotel, and leads to the conclusion

that Brummell never received either money or message, and that the whole story was a fabrication. Mr. Leleux said, that had he been the King's debtor on this occasion, he must have known it, for that Brummell was at this time in great want of money, and remained so; besides, directly he had any funds, he always paid a portion of his bills, which was not the case at this period.

The King's visit, on which he had probably rested some hopes, produced no amelioration in the Beau's now reduced circumstances, and was only a source of annoyance to him. But the remark made by His Majesty to Sir Arthur Paget, implying that he had in some degree expected Brummell to make his appearance at the public *levee* held at the hotel, possibly diminished the fear he felt of receiving a rebuff. This, combined with the previous persuasions of those who wished him to do the best for himself, determined him to make some approach to a meeting with His Majesty on his return, though he could not bring himself to call, without receiving some official intimation that such was the King's pleasure: by inscribing his name in the book at Dessin's, he had fulfilled the *étiquette* due to his Sovereign, and no one could presume to do more without receiving the Royal commands. The authorities expected that on his way back to England, the King would visit the Town Hall, and Brummell thought he should have been able to accomplish his purpose on this occasion; but the Royal visitor was much pressed for time, and hurried on board immediately after his arrival. Whether this circumstance was, or was not, unfortunate for Brummell, no one can tell now: His Majesty might perhaps have intended to bestow some mark of his favour upon him; and if that was really the case, it was an adverse turn of fortune for Brummell. On the other hand, it is so easy for royalty to make a mere signal, in obeying which no one can feel that he is acting a servile part, that it is not unreasonable to conclude, that if George the Fourth had been gener

ously disposed towards his impudent but luckless favourite, he would never have left him to endure the mortification that he must have felt, when he found his Majesty's recognition of him in the street was not followed by some message of a kind and gracious character.

Brummell's affairs now became more and more embarrassed; the last years of his residence in Calais were passed in frequent applications for money to his relatives and friends, and, thanks to their kindness and the advances that were made from time to time by his banker, he was always able to show a good front to the world. It is rather singular, but no Englishman amongst this assemblage of debtors was more prompt in discharging the debts he owed to his different tradesmen than Brummell, when fortune provided him with the means of doing so. During my stay at Calais, I was enabled to form an opinion of the estimation in which he was held by this class of people, and was glad to find it favourable. A female tobacconist, whose shop I entered with a friend, especially drew my attention to the fact—and this, without the possibility of her knowing that I was interested in his history. I was remarking, that the hotels were fallen off since I was last in Calais, and, in defending her native town from the aspersion thus thrown upon it, she replied, "Go and see Dessin's before you condemn them; your King slept there once (like many of her class in Calais, she spoke a little English); and do you know, a friend of his lived here many years—we used to call him le Roi de Calais, he lodged at that house," pointing to M. Leleux's, which was nearly opposite to hers. "Ah! c'était un bien brave homme, très-élégant, et avec beaucoup de moyens—he always paid his bills, Sir, and was very good to the poor; and every one was very sorry when he left. I wonder," continued the bourgeoise, "le Roi George did not take bettare care of his frandes." That part of her gossip relating to Brummell's charitable donations is perfectly in character with the anecdote of

his reply to the beggar who petitioned him for alms, even if it was only a halfpenny : " Poor fellow," said the Beau, in a tone of good-nature, " I have heard of such a coin, but I never possessed one ; there's a shilling for you ! "

With Brummell's early history, every one in Calais was acquainted, and he was sometimes the subject of conversation, even amongst the English workmen of the *tulle* factories in the town. A friend of his, who was not unlike him in his general appearance, was one day overtaken in his walk to the Citadel by two of them, and, as they passed, he overheard one of them say to the other, " Now I'll bet you a pot that's him." The gentleman did not hear the reply, but they had scarcely gone twenty yards further, when they turned suddenly round, and retracing their steps, one of them came straight up to him, and said, " Beg pardon, Sir, hope no offence, but we two has got a bet—now ain't you ' George, ring the bell ? ' " The gentleman thus addressed, assured them that he was not Mr. Brummell, and the two *tullistes* having again made their rough apologies, departed to drink their pot at the next *cabaret*. What a pity it did not happen to be the Beau himself ; what would have been his astonishment and reply to such an assault !

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Beau in love—A visit from a friend of the lady's—Brummell's reply to his accusations—Extract from the "Letters of a German Prince"—This traveller at Constantinople—His black *compagnon de voyage*—Brummell endeavours to obtain an appointment—Is at length successful, and made Consul at Caen—Difficulty of leaving Calais—His liabilities—The sale of his buhl—Erection of the British Episcopal chapel—Brummell puts his name to the subscription list—Is invited to meet the Bishop—Leaves Calais—The courier's account of their journey to Paris.

DURING the latter part of his stay at Calais, the occupation of completing his screen being thrown aside, he found time so heavy on his hands, that he actually contrived to fancy himself in love with a young lady in her teens, and Rumour with her hundred tongues not only accused her of returning his passion, but insinuated that he had concocted a deep laid plan of abduction! in this state of affairs, it was thought right to send a person to Brummell to demand an explanation—a very unnecessary measure, for there was not a word of truth in that part of the report. A gallant officer, full of years and commissariat glories, who once had a *shoeing* establishment in London that did not answer, was deputed to see Brummell on the occasion; the ambassador was well chosen, for he was both charitable and conscientious. He accordingly waited on him, and after explaining his business, expatiated most fully and eloquently on the heinous nature of the supposed offence; in fact, said everything that would have been right and proper if the story had been really true. "Why, *Vulcan*," said the gay Lothario, "what a precious old humbug you must be, to come and lecture me on such a subject! you who were for two

years at hide-and-seek to save yourself from being shot by Sir T. S——, for running off with one of his daughters." "Dear me, dear me," said the astonished mediator, little dreaming that his youthful follies were known to any one at Calais, "you have touched a painful chord. It is true: I was once indiscreet myself; I will have nothing more to do with the business,"—nor was there any necessity, for the affair died a natural death.

Amongst those who dropped in upon Brummell about this time, January, 1829, was that amusing and veracious traveller, and profound judge of English society, the author of the Letters of a German Prince; and from this work I extract the portion which describes his visit, as it finishes with a speech perfectly characteristic of the Beau. "Every bird of passage from the fashionable world dutifully pays the former patriarch the tribute of a visit, or of an invitation to dinner. This I did also, though under my assumed name. Unfortunately, in the matter of dinner I had been forestalled by another stranger; and I cannot therefore judge how a coat really ought to look; or whether his long residence in Calais, added to increasing years, have rendered the dress of the former King of Fashion less classical, for I found him at his second toilette, in a flowered chintz dressing-gown, velvet night-cap with gold tassel, and Turkish slippers, shaving, and rubbing the remains of his teeth with his favourite red root. The furniture of his rooms was elegant enough, part of it might even be called rich, though faded; and I cannot deny that the whole man seemed to me to correspond with it. Though depressed by his present situation, he exhibited a considerable fund of good humour, and good nature. His air was that of good society, simple and natural, and marked by more urbanity than the dandies of the present race are capable of. With a smile he showed me his Paris peruke, which he extolled at the cost of the English ones, and called himself 'le ci-devant jeune homme qui passe sa vie entre

Paris et Londres.' He appeared somewhat curious about me, asked me questions concerning people and things in London, without belying his good breeding by any kind of intrusiveness; and then took occasion to convince me that he was still perfectly well informed as to all that was passing in the English world of fashion, as well as of politics. 'Je suis au fait de tout,' exclaimed he, 'mais à quoi cela me sert-il? on me laisse mourir de faim ici. J'espère pourtant que mon ancien ami le Duc de W—— enverra un beau jour le consul d'ici à la Chine, et qu'ensuite qu'il me nommera à sa place. Alors je suis sauvé.' . . . And surely the English nation ought in justice to do something for the man who invented starched cravats! How many did I see in London, in the enjoyment of large sinecures, who had done far less for their country. As I took my leave, and was going downstairs, he opened the door and called after me, 'J'espère que vous trouverez votre chemin; mon Suisse n'est pas là, je crains.' 'Hélas!' thought I, 'point d'argent point de Suisse.'"

It is a thousand pities that this German Prince did not remain another day at Calais, and give Brummell a dinner at Dessin's, as he proposed; for he would have gained some information on the subject of "how a coat really ought to look," which, judging from the one I saw him in ten years after at Constantinople, he stood lamentably in need of—so abundantly was it befrogged and bebraided. He was remarkable, too, in another respect, for he carried an eye-glass on the top of his cane which, being constantly in proximity to his nose, had a most comical effect. But, stranger still, he was that morning, and I understood usually, accompanied by a young Nubian girl, whose face was as black as his own boots, and much better polished, and who frolicked about him like a juvenile spaniel of King Charles's breed. This curious appendage was dressed in man's clothes, and she looked pretty, in spite of her ebony hue and crimson trowsers. I did not learn

her exact history, which must have been a curious one. It was whispered (no doubt the scandal of some white woman) that her lover had rescued her from the jaws of a crocodile on the banks of the Nile!

After the King's visit to Hanover, Brummell, at various intervals, tried to induce some of his powerful friends to interest themselves in obtaining an appointment for him, and at length the Duke of York undertook to advocate his cause with Mr. Canning, and endeavour to prevail upon him to give effect to his wishes. The minister replied that if his royal Highness insisted on it he would do so, but that he could not recommend Mr. Brummell's name to his Majesty on his own responsibility; and this attempt failed. At a later period Lord A——, knowing the distressed state that he was in, applied to the Duke of Wellington, who was then in power, and who good-naturedly undertook to mention the subject to William the Fourth. A paper of the day stated that when the Whigs came into office, Brummell wrote to Lord Grey, and to several of his other friends of that party, imploring them to do something for him, and that he owed his situation to that nobleman. But the Whigs did not assume the reins till 1831; and Brummell himself always said that he owed his appointment entirely to the "favourable consideration of the commander-in-chief." The result was, that on the 10th of September, 1830, he was entrusted with the extensive commercial interests of the British nation, in the capital of Lower Normandy. The remainder of his days were to be devoted to the inspection of persons with *fronts écrasés*, *cheveux roux*, *sourcils idem*, *yeux grisâtres*, *nez retroussés*, and *visages bourgeonnés;* and his *lecture* to the verification of passports, bills of lading, invoices, and mercantile papers of all kinds.

His very success in obtaining this consulate was, however, the source of fresh difficulties to him, for he could not leave the town till all his debts were paid, and they

then amounted to a very large sum. His creditors were far from being urgent in their demands, as long as it was likely that he would remain amongst them, but they were not at all inclined to part with him without a settlement of their accounts. To meet their demands he had a sale of his buhl furniture, which sold for a considerable sum. His Sèvres china had been bought some time before by Mr. Crockford, junior, then an auctioneer, who, according to his own statement, went over to Calais solely for the purpose of making this purchase. Mr. Crockford described this china as "the finest and purest ever imported into England." George the Fourth gave two hundred guineas for one tea-set, and a pair of the vases was sold for three hundred pounds. Some of these rare specimens of porcelain are now in the possession of the Duke of Buccleugh. But the money raised by the sale of his buhl was insufficient to satisfy half the claims against him, his banker's account alone being at this time twelve thousand francs on the wrong side.

It may appear strange that this gentleman should have advanced so large an amount on mere personal security, but it must be born in mind that during Brummell's residence at Calais, particularly in the early part of it, large sums were lodged in Mr. Leveux's hands by him; his prepossessing manner also, (for Mr. Leveux, like Mr. Leleux, said that "on ne pourrait rien lui refuser,") was another inducement, as well as the circumstance of his being always seen in the company of every man of rank who came into the town. Many of them cashed their bills by Brummell's introduction at his bank, and it was perhaps this which induced Mr. Leveux to accommodate him. A running account was therefore established between them, which, agreeably to the advice given to his friend from the window, was always in advance, and amounted by degrees to the sum already mentioned. His other liabilities were as follows :—

	Francs.
To his valet, François Sélègue, for house expenses and et ceteras	6162
Bill at Dessin's for dinners	3488
Lefêvre, hatter	54
Lamotte, Pion, } tailors	373
Baudron, Samson, } chemists	176
Lafond Bressell, Bonvarlet, Lemoine, } upholsterers	75
Parqué Waillier, draper	309
Ducastel, decorator of ceilings	24
Desjardins, Boissard, } jewellers	35
Fasquel, bootmaker	150
Piedfort, perruquier	8
Washerwoman	100
Fille de chambre	50
Isaac Pecquet, banker	500
Cr. o	Dr. 11504

The two tailors, Pion and Lamotte, were tyros in the art, and were only entrusted with repairs. His principal *artiste* in the way of clothes was a man of the name of Gaussin, who had been a prisoner in England, and returned to Calais after the peace in a very miserable condition. Finding that he had talent, Brummell patronized him; this led others to do so, and the *pauvre prisonnier* was enabled, shortly after the Beau's departure, to retire to his "otium" and cabbages in the country. In fact, most of those who had any pecuniary transactions with Brummell were well paid; and when, like Gaussin, they were the objects of his patronage, made their fortunes. Two chemists' bills also swell the list of small creditors; but the reader need not fancy that he went to them for tonics, the barrel of Dorchester ale supplied the place of their villainous drugs: his sympathy on the score of health is not required just yet: their bills were simply for *huile antique* and cold cream. Three upholsterers look very like the departure of the buhl furniture and the

ladies of his harem ; and the last item shows that in every possible instance he kept all his bankers in advance. The consumption of one hundred and seventy-six francs' worth of oils and cold cream, offers a pretty example of the extravagant character of his ordinary habits in dress.

Admiration of the hydropathic cure is now the fashionable medical epidemic ; and though prodigality is not separately named in the long list of maladies which Mr. Claridge has assured us may be cured at Graffenberg, there can be but little doubt that, as this disease is a mere species of madness, it might be successfully treated there. Two or three months of the doctor's mild but invigorating system of, sitz baths, douche baths, curds and whey, wet sheets sour krout, and hewing wood, would have been of infinite service to the Beau ; and, cured, like a Westphalian ham, he would have arrived at Caen a perfect specimen of prudence and economy ; unfortunately, however, the planet Priessnitz had not then risen to us.

But Brummell was not only prodigal of his cold cream, but of his promises, and when his cash was low, no one in Calais was more prompt to make them, or to attach his signature to a list of subscribers for any purpose than he was. In 1829, when a collection was made for the erection of an Episcopal chapel in that town, the person appointed to go round did not omit to pay him a visit and request his support. "Really, Mr. F.," said Brummell, "I am very sorry you did not call last week, for it was only yesterday that I became a Catholic ;—but, never mind, put my name down for a hundred francs." So very handsome a subscription had its effect, and some time after this, he received an invitation from the Consul to dine with Dr. Luscombe, the Paris diocesan, and those entrusted with the erection of the edifice ; which, however, he declined as follows :—

My dear Marshall,—

You must excuse me not having the pleasure to dine with you and the Trustees of the Church establishment this day. I do not feel myself sufficiently prepared in spirit to meet a bishop, or in pocket, to encounter the plate after dinner; moreover, I should be a fish out of water in such a convocation.

Truly yours,

George Brummell.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the church was not built with his money.

To decline an invitation of this nature was, however, with him a circumstance of rare occurrence, more particularly when it came from Mr. Marshall; yet it is said to have been at a dinner-party at this gentleman's house, that he gave the following perfect specimen of his prodigious impudence:—on the occasion in question, he was, as usual, accompanied by one of his canine favourites, who crouched at his feet during the repast, and, as will be seen also, partook of the feast. Amongst the delicacies handed round was a roasted capon, stuffed with truffles, from which Brummell very considerately helped himself to a wing: this, on tasting, he fancied was tough, and taking it up in his napkin, he forthwith called his dog, and addressing him, said aloud, before the astounded guests and his horrified host, "Here, *Atous!* try if you can get your teeth through this, for I'll be d—d if I can!"

For a while it was doubtful whether Brummell would be able to enter upon his consulate, and two or three weeks elapsed before he could induce Mr. Leveux to advance twelve thousand francs, the sum necessary to remove the impediments to his departure. To secure the repayment of this, in addition to the twelve thousand already overdrawn, he, according to the due forms of law, made over to that gentleman, by a letter of assign-

ment to Mr. Hertslett, of the Foreign Office, three hundred and twenty pounds per annum, being all but eighty, of his salary as consul. These were hard terms to subscribe to, for they completely crippled his finances : he could look forward to little else than an uninterrupted series of difficulties for the rest of his life, and such was the result ; but the case was imperative. Towards the end of September, 1830, he was permitted to leave the town in which he had vegetated for fourteen years, and we may imagine he was not in very high spirits. Through the kindness of his friend the consul, he was, however, enabled to reach Paris with a king's messenger, and of course free of expense.

This silver greyhound was a very aristocratic Mercury, and duly appreciated the honour of travelling with so celebrated a character as Beau Brummell. On his return to Calais, Mr. Marshall was curious to know how they had fraternized on the road, and asked him what kind of a travelling companion he found Mr. Brummell ? expatiating at the same time on his powers of conversation, his fame, and amusing qualities :—" Oh, a very pleasant one, indeed, Sir, very pleasant," replied the messenger. " Yes, but what did he say ? " said Mr. Marshall. " Say, Sir, why nothing ; he slept the whole way." " Slept the whole way ! " replied Mr. M. ; " do you call that being pleasant ? perhaps he snored." The bearer of despatches acknowledged that he did so ; but immediately, and as if fearful of casting an improper reflection upon so great a personage, he added, with great gravity, " yet I can assure you, sir, Mr. Brummell snored very much like a gentleman."

CHAPTER XXX.

Brummell at Paris—Passes a week there—Orders a snuff-box at Dabert's—Arrives at Caen—Takes up his abode at Madame de St. Ursain's—His old valet leaves him—A French café—Brummell's letter to Mr. Marshall, describing his reception at Caen—Talleyrand—Monsieur Target—Colonel de la Pommeraye—Monsieur de Montrond—Sketch of his character.

THE streets of Paris were graced by the Beau's presence for a whole week, and during this time he was the frequent guest of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, and several members of the *haute volée* of the French capital. After having been fourteen years in a dirty fishing-town, he must have enjoyed himself most uncommonly; but I shall say nothing of his friends, as he records their hospitality with his own pen. Dreadful repletion, however, must necessarily have ensued from dining at such tables as those of the Prince of Benevento, Lord Stuart de Rothesay, and Madame de Bagration; but though bad nights, and splitting head-aches, were in all probability the consequence, he contrived to rise sufficiently early to pass in review all the snuff-boxes in the Palais-Royal and the Rue de la Paix, but not one could he find worthy of his selection, and he therefore left an order at Dabert's for an enamelled gold one, which when made was to cost the trifling sum of two thousand five hundred francs,—more than his year's income.

On the 5th of October, the Beau arrived in Caen, having travelled post from Paris in a carriage hired for the occasion, and with his valet Sélègue in the rumble, four horses and two postilions, he drove up amidst a *feu d'artifice* from their whips to the Hôtel de la Victoire; the *porte-cochère* was thrown open, and in rolled his Britannic

Majesty's representative, George Brummell. Higgling for francs would have been unworthy of a man loaded with all the honours of a consulate, and therefore, stepping from his carriage, he ordered the cook (who he mistook for the landlord, and into whose greasy arms he nearly fell) to let him have "the best rooms, the best dinner, and the best Laffitte."

A week after, he was located in the Rue des Carmes, at the house of Madame Guernon de Saint Ursain, and his old valet having remained a few days to initiate his successor into his duties, he made his bow and departed. This man, who figures for so large a sum in the list of Calais creditors, certainly did not lose by attending him in that capacity for thirteen years: after his return to that town, he removed to Boulogne, and, with the money that he had saved in the Beau's service, set up the Café Sélègue in the Grande Rue.

But the retired valet's ambition did not centre itself in coffee and coffee-pots only; not content with his café, he speculated and took an hotel. All went on well for some years, but the jealousies of rival landlords, the invasion of Louis-Napoleon, and the Thiers war-cry, laid his hopes prostrate; the hotel proved a losing concern, and he was at last obliged to confine himself to the business of simple *cafetier*. His café is one of the best in Boulogne; and the fact of his having been chamberlain to such a distinguished character as Beau Brummell, may possibly induce the juvenile exquisite, as he passes through the town, to turn in there (if it still exists) for an ice; for, as white neck-cloths are coming in again, he may like to ascertain, with precision, how the Beau's were folded, and to what degree they were starched. But a café in a French provincial town is not exactly the place to which those should resort whose ideas of cleanliness are of the same stamp as Brummell's, who, I can assure the reader, was never, during his fourteen years' residence at Calais, guilty of entering one. It would, indeed, have been sur-

prising had he done so, for it is scarcely possible to conceive anything farther removed from that virtue than one of these receptacles for sulky husbands, swell shop-boys, and dirty and idle politicians—to say nothing of the delight of sitting in a concentrated essence of bad smells, animal and vegetable, and in the midst of a shower of refreshing expectorations.

But, to return to the Beau: he had scarcely taken possession of his lodgings at Caen, when he found his table covered with the cards of the best French families in the town. With a gossiping dowager for a landlady, and eight or ten of the same species in the same street, his former history was soon the topic of general conversation, and his society was at once courted and desired; but, of his proceedings during the first three weeks after his arrival, his own humorous letter to the consul at Calais gives the best account.

October 25th, 1830.

My dear Marshall,—

You would certainly before this have heard *de mes nouvelles*, had I not been occupied and put out of my usual passive way of existence by endeavouring to settle myself in this place. After passing a week in Paris *en route*, (I wish, by the bye, I had never seen it, for Stuart[1] and several of my friends have spoilt me for at least a year to come,) I arrived at my destination, and underwent all the horrors, and all the more horrible cheating, of one of the worst hotels, I am confident, in Europe; though they tell me it is the best here. During seven days I gnawed bones upon unwashed dowlas in this charnel-house; what a difference after Stuart, Talleyrand,[2]

[1] Lord Stuart de Rothesay, our Ambassador at the French Court, and always a very kind friend of Brummell's.

[2] Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Perigord valued an *entrée* much more highly than he did an oath, and, indeed, was a far better judge of one, though he swallowed nearly as many of the latter as he did of the former—his very name puts one in mind of a delicacy. His *cuisine* was perfect, and he is said to have been kept alive by his cook rather than

Madame de Bagration,[1] and Montrond! and during seven nights I thought it necessary to scratch myself without sleeping, though I must, in justice, say, I believe there was no occasion for such penance. Good fortune at length led my steps to an admirable lodging, half a house, the property of a most *cleanly*, devout old lady, (the cousin of Guernon de Ranville,[2] one of the condemned ministers), excellently furnished, with a delightful garden, two Angola cats, and a parrot that I have already thrown into apoplectic fits with sugar. From the letter which I brought with me from Paris to the Préfet,[3] the General, and three or four other big wigs, given to me by no less personages than Molé[4] and Sebastiani,[5] you must know that, without a sixpence in my pocket, I I am become a great man here. They dine me and fête me most liberally; and I have already been elected a member of their Société or club, a sort of Brookes's, but

his physician; for his digestive powers were exceedingly impaired, and required the most delicate management. Monsieur de Talleyrand was born at Paris on the 7th of March, 1754, and died there on the 17th of May, 1838.

[1] *The* Princesse de Bagration!

[2] Monsieur de Ranville, who now lives at Ranville, a village about six miles from Caen, was incarcerated for several years in the Castle of Ham with Polignac and his colleagues, and this "cleanly and devout old lady" often contributed by her presence to soften the rigours and enliven the weary hours of his imprisonment.

[3] Monsieur Target. This functionary was the son of the notorious *avocat* of that name who refused the benefit of his legal acquirements to Louis the Sixteenth, when called upon to defend that unfortunate monarch; and it was, therefore, sufficiently discreditable to the Government of Louis Philippe to have thus advanced him to the honourable position of préfet; immediately, too, after the revolution of July had placed this sovereign on the throne from which his own relative, though, possibly, with justice, had just been hurled! Monsieur Target died at Caen in the spring of 1843.

[4] Monsieur Molé, the minister.

[5] Marshal Sebastiani, afterwards ambassador to our court: he married one of the daughters of the Duke de Grammont, a sister of the present Countess of Tankerville.

in a much more magnificent house, *without ballot*, an *honour* not before accorded to any Englishman. All the newspapers and latest periodical productions are there taken in profusion, and as much franc whist, écarté, and billiards as you please, till eleven o'clock at night. All well-educated, well-mannered, and well-conditioned people; no industrious master of arts, like. . . .; no superannuated imbecile clodhoppers, like . . . To-morrow I dine at a grand to-do given by the Préfet and Monsieur de la Pommeraye,[1] the député; and I am preparing a *neat little extempore*, which I shall let off upon success to the commerce of the two countries being toasted. The English residents here are very respectable persons; they keep large and hospitable mansions, and derive the best advantage that families can do—the best possible education in every branch, both male and female, that the whole of France can produce. The two leading *Amphitryons de nos compatriotes* established in Caen are Messrs. Villiers and Burton, two very good men of independent fortune, with numerous families. Their houses, and, without exaggerating, they are like Devonshire House, or the Embassy at Paris, are generally open at half-past five to a well-provided dinner, and, Heaven knows, I have as yet profited most abundantly by their kindness, and always *portes ouvertes* in the evening. The French of the best class mingle much in this society, and there is always a fiddle for the amusement of the young ladies. I am doing all that I can to make

[1] Colonel de la Pommeraye, a gentleman of good Norman family, and an ardent admirer of Napoleon. He served under him, and commanded a regiment of heavy cavalry at Waterloo, where he was severely injured by his horse falling upon his chest while addressing his men previously to a charge. In 1830 Colonel de la Pommeraye was deputed by the Chamber of Deputies to escort Charles the Tenth to Cherbourg, a duty which he performed to the satisfaction of his own party, and, at the same time, with respect and deference towards the misguided and injudicious, but unfortunate King. Monsieur de la Pommeraye died three or four years subsequently to the date of this letter.

all parties satisfied with me. I condole with the outs, and agree with the ins: as to my own nation, I have called upon all who are worthy of such a compliment. I shake hands and gossip with the fathers and mothers, and pat all their dirty-nosed children upon the head, and tell them that they are beautiful. What can I do more with my scanty means?

I foresee, that little or nothing is to be made of my department; *n'importe*, I shall try something in the spring to better it. I am perfectly contented with my *Chancellor* Hayter, who is well versed in his business, and from my investigation, I believe to be an honourable *adjoint*. Prostrate my remembrances at the feet of Mrs. Marshall, and of all your family. Scribble me what is going on in *your little fishing-town* of Calais, for I shall always bear an interest towards it; and if there is nothing better to record, tell me whether it makes fine or bad weather.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

[The Monsieur de Montrond mentioned by Brummell in this letter died at Paris, in November, 1843, and the following sketch of his character is, with some trifling variation, abridged from a French paper. His first appearance in the fashionable world of Paris, which was shortly before the Revolution of 1789, was of the most dashing description; and this to the astonishment of every one, for, as in the case of Beau Wilson, nobody knew of his having any resources; but this was of little consequence; he was amiable and generous, with naturally pleasing and persuasive manners, which he perfected by the most careful study; these, combined with the brilliancy and charms of his conversation, formed a spell so potent that he exercised a despotic influence over persons of all ranks and classes. One man of no slight celebrity in our times submitted, in common with minds of far superior

power, to the fascination of this irresistible seducer. M. de Montrond was from the first his petted pupil, and afterwards became his all trusted confidant and inseparable companion; that man, who betrayed so many kings and friends, who made a jest and a mockery of the powers of Heaven and of earth, never once swerved in his fidelity to this—his one friend. De Montrond, like his patron, was a perfect specimen of diplomatic caoutchouc,—he had suppleness, and a born character for trickery and intrigue, and therefore did not fail to improve under the tuition of such a master.

On M. de Talleyrand's first mission to England, under the republic, he accompanied him, and played, though not officially, such a skilful part, that the minister promised him that talents so admirable should not be allowed to rust; important opportunities for exerising them afterwards presented themselves. Mrs. Grant, the Bishop's mistress was to be converted into his wife, and Monsieur de Montrond was despatched to Rome to obtain a dispensation from the Pope; he succeeded, and for once in his life, Talleyrand was grateful. De Montrond possessed not political ambition, honour and places were but slight temptations to him, but he was inordinately fond of money; not to hoard, but to lavish in every kind of luxury, and his friend provided him with the means of gratifying all his wishes, by giving him such information on state secrets as enabled him to speculate with success and also a good share in his own thrifty schemes. On one occasion, he realized, by a little secret operation, a clear bonus of two millions of francs. "Now, you are a rich fellow," said his patron. "Yes, it is a pretty little picking enough." "Really, de Montrond, you must make some good use of this capital." "Rely upon me for that." "And where shall you put this two millions?" "Why, where should I?" said de Montrond; "in my *secrétaire*, of course." He did so, or into a stocking; but the amount soon disappeared, and he was as far from

being, like his friend, a capitalist, as ever. Entirely absorbed in the pleasures of the day, he cared not to provide for the future, the idea never entered his head: all he desired was to maintain, as long as he could, the magnificence which attracted all eyes; the reputation of a *Grand Seigneur*, and, most inconsistently, that of an inimitable *petit-maître*. Of course, penury occasionally followed close upon his opulence; yet, he went on his way rejoicing, day after day, thoughtless as a bird; sometimes with a hundred thousand Napoleons in his pocket, sometimes not five; but his gaiety and good temper never deserted him, and he used often to say, "Egad, I can't hate anybody, not even people who have done me a service." He had, however, his enemies. Murat, in his coarse dragooning style of abuse, speaking of him and Monsieur de Talleyrand, said, "They are a couple of dung-heaps in silk stockings,"—but with all this coarseness, the Marshal was by far the finest fellow of the three.

One day a Princess of the Imperial family expressed to M. de Montrond her astonishment at his profound attachment to Talleyrand. "Ah, madame," he replied, with a mixture of slyness and *naïveté*, "how can one help loving him? he is so deliciously full of vice!" After the Restoration, the Prince de Benevento preserved his credit and influence, and De Montrond his establishment, his luxuries, and his *bonnes fortunes*. He was a man over whom time seemed to have no power; from first to last he was the same gay, gallant, fighting, frivolous, gambling, devil-may-care sort of fellow. The death of M. de Talleyrand was the one sole grief of his life; the only tear he ever shed was for him; for M. de Talleyrand had been more than his friend, he had been his good genius who had ever strown showers of gold in his path. Even on his death-bed the patron did not forget his long-cherished protégé; and he left him certain state secrets, with their proofs, which M. de Montrond well knew how to

use. Such was his influence to the last, that, only a few days before his death, when the police ventured to make an inroad upon his *salon*, in order to seize what they, not very erroneously, believed to be a gambling bank, de Montrond had only to make a representation of the circumstance at the Tuileries, and forthwith the préfet of police got a sound rating for the *outrage*, and M. de Montrond a handsome indemnity.]

Of M. de Montrond's claims to admiration, as a clever tool, and a very agreeable companion, there cannot, I suppose, be any doubt; but to have been a whole life the *friend of M. de Talleyrand*, is enough to damn any man's character with posterity.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Brummell's morning visitors—His hospitality—Mr. Jones and the "pâté de foie gras"—Comment on the Beau's letter to the consul at Calais—The English Society at Caen—Intruders upon Brummell's acquaintance—The consequences of it—A misapprehension—A letter from the Beau, describing a singular conversation that occurred at a "soirée"—A sonnet to Moggy—Brummell's patronage of his young favourites.

THE appointment of Brummell to the consulate of Caen was known in that town long before he made his appearance there, and the representations of the dowager his landlady, already alluded to, and more particularly those of Madame la Marquise de Seran, who had known him in London during the emigration, made all the young Frenchmen of the Carlist party anxious to become acquainted with him. About a month after he was domiciled in the Rue des Carmes three of them paid him a morning visit, and found him, though late in the day, over head and ears in all the mysteries of his toilet. They were, of course, anxious to retire immediately, but Brummell opposed their departure. "Pray stay, Messieurs," said the Beau, as he laid down the silver tweezers with which he had just removed a straggling hair, "pray remain; I have not yet breakfasted—no excuses; there is *a pâté de foie gras*, a *pain de gibier*," and many other dainties that he enumerated with becoming gastronomic fervour. A sense of modesty, however, rather an unusual virtue when the appetite of a *gourmand* is concerned, prevailed, and the goose's liver failed to overcome the scruples of three of the most noted *bon vivants* in Caen. Enchanted with Brummell's politeness, hospitality, and attractive powers of conversation, they took their leave, with many

expressions of cordiality. One of the trio, relating the circumstance a few hours after, remarked that "he must live very well." They little imagined that it was only the extreme improbability of their accepting his invitation that induced him to be so exceedingly pressing, and to offer them such a magnificent repast. Had they taken him at his word, they would have found themselves very nearly in the same plight as the guest of the Barmecide, for the polite and hospitable gentleman had positively nothing in the house at the time but a penny roll, and the coffee simmering by his bedroom fire.

With the juniors of this class of French society he was soon on the most intimate footing. They gained his heart by capital dinners, for Brummell was the prince of *gourmets*. But a good dinner would have reconciled him to any class of people: his exclusiveness immediately gave way to an invitation; and he would condescend to waive any objections that he might have had to the vulgarity of his entertainer, in the consideration of the excellence of his Sillery and a *dinde truffée*. Thus it was that he frequently visited in houses he would seldom have entered had he not been enticed within their walls by the delightful odours that came steaming from their kitchens on the *rez de chaussée*.

On the Beau's arrival in Caen, he really had a *pâté de foie gras*, to which a droll story is attached. A morning visitor having called, he asked him, as he took his leave, how he intended to pass the evening. "Why, I dine at Mr. Jones's, in the Rue——," he replied; "there's a party, and a few people in the evening." "Well, I think I shall dine there too," said Brummell, musing. "But you have no invitation, have you?" "None; but never mind, I shall dine there: so *au revoir*." His new acquaintance left, wondering how he would manage to get invited, and firmly convinced that his tactics must equal Theodore Hook's if he succeeded; for Mr. Jones was a radical, and a retired soap-boiler, and he had often

heard him severely condemn the "profligate appointment of such a man to superintend the interests of the British nation at Caen."

Mr. Jones and his friends had proceeded to the dining-room before Brummell's morning visitor arrived, and great was his astonishment, when, on bowing to the lady of the house, as he took possession of the vacant chair, he saw Brummell seated next her, evidently in immense favour, and making himself as agreeable as he possibly could. The singular plan adopted by the consul to obtain his invitation, and his still more singular proceedings on leaving Mr. Jones's house, transpired the next day. It should be observed, that, during his short stay at Paris, Brummell had not only remembered to order a hundred-guinea snuff-box, but also to purchase the *pâté* already mentioned, at Chévet's, the *marchand de comestibles*, in the Palais-Royal. He had not touched it on his journey; and, when this dinner was mentioned, it suddenly struck him, that to present it to Mr. Jones would be a good preliminary measure towards receiving an invitation: he therefore immediately despatched the *pâté*, and a note to that gentleman, stating that he had just heard that he was going to give a dinner, that the delicacy was of no earthly use to him, and begged that he would accept it *sans façon*. The courtesy appeared so disinterested, and the pie so inviting, that they, conjointly, softened the patriotic indignation of the sturdy Jones, and his acknowledgments, and a request that the incapable representative of his Britannic Majesty would dine with him at five o'clock, were speedily returned. It has been shown that he went, and on the following morning Brummell's acquaintance again called on him, and very naturally expressed a pardonable curiosity to learn how he had contrived to attain his object, when the Beau briefly related to him the above. "Admirable tact, indeed," said his visitor, "but I never saw anything of the *pâté!*" "True," replied Brummell, "I was on the *qui*

vive for it all dinner-time, and eyed every dish that came in; but, as you very justly remark, it never made its appearance, and disagreeably surprised I was. My dear sir," said the Beau, in a solemn tone, "the *pâté* was a splendid *pâté*, a *chef d'œuvre;* and I felt deeply interested in its fate. Accordingly, while I was in the passage putting on my cloak to come away, I desired my servant to enquire of the cook why it was not at table, and what had become of it, when they told him that *Monsieur* had kept it for Master Henry's birthday. Had it been destined for his father's, its fate, though unworthy, would have been supportable; but to be the *pièce de résistance* of a nursery dinner, to be the prey of all the little Joneses and their '*bonnes*' was atrocious; sir, it was an insult to me and my pie. 'Go,' said I to Isidore, 'go back to the kitchen, and say that I particularly desire to see the *pâté de foie gras*.' He soon returned with it; and, feeling that it would have been a sin to leave it with such people, I ordered him to put it into the carriage, and followed it without delay. It was not honest, but as I cut into it this morning at breakfast, I almost felt justified, for I never inserted my carving-knife into such another."

The families mentioned in the letter to Mr. Marshall, the consul at Calais, were, with occasional exceptions, the only two amongst the English who entertained on a large scale, and Brummell was quite correct in saying that he availed himself abundantly of their hospitality. It continued uninterrupted till they left, which, fortunately for him, was not till some years after. But the description that he gives in his letter to Mr. Marshall, of the houses of these friends, in which he was so well received and fêted, is not a little exaggerated; and was probably owing to his having passed fifteen years in the small rooms of a much smaller town. He must hav been wandering when he drew such a *tableau*, and as serted that the Club at Caen was as large as Brookes's or that the other houses to which he alludes were lik

Devonshire House, or the British Embassy at Paris. It is really like Mr. Clarke's magnificent restoration of Pompeii. To make the sketch perfect, Brummell should have said, that the furniture and decorations of their interiors were also similar.

The English society at Caen at this period was, generally speaking, good, much superior in point of respectability to that of many towns along the coast and in the interior; but still it was of a mixed character, and there were some individuals with whom his consular duties brought him in contact, that he had a decided aversion to include in the number of his associates; others, who had not even the grounds of public business to justify their entering upon personal communication with him, forced themselves upon his acquaintance whenever an opportunity offered. Such persons he studiously avoided, for his frigid demeanour had not the slightest effect upon them. They continually pestered him with civilities (not dinner-parties), merely with a view of gratifying their vanity, by being able to assert that they knew him; this he naturally saw through, and the impertinent intrusion generally met with a sarcastic rebuke which his gallantry did not prevent him from administering to the presumptuous, even among the fair sex.

One of the delinquents who suffered somewhat severely for pressing herself rather unceremoniously upon his notice, was a Mrs. G., a daughter-in-law of Æsculapius; she was rather a pretty woman, but always aping the great lady, a character most difficult to play before Brummell: for this reason, in particular, the M.D.'s wife was his aversion, and he seized every occasion that presented itself of administering wholesome correction to her foible. He knew, that to have the celebrated Beau Brummell at her house, was the darling object of her ambition; and, that to be able to write to her friends in England that he had graced her one room, was an event that by good management she fondly hoped ultimately to bring

about. This apartment was immediately over the gateway of the hotel at which Brummell sometimes dined; and one day, as he and a friend were passing under it to take a walk on the Cours Cafarelli, they were detected by the ever-watchful lady, who, *modiste*-like, was sunning herself with folded arms on her balcony.

The opportunity was not allowed to escape, and the promenaders, unconscious of the presence of the divinity above, were suddenly arrested by the mellifluous and persuasive tones of her voice, saying, "Good evening, Mr. Brummell." The gentlemen stopped, raised their heads, and Mr. W., his hat; but his companion had sufficiently discomposed the folds of his cravat by looking up, and they were on the point of resuming their walk, when his aversion again interrupted his onward course by calling out, "Now won't you come up and take tea?" Severe, indeed, was the expression of Brummell's countenance at this extraordinary address from a person with whom he was scarcely on bowing terms; he was motionless, and for half a minute speechless: collecting his scattered senses, however, he again raised his eyes—those small grey eyes, *pétillant d'esprit*, with laughter in each corner—and addressed the following laconic, pithy, and impudent reply to "the lady on the first-floor front":—"Madam, you take medicine, you take a walk, you take a liberty, but you *drink* tea": this he was determined not to do, and without another word, made a stiff bow, pressed the arm of his friend, which he had not relinquished, and proceeded on his way.

At this time, the year of his arrival, he had all his wits about him, was quite equal to his reputation, and his sarcastic vein was very droll and amusing to those who were not at the moment the objects of his satire; but, friends and foes alike left his presence with the conviction that each would in turn be served up, *à la Tartare*, for the amusement of his neighbours: he was, in fact, a walking lampoon; every individual that came within the

sphere of his vision was subjected to his censorious spirit. The best houses did not escape, not even those in which he received the most kindness: a French family in the neighbourhood had given a dinner, almost expressly on his account, and everything had been done to make it perfect, if possible; the ortolans had been sent from Toulouse, and the salmon from Rouen, and the company were legitimists to the back-bone. The morning after this fête some one who met him inquired how the *dîner commandé* had passed off? when the Beau, lifting up his hands, and shaking his head in a deprecatory manner, said, "Don't ask me, my good fellow; but, poor man, he did his best."

Of those among his countrymen and women, whose manners were not quite so polished as they might have been, he would observe, "How can such people be received? It is deplorable to be in such society!" Brummell affectioned all those who fell in with his own ideas, or appeared to make observations in a similar vein. Very soon after I was introduced to him, I found that I had unwittingly gained his approbation by a remark accidentally made in this spirit, or rather, that he chose to construe as such: the circumstance occurred at a large evening party, when, after having made my bow to the lady of the house, I approached the fireplace and said to one of the company, who I thought was in the country, "Why, Mr. D——, are you here?" Brummell overheard the exclamation, and imagined that I meant to imply that he was not *fit* to be there; whereas it was a simple expression of surprise, and of a totally different kind. Satirical remarks, like those I have cited, were of course repeated again and again by those to whom they were made, especially as they were generally accompanied by some capital *bon mot*, which was laid upon the victim of the moment. It may therefore be easily imagined that Brummell was not very popular with this class of his countrymen; but, as those a grade above them were,

like the generality of the world, always ready to laugh at the vulgarities and infirmities of those below them, he was never cordially condemned,—on the contrary, they were delighted, and remained on excellent terms with him so long as he retained the power of amusing them. The following letter certainly shows that some of his acquaintance were not very refined, and drew his sarcastic remarks upon themselves by their own conduct; it was addressed to an elderly lady with whom he was intimate :—

Tuesday.

My dear Mrs. ——,

You desired me to divulge the *dénouement* of a recent *entretien* with Mademoiselle ——. I will endeavour to recollect it in all its pristine purity. *La Donzella* had been asking me who figured at Mrs. ——'s late *hop*. My answer was that there was not any one particularly *frappante;* that the only novelty I had remarked was a duenna in the family of Mr. ——, who certainly accompanied the quadrilles with harmonious hands upon the piano, and subsequently danced herself, to the discord of others, with the obedient foot of Taglioni; that the absence of attraction from the face and figure of *la gouvernante* in question was partially compensated by the accomplishments which she exhibited. Our *entretien* wavered to the brilliancy and comfort of General Corbet's fire, and progressively to one of my familiar *agrémens* during the winter nights, an earthen bottle clad in a petticoat of flannel containing hot water.

To my amazement and discomfiture she *naïvement* asked me, "Would you not prefer being married to the governess you have been praising than to the bottle in the bed?" I found it was high time to correct the irregular bearing of this interrogation, and I abruptly responded, "The lady in question, to whom you so unreservedly return, might indeed prove a preferable substitute for the innocent bottle, but I have much too good

an opinion of her to suppose she would entertain such warming-pan ideas." The undaunted——, instead of fainting, as I expected, at the look of deep censure which accompanied my remark, exploded into a boisterous fit of horse laughter, with screeching turbulence, to attract the attention of the whole assemblage; and your humble reporter resorting to a pinch of snuff, to conceal his confusion, rose from the profane conference, and with wounded feelings at the unguarded *ingenuousness* of this Highland hoyden, retired to his solitary chamber, painfully ruminating upon the lax morality of society.

Blushingly yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Place ——.

P.S.—As a refreshment for the mind, I leave Cobbet and the parsons at your door. Dr. ——, who *à l'instant* is feeling my left pulse, is anxious to be asked to your *soirée* this evening. I send you a sonnet upon Miss ——, of whose *propreté* I have my doubts.

MES ADIEUX À MOGGY.

Fair Moggy, fair Moggy, the morning falls foggy,
And your tears, like the rain, may soon piteously pelt;
Yet my hopes still denote, that at sight of my note,
Your reason, like butter, in sunshine will melt.

'Tis unkind to deceive, in my candour believe,
All the perfumes of Araby will not now plight us;
Shed your skin like the snake, and perhaps for your sake,
More refreshing *amitié* may *enfin* unite us.

To the *few*, both French and English, to whom he was really partial, particularly those of the *beau sexe*, he was most agreeable; and like many, perhaps the generality of elderly people, he much preferred the society of young persons to that of those of his own age. With some of the damosels he would assume a protecting air, giving them advice as to little niceties in manners and conversation; his patronizing look at such moments savouring

a good deal of by-gone days, seemed to say, "Now that I have noticed you, you may take your place in society without fear of being criticised." To his extreme favourites he would occasionally dispatch a billet breathing deep reverence for their many excellent qualities; and this mark of his approbation and regard was sometimes accompanied by a drawing of his own, and sometimes by one of the various little trifles that ornamented his table, or his mantel-piece, or reposed in the recesses of his *secrétaire*.

In this manner fugitive pieces of his poetry, and a few autograph letters of celebrated people he had formerly known, were bestowed upon one or two ladies with whom he was on the most friendly terms. With them he also occasionally corresponded; and his letters to them, and the notes already alluded to, pleasingly relieve a biography which is entirely devoid of stirring or adventurous incident. For those with whom he was, in the literal sense of the term, intimate, he had a fund of conversational wit, and an inexhaustible store of anecdote ever ready. His good stories were never repeated, and his desultory reading (for he had all the new publications from Paris) rendered him as amusing a companion as he had ever been. With these friends his reserve gave way: he not only conversed with them freely on topics connected with his early days, but described most delightfully all the bright and gay scenes in which he had participated, laughing most heartily at the folly of those who had permitted him to exercise such an absolute influence over the fashionable world, and to which they themselves were slaves.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The commencement of difficulties—Letter to his banker at Calais—Extract from another to that gentleman—Applications to Mr. Armstrong for assistance—Proceedings of Monsieur Isidore—His valet retires from his service—Mademoiselle Aimable, the daughter of his landlady—Teaches her English—Correspondence with her.

THOUGH Brummell met with the kindest reception at Caen, both from the French and English, and soon formed agreeable intimacies with a few of the best families of either nation, yet *malgré* the dinners of Mr. Burton and Mr. Villiers, his gay demeanour, his sallies, and apparent *insouciance* he must have been at times exceedingly harassed and annoyed; for he had scarcely been six months in the town before he was up to his wig in difficulties. His eighty pounds a year, all that he was receiving out of his salary of four hundred, was insufficient for rent and washing: the latter amounted to eight hundred francs, rather more than a third of it; and though this was not extraordinary for a man who had lived through life as he had, and invariably draped his elegant form in three shirts and three neck-cloths per diem, such habits were annihilation to such an income. Lest any of my readers should think me guilty of exaggeration with respect to this item of Brummell's weekly expenditure, I will here insert what Prince Puckler, in one of his letters to Julia, calls the weekly statement made by the fashionable *blanchisseuse* that he employed when in London, who he asserts was the only person that could make cravats of the right stiffness, or fold the breasts of shirts with plaits of the right size. "An *élégant* then requires per week twenty shirts, twenty-four

pocket-handkerchiefs, nine or ten pair of summer trowsers, thirty neck-handkerchiefs (unless he wears black ones), a dozen waistcoats and stockings *à discretion.*" By the bye I should mention that Brummell told me that he invariably went home to change his cravat after the opera, previously to attending his other engagements, either ball or supper. But independently of his large washing bills, he had not yet learned to dress himself without the assistance of a valet; and he also gave a few dinner parties, so that his annual expenses must have amounted to more than eight times his income. But he was Consul, he was Beau Brummell, and credit was easily obtained. This he took advantage of immediately after his arrival, and also again applied for assistance to Mr. Leveux. I have given one of his letters to this gentleman a place here only with the view of showing a specimen of his knowledge of French. The reader will perhaps criticise it in an indulgent spirit, when he recollects (for the anecdote has been already given) that it is written by one who, in his hopeless endeavours to learn the language, had been stopped "like Buonaparte by the elements."[1]

Caen, le 14 Avril, 1831.

MON CHER MONSIEUR,—

Je ne croyais guères il y a six mois me trouver encore exposé à l'extrémité de recourir à votre bonté. J'ai trop calculé, comme vous le savez, sur les promesses de mes amis; ils n'ont rien fait pour moi, et il sera peut-être

[1] "Crushed was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
Who knocked his army down with icy hammer,
Stopped by the *elements*, like a whaler, or
A blundering novice in his new French grammar."
BEPPO.

Lord Byron says in his diary, "I have put this pun into Beppo, which is 'a fair exchange and no robbery;' for Scrope made his fortune at several dinners (as he owned himself) by repeating occasionally as his own some of the buffooneries with which I had encountered him in the morning."

encore un autre pénible siècle, de quatre ou cinq mois, avant qu'il ne leur plaise à me tirer de la position actuelle dont j'ai dernièrement lutté contre les désavantages. Cette position est enfin devenue plus périlleuse, je ne me soucie pas de la privation des luxes ni des agrémens de la vie, il y a longtems qu'il m'a fallu savoir m'en passer ; mais il y va à l'instant de mon honneur, de ma réputation, et de tous mes intérêts présens et à l'avenir, puisque j'ai lieu de craindre que le manque total de moyens de pourvoir même aux dépenses officielles qu'imposent chaque jour les obligations de mon consulat, et que l'éclat de l'ignominie qui m'envisage d'être continuellement poursuivi pour des petites dettes, que j'ai nécessairement contractées dans cette ville de Caen, ne soient bientôt cause de la perte de ma place.

Je vous supplie donc de prendre en considération les divers embarras de mon état pour vos propres intérêts, que je vous jure me sont plus sacrés que les miens ; je vous supplie d'y réfléchir et de tâcher en subvenir à l'extrême besoin. Ne consultez que ces sentimens de libéralité et amitié que vous m'avez témoigné pendant quinze ans, et que je n'abuserai jamais. Ne prêtez pas l'oreille aux indignes conseils de ceux (je les connais sans les nommer) qui pour satisfaire leurs injustes et misérables demandes contre moi, cherchent à me nuire dans votre estime.

Avec la plus parfaite considération,
Je suis, mon cher Monsieur,
Votre très-fidèle et obéissant serviteur,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

A Monsieur Jacques Leveux,
Banquier, Calais.

This heroic indifference to privations he had never yet submitted to, and his alarm for his honour and reputation are somewhat entertaining. The tact also is excellent, with which he presents Mr. Leveux's interests

to his consideration, by way of an argument for advancing his own; it was, however, an unsuccessful application, as the following extract from another letter to the same gentleman, written about a month after, will prove:—"Je me suis flatté, mon cher Monsieur, pendant un mois, d'avoir de vos nouvelles. Poussé à la dernière extrémité, et pour me soustraire aux poursuites des gens de cette ville, pour sauver enfin l'habit à mon dos, qui est véritablement à peu près, tout ce qui me reste," etc., etc. This second letter had the desired effect, and his bill was cashed, but the relief was but temporary, and he now began to feel the distress which had hitherto presented itself to his mind only in imagination. The supplies that he had formerly received from his friends, were probably withdrawn, under the feeling that he was provided for; and the hope of benefiting by any windfall from an old acquaintance, was now out of the question. Caen was an outlying piquet, and never visited, whereas, Calais, being on the high road between Paris and London, was the very place for a mendicant of his stamp—he there levied a toll on all those who had formerly travelled with him along the *chaussée* of fashionable life.

Three months after the date of the preceding letter, Brummell was in the most abject state of dependence, and was reduced to beg and borrow of those he would once have held at an immeasurable distance. But one of his own letters shall describe his present position: it is addressed to Mr. Armstrong, the factotum of the English at Caen, who united in his own person the several occupations of packet-agent, grocer, and tea-dealer, and wine merchant: he also hired houses for his countrymen, and cashed their bills, and singularly enough, for perhaps he was the only person in the world who would have done so, he on this occasion cashed one or two of Brummell's, and settled with several of his most pressing creditors.

August, 1831.

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

I have been reduced to so low an ebb during the last three weeks by delay, and not receiving promised remittances from England, that it is impossible for me to hold up my head, or to exist in my actual state a day longer. For ten days I have actually not had five francs in my possession, and I have not the means of procuring either wood or peat for my scanty fire, or of getting my things from the washerwoman. A trifling advance would arrange these difficulties, and give me further time, but I know not who to apply to in this place.

You have as yet been a good friend to me, and may have sufficient confidence in me, and inclination to extend some additional timely service to me. What I have already assured you I now repeat, with every honourable intention and feeling, you will not repent your kindness.

I have not anything to offer you by way of security, excepting my signature, if it is not my small stock of plate, for which I paid six hundred francs, and my watch and chain, worth as much more: to these you are welcome, only do not let me be exposed to the most utter distress and want, from my temporary inability to command a few miserable francs. I am not going out, and if you can spare five minutes in the course of the morning you will oblige me by coming down here: these matters are better arranged in person than by writing.

Yours,

G.B.

But a short time had elapsed after Mr. A. had relieved these difficulties, when his valet threatened to open the trenches of the law against him. He had found out that his master was without funds, and became impertinent; but Brummell, like every gentleman in similar circumstances, was obliged to put up with his insolence till his servant gave him warning: this he did not long delay doing, and, unreasonable being! actually demanded

his wages. The result was another application to Mr. Armstrong, and his cash-box, in the following characteristic terms :—

Dear Armstrong,—

That d——d ungrateful brute, Isidore, persecutes me at every instant : the fellow says he is going to Paris on Thursday, and will not depart without being paid, in money or by Bill, and I believe him capable of employing a *huissier*.

I am wretchedly bedevilled, and out of spirits, and hate going out of the house, or I would call and thank you for your note of yesterday.

Truly yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

Two bankers, Messrs. Gilbert and Bellamy, followed in the pertinacious Isidore's wake, who was, it seems, ungrateful ; why, does not appear. By renewing bills, by promises, compromises, and the assistance of Mr. Armstrong's signature, the banker's demands were staved off for a season ; ready money, however, was absolutely necessary at times to stop the proceedings of some other importunate creditor, or to provide for the daily disbursements of his *ménage ;* and towards the end of the year we again find the Beau applying to his Crœsus of the Rue St. Jean, and once more offering his plate as security. One of his gold watches, with the chain and seals, was already in Mr. Armstrong's possession.

Dear Armstrong,—

I am positively pressed for two hundred and eighty francs, at the moment, that is, before four o'clock to-day, or I shall be exposed to the utmost disgrace. The things, that is the plate, are in the closet in my room, and you may have them by sending any confidential per-

son for them; but I do not like to *trust* my servant with them, as it may be known, or she may be seen with them in the street. It is the urgency of the moment that I am anxious to weather; small difficulties often extend to irreparable destruction of character; such is my situation at this instant.

Yours,

G. B.

A Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

These miseries continued uninterrupted till his death. Before, however, entering further upon them, or describing his external appearance or daily routine of life, I must, out of respect for those who love chronological accuracy, introduce here two or three of his letters; they were written in the winter of 1831, and form part of a correspondence which was kindly placed in my hands by a relative of the lady to whom they are addressed. These notes are valuable, since they show that there was one useful occupation amongst the many idle ones in which Brummell's mornings were generally consumed; this was to teach Mademoiselle Aimable, the daughter of his landlady, how to write the English language, and to correct the themes which she brought home from her master. The young lady was about fourteen years of age when he undertook to assist her in this branch of her education; and, from the eulogiums which he passes upon her diligence, she appears to have profited by his tuition. Never having had the pleasure of seeing or conversing with his pupil, I am ignorant whether he pursued the Lancasterian or Hamiltonian system; nor have I any reason to suppose he adopted the one he advocates in a subsequent letter, in which he says, "I hear that Mademoiselle Eugénie is advancing in the knowledge of pure Celtic, which they say is always best taught and learnt by the eyes!" His young French acquaintance, though very probably conversant with this system, would scarcely

have acquired a knowledge of any language from Brummell's at this period of his life, for they were now dim with age and anxiety. Indeed, I believe his method consisted simply in an exchange of notes, of which the following are specimens, or in hearing her read when he visited Madame St. Ursain's drawing-room, and copying verses for her album.

November, 1831.

My dear Miss Aimable,—

During the present week I have led a most idle and unprofitable life; never in bed before the moon has retired, and in consequence unable to open my jaded eyes till the morning has almost vanished. I am angry with myself, now that this dissipation is passed, because it has made me inattentive to our correspondence in English. I shall certainly turn over a new leaf, and amend the evil course of these late hours, if it is only in deference to my promise to improve you in the knowledge of my uncouth native dialect. You are anxious to learn, and you merit every commendation for your assiduity. If you were not influenced by such laudable solicitude, I am sure you would not voluntarily undertake these constant peregrinations to Miss Wheatcroft's,[1] in such abominable weather, for the purpose of conferring in other languages than your own with Miss Davidson and Signor Matteo;[2] the former may possess the instructive talents of the celebrated Mrs. Trimmer, and for your sake I hope she does; but for the *soi-disant* Signor, I must confess my doubts with regard to his capacity to impart either the idiom or the accent of the *lingua Toscana*. Prosecute your studies with the same amiable attention and emulation that you have already evinced, and you will soon be omniscient. I am half asleep; my ideas are as dense and foggy as the morning; and one might write as

[1] The mistress of an English school at Caen.
[2] The Italian master.

well with Ourika's paw,[1] as with the pen with which I am labouring. Very sincerely yours,

To Miss Aimable de——, &c., &c. G. B.

Thursday Evening.

It is in vain I had promised myself a quiet evening at home, I am really *obsédé* to attend a stupid *soirée*, and without being guilty of a palpable untruth, it is impossible for me to send an excuse. I am compelled, then, to defer the pleasure of writing to you, more diffusely, and more *academically*, till to-morrow morning. Good-night, and happy dreams be with you.

To Miss Aimable de——, &c., &c. Always yours, G. B.

December, 1831.

My very dear Miss Aimable,—

All the plagues of Egypt, in the shape of visitors, have obtruded themselves upon me this morning, on purpose, I believe, to interrupt my transcribing verses, or otherwise communing in manuscript with you: it is not then my fault, though I dare say you will accuse me of idleness, that I am compelled to be brief in writing to you; but you have promised to take a lesson with me to-morrow morning, Christmas-day! What a period of rejoicing and fête, according to the customs of my native country, this used to be to me, some years since; while now, of "joys that are past how painful the remembrance!"

I am out of humour with myself this morning, and more so with those troublesome people that break in upon my domestic tranquillity: I have not, indeed, much to enliven me; but with all my cares and vexations, you are always a consolation to me.

Most sincerely yours,

To Miss Aimable de——, &c., &c. G. B.

[1] One of the Angola cats.

Tuesday.

The moment I had begun to write to you yesterday morning, one of my usual time-destroying friends came in, and extended his visit and his idle confabulations till it was too late in the day to pursue my letter. I am this instant out of bed, though I am half-asleep, knocked up, and tormented with the headache, and I really feel myself incapable of inditing two rational connected sentences to you. My own venial *amour propre* will not then allow me to scribble nonsense, and I must *enfoncer* my shivering knees into the fire, and my crazy head into the back of my *bergère*, while I commune with my inveterate morning companions, the blue devils,—and be assured, my very dear Miss Aimable, that one of the most prominent and vexatious of these evil spirits is the compunction of having neglected my promised duty to write to you: I believe I am falling into second childhood, for I am incompetent to do anything but to ruminate over the broken toys of my past days.

Most sincerely yours,

G. B.

To Miss Aimable de——,
&c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The author goes to Caen—Early impressions—The tailor's shop—"Soirée" at Mrs. B——'s—First view of Brummell—His style of dress at this period—The author's costume at fault—Brummell's dress of a morning—Secrets of the toilette divulged—The Beau taking his afternoon walk—His hatred to clogs.

In February, 1832, a few months after these notes were written, I went to Caen, and soon after had an opportunity of meeting Brummell at an evening party. The *rencontre* was a favourable one for receiving first impressions of him; for the lady of the house was a kind friend of his, and he was very assiduous in making himself agreeable. Little, however, did I imagine at that time, that he "ruminated over the broken toys of past days," appearing, as he did, the most light-hearted person in the room.

Though buried in India during the preceding six years, I had heard, nay read, of Brummell,—his superlative taste, and unquestionable authority, in all "that doth become a man:" but the mysteries of *mufti* were to me a sealed book: when yet in my teens, my round jacket was supplanted by a full-dress regimental coat, and my ankle boots by Wellingtons. Of the perfect *contour* of a shoestring I was, alas! in utter ignorance, and I had been saved all the trouble of overcoming the difficulties of a tie by our Colonel, who, in his very laudable anxiety to preserve strict uniformity in the corps, fitted us all with glazed leather stocks, as stiff as blinkers, which were fastened with brass clasps behind, and actually forbid the use of straps to our trowsers. In those distant regions,

the only *Schneider* I had ever known, was the master-tailor, and though I had frequently attended at his shop to see clothes fitted, and had verified the positions of pickers and brushes, and the precise distance between the knapsack straps, on heavy marching-order parades, until a foot-rule came as handy to me as to a carpenter, I was not much enlightened on the subject of plain clothes. As to the length, breadth, or depth of whiskers, the only hint I had received was, to shave them off at right angles with the ear, in other words to leave a square inch : anything approaching the line of beauty, anything spherical, besides the shot, being considered wholly at variance with the spirit of General Regulations, and highly subversive of military discipline. Poor Euclid! verily thy pages have been practically illustrated in the —— Regiment! to which, nevertheless, in discipline, the Guards were mere recruits. "Deluded man!" I hear them exclaim; but so it was, and I have no doubt so it is. What marvel, then, that with such disadvantages, an awful dread came over me, when I thought of the cauterizing that might be my fate, on being introduced to this satirical epitome of elegance?

Despite my ignorance, however, the polished ease of his address, and the extreme neatness of his person, were so peculiarly striking, that although he entered Mrs. B——'s drawing-room with several other visitors, I immediately selected from the group the one who I felt could be no other than the exiled Beau. It was quite pleasing to see the graceful manner in which he made his way through the crowded *salon* up to the lady of the house; the profound bow with which he saluted, appeared to be made thus low as a particular tribute to her. The presence of his other female friends was duly noticed, and I could almost fancy that his bow to each was graduated according to the degree of intimacy that existed between them, that to his *friends* being at an angle of forty-five degrees, while a common acquaint-

ance was acknowledged by one of five; and if this deviation from the perpendicular was more than requisite, a slight relaxation of his features expressed his recognition of the fact, that she was an inhabitant of the same planet as himself. Brummell had all the *bel air*, as the French call it, of a man of fashion; his *tournure*, for it must be admitted that men have it as well as the other sex, was perfect; and it would have been difficult indeed to fail in distinguishing him from the rest of his party, though by this remark I certainly do not mean to infer that those who entered the room with him were not gentlemen; they were so, and of the best Norman families in the province. But ancient lineage is not always accompanied by elegant manners; moreover, though of the best society in Caen, they were still provincials, and had not the courtly air of him whose whole life had been devoted to the cultivation of external accomplishments, and who had been so much in the society of that royal personage who was universally considered the most elegant man of his day.

Though I have spoken of Brummell's style of dress in his early life, I shall again briefly describe it here as it came under my own observation. He stood to his Whig colours to the last. His dress on the evening in question consisted of a blue coat with a velvet collar, and the consular button, a buff waistcoat, black trowsers, and boots. It is difficult to imagine what could have reconciled him to adopt the two latter innovations upon evening costume, unless it were the usual apology for such degeneracy in modern taste, the altered proportions of his legs. Without entering into a description of the exact number of wrinkles in his white neck-cloth, I shall merely say that his tie was unexceptionable, and that his *blanchisseuse* had evidently done her very best in the "getting up," as these good bodies term it. I may here observe that I never heard the Beau accused, as I have some "*lions*," of having a tin case with a Bramah lock to keep his

neck-cloths in, folded, and free from the unhallowed touch of others, though he always gave careful instructions to his washer-woman how she was to fold them; and his valet assured me at Boulogne, with becoming earnestness, that he never had a failure,—he always succeeded in his tie. They were, however, subjected to the strictest inspection, and a speck on one of them, however minute, was the warrant for its return to the soapsuds.

The only articles of jewellery that I observed about him were a plain ring, and a massive chain of Venetian ducat gold, which served as a guard to his watch, and was evidently as much for use as ornament. Only two links of it were to be seen, those that passed from the buttons of his waistcoat to the pocket. The chain was peculiar, and was of the same pattern as those suspended *in terrorem* outside the principal entrance to Newgate. The ring was dug up on the Field of the Cloth of Gold by a labourer, who sold it to Brummell when he was at Calais. An opera hat and gloves, that were held in his hand, completed an attire which, being remarkably quiet, could never have attracted attention on any other person. His *mise* was peculiar only for its extreme neatness, and wholly at variance with an opinion that I have already mentioned as very prevalent among those who were not personally acquainted with him, that he owed his reputation to his tailor, or to an exaggerated style of dress. He was indeed averse to strong contrasts in colours. One evening, subsequent to the one of which I have been speaking, when we had become more intimate, and the burgundy had helped him forward on the road to familiarity, he gently admonished me on this subject, and said, "My dear Jesse, I am sadly afraid you have been reading Pelham; but excuse me, you look very much like a magpie." I was *costumé* in a black coat and trowsers, and white waistcoat, and though I had never given that gentleman's adventures a second thought, I considered myself at least a grade above a magpie: even at this

time the Beau was so much upon the *qui vive* on this point, that he remarked everything in a stranger's dress, his very shoestrings not escaping criticism.

In the morning his outward man was equally quiet, and never varied ; it consisted of a snuff-coloured surtout, with a velvet collar a shade darker, and a real cashmere waistcoat, made from a shawl which, from the beauty of its quality, must have cost a hundred guineas. The ground was white, and though the waistcoat had gone through a French washerwoman's hands for many winters, it was still in as good a state of preservation as himself, partly owing perhaps to his coat being invariably buttoned up. Dark blue trowsers, very pointed boots, the unrivalled white neckcloth, a black hat a little larger at the crown than the circumference of his head, and primrose kid gloves, completed his attire. In summer the cashmere waistcoat was exchanged for a light Valentia one.

The happy effect of this *ensemble* was not attained without considerable difficulty ; his *batterie de toilette* was of silver, and complete and elaborate indeed were its details :—amongst them was a silver spitting-dish, of about the same dimensions as a French wash-hand basin, therefore not very large ; this was perhaps the one for the use of which he humorously accounted in the days of his splendour, by saying, that "it was impossible to spit in clay." After his shaving was over, two hours were consumed in ablutions that would have gained him a reputation for sanctity in a Mahomedan country. In the morning visits that I sometimes paid him at his lodgings, the door of his bedroom being always left a little open to carry on the conversation, the secrets of his dressing-table were, much to my entertainment, revealed in the glass upon the mantel-piece of his *salon*. I think I see him now standing without his wig in his dressing trowsers before the glass, going through the manual exercise of the flesh-brush in a manner that would have brought tears of joy into the eyes of that regenerator of the epi-

dermis, Colonel R——; when the strigil of pig's bristles was laid aside, he looked very much like a man in the scarlet fever, and ready for the *camisole*, and a flannel one was accordingly put on. All the hard work was now done; but before "robing," the Beau took a dentist's mirror in one hand, and a pair of tweezers in the other, and thus nobly armed, closely scanned his forehead and well-shaved chin, and did not lay them down till he had drawn, with a resolution and perseverance truly extraordinary, and totally regardless of the exquisite pain the removal of each elegant extract must have caused him—every stray hair that could be detected on the surface of his venerable mug!

Be it remembered that these farcical details were daily repeated when he was upwards of fifty years of age, and in the full possession of all his faculties! Had Brummell known that I had ever caught a glimpse of him without his wig, he would, I think, have had a fit, and cut me the next time we met; for he did not like to be seen to disadvantage and "shorn of his beams;" but my curiosity, as well as my unwillingness to lose so amusing an acquaintance, entirely prevented me from disclosing the event to any one.

Every hair being at last in its right place, and his hat a little on one side, *bien ganté* with an umbrella under his arm, his body slightly bent, and his tie reflected in his lucent boots, he emerged from the *porte cochère* of the hotel, and proceeded creeping, snail-like, on tiptoe down the street, either to make a morning call, or to kill the interval till dinner by lounging with an acquaintance in the Rue St. Jean, the principal street of the town.

When Brummell first arrived in Caen, he was in the habit of carrying a cane, but as the barometer there generally stands at change, and the mere probability of rain was alarming to him, he very often laid it aside for a brown silk umbrella, which was always protected by a silk case that fitted as accurately as his own coat. The

handle was surmounted by the head of George the Fourth carved in ivory, with well-curled wig and smiling graciously. Though not such a splendid specimen of art as Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of that sovereign, this effigy had one decided superiority over them, it was not flattering; perhaps the more prized by Brummell on that account. The umbrella is now in the possession of Mr. Armstrong, who has likewise his dressing-case, pistols, and other effects.

In the street Brummell never took off his hat to any one, not even to a lady; it would have been difficult to replace it in the same position, for it was invariably put on with great care, and at a prescribed angle; added to which, his wig might have been disturbed,—a catastrophe too dreadful to be wantonly encountered. In fine weather, the salute of his associates was acknowledged by a bow, or, if on the other side of the street, by an extension of his arm, and a slight movement of his fingers in the air. In muddy weather, as there were no *trottoirs*, he was too much occupied with his lower extremities to think of noticing anything but the unequal paving-stones, on the highest of which he always placed his foot, and, so cleverly did he pick his way on the points of his toes, that I have seen him travel the whole length of the street, without contracting one speck of dirt on his boots, the *soles* of which, by the bye, he always had polished, as well as the upper leathers. But the Beau had an excellent reason for this, to ordinary understandings, outrageous caprice: he knew the proneness of human nature to neglect its duties; and as, in consequence, he could never feel sure that the polish on the edge of the sole would be elaborated with the care that he thought indispensable, unless he adopted extreme measures, he endeavoured to secure his object by insisting that every part of his *chaussure* should be equally attended to. To effect this important end, he conceived the idea of giving such a simple order to his shoe-black, as he could not

have any possible excuse for misunderstanding, especially as he gave him a private lesson by absolutely taking up the blacking-brush and cleaning one boot in his presence, thus carefully enforcing all his directions by example.

If I walked with him when the streets were muddy, he never failed to desire me to "keep my distance;" an order that I had so often received on parade, that I obeyed mechanically; and he always took this precaution lest my more careless and assured tread should splash his trowsers or his boots. Clogs he despised, and had a perfect abhorrence of them in the daytime, though they were almost indispensable to get in tolerable comfort along the execrably dirty streets of this town. At night, however, when he could not succeed in getting a cast in a friend's carriage to a *soirée*, and his ten-sous whist, he would condescend to wear them, as they were concealed by the obscurity of the evening. There was much of the *beau monde* philosophy in this; theft in Sparta was a crime—but only when discovered.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Brummell's letters to his female friends at Caen—Mrs. Brownrigg the 'prenticide—The prefecture under the Juste Milieu—The "soirées" of the legitimists—A ball, which the Beau does not attend—His proxy—Choice of his associates—Lines on the contents of a lady's toilette table-drawer—Explanatory note—The Voice of Praise, by Lady Granville—Mr. Lister and the modest young man.

I WILL now pause in my narrative to introduce a little of his gossip on paper, with two or three of his female correspondents. The lady to whom the following amusing epistle was addressed, had been in the East, and on account of ill-health, seldom frequented the gay parties going on in the town. The letter requires but little commentary. Madame du Lac was, indeed, a perfect Donna del Lago, with the sweetest face and most beautiful foot in this part of France. The head of the "convocation" was a military warbler, who gave parties, the dulness of which was occasionally relieved by his own and other amateur singing, such as one might expect to hear in a country town; and Madame de Rigny was the wife of the Minister of Marine's brother, who received the taxes, while she received the company—it was *juste milieu.*

Thursday, March, 1832

Madame de —— will be *charmée* to receive the "black Infanta;" shall I send a palanquin for her, or will you pass her *en pannier?* Madame du Lac tells me that the artiste for whom you enquired perfectly understands his *métier*, and that his *resemblances sont frappantes.* I have already forgotten his name, as one does everything

when talking to her, but he sojourns at the Hôtel de France. I will see him during the present daylight, if there is any left; and, if he goes out to work, he shall be with you to-morrow.

D'Ison's convocation very good last night: all the brilliants of Babylon dazzling in their best; Mademoiselle —— the prototype of Madame de la Vallière, when she took the veil. Mrs. G——, all bones and bravado, dangling like the skeleton of the barbarous Mrs. Brownrigg,[1] in Surgeons' Hall, I was about to omit, that Madame de R—— will be happy to see you at her approaching squeeze, and, if from etiquette you should be starch, she will give you a preliminary call—you will of course respond, *No*—through the grating of your *cellule*. Still all the more worldly Béguines are now numbering their beads for the confederate honour *à faire le chaperon* à Mademoiselle ——. You really should sometimes assimilate your life to the *chanoinesses* of old; fulfil all your charitable and maternal avocations in the morning, yet elapse

[1] Elizabeth Brownrigg, executed at Tyburn, on the 14th of September, 1767, for the murder of Mary Clifford, one of her apprentices. The crime was committed under circumstances of the most atrocious character, indeed such as oblige us to believe that Hogarth's illustrations of the ingenuity of cruelty are not exaggerated. In a number of the Gentleman's Magazine for that year is a drawing, representing one of the girls naked, with her arms fastened by a rope to a staple in the ceiling of the kitchen where some of the outrages were inflicted; a full description of Mrs. Brownrigg's brutalities accompanies the engraving. Another contemporary narrative says that, when the girl was discovered, her head was swollen to almost double the natural size, and her neck so much that she could not speak nor swallow; her mouth stood open, and the surgeon who examined her deposed that "she was all one wound, from her head to her toes; that her shift stuck to her body; that she was in a fever, and the wounds beginning to mortify from neglect." It will scarcely be credited that Mrs. Brownrigg was the mother of sixteen children; in outward appearance a very agreeable and amiable person, and was so much remarked for skill and *tenderness*, that she was appointed mid-wife to the workhouse of St. Dunstan's in the West, the inmates of which (for she often relieved them) had a great regard for her.

with the shepherd's star from your *dortoir*, and mingle with the profane at night.

> Shame his eyes, and grieve his heart;
> Come like shadows, so depart.

My first essay at movement yesterday was my descent at five to the *réfectoire*. I am quite *délabré* with all this unceasing racket, though I am now endeavouring to make myself decent for Dufrèsne's this evening. "Never doubt," as Hamlet says,

I'm thine,

À Madame ——, GEORGE BRUMMELL.
Rue ——.

When Brummell arrived at Caen, the French society was fast declining from what it had been for fifteen years after the Restoration: the *employés* under the elder branch of the Bourbons were men of the best families; and the *noblesse* being, with very few exceptions, of the same political opinions, instead of spending their winters at Paris, took up their abode at their old hotels in the town. The revolution of July overturned the social system of this party: and the Préfecture, which had hitherto been the rallying point of all the *élégants* and *élégantes* of the province, was now the *rendezvous* of a class of persons who had never before looked at it in any other light than as a public office, which they could only expect to enter for the purpose of transacting business.

As they walked in at one door the nobility walked out at the other, and retired to their *châteaux* in the country to talk over legitimacy, to lament the degeneracy of modern days, and curse England for leaving the French nation to do as they pleased. A few of the less rich and influential of this class remained, principally dowagers without *châteaux* or husbands, but having daughters ready to be confided to the professional discretion of whatever *avocat* could make a *convenable contrat* with any of the young men of the party who still lingered in

the town. These remnants constituted the cream of French society in Caen : dinner parties were of rare occurrence, but the evening receptions were frequent, and, as in other parts of the Continent, of weekly occurrence during the winter season. At such *réunions* the visitors deposited the price of the cards under the candlesticks, and after sipping a glass of *orgeat* or *eau sucrée* and losing a certain number of ten-sous pieces at whist, or five francs at écarté, retired to their homes at eleven as punctually as they had arrived at seven. At one or two houses the play was not carried on with so much moderation ; large sums were lost at *bouillotte* and *écarté*, and the losers would sit till three o'clock in spite of their bad luck, and the entreaties of the lady of the house to be allowed to go to bed at twelve.

After the annihilation of his official responsibilities, Brummell cut the tradesmen at the Préfecture, to which he had never gone but from a strong sense of public duty and an occasional dinner : he also quietly, but courteously, retired from the houses of nearly all the public officers of the government, and from henceforth affected to treat their pretensions very lightly. With the exception of two or three English families, he now lived entirely with the legitimists, the observances and etiquette of whose *salons* were much more in keeping with his early associations than those practised in the houses of the *juste milieu ;* not that he cared a *sous* for the politics of either party, but he preferred the manners of the former, and found their *sirops* and their *orgeats* no worse than those of their opponents. Louis-Philippe, whose conduct he had lauded at the public dinner to which he was invited by the préfet on his arrival, when he "let off a neat little extempore speech to the commercial success of the two nations," was now in his eyes a *parvenu*, his supporters of course the same ; and, in his new character of a zealous Carlist, he thought it necessary to refuse an invitation to a ball given by the authorities in honour of the new

sovereign, as he passed through on his way to Cherbourg. The fact was, a dinner was given also, to which he was not invited, possibly the real reason for his declining to attend the ball. The day after this fête, one of his acquaintance, who happened to meet him in the street, inquired whether he had been to the ball given in honour of the king the night before. "What king?" inquired Brummell, in a tone of feigned surprise and inquiry. "The French king, to be sure; Louis-Philippe." "Oh! the Duke of Orleans, you mean; no, I did not go, but I sent my servant."

The convocations and conversaziones were varied until *Carême* set its seal of starvation and penance upon winter gaieties by a few *soirées dansantes*, at which both old and young took exercise, though I will not libel the Beau by saying that he ever distinguished himself in this way; but of the balls I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, and will dismiss the evening parties by merely adding that Brummell's manners and devotion to five-sous whist won him a few francs, and the unqualified admiration of all the women whose confirmed rheumatism prevented them from dancing, and who still speak of his courtly air with rapture; but whether ancient or juvenile, French or English, he had the tact to select the most *spirituelle* of the sex for his intimates; and the one to whom the following note was written certainly possessed a more than ordinary share of wit and accomplishments.

Tuesday.

I swear to you by the beard I have just reaped, and by those humble ancestors who sleep in their parish churchyards, that I will never reveal *you* as the authoress of the lines you are dying to send me.

Beyond patience yours,

À Madame ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

It is not surprising that after such a solemn assevera-

tion, the lady found courage to trust him with a fair copy of her verses, and as they are amusing, I give them a place here.

THE CONTENTS OF A LADY'S TOILETTE TABLE-DRAWER.

Some ribbon, two combs, and one with a tail,
Soda powders, a compass, and lace for a veil;
Some patterns of *broderie*, relics of hair,
A bow off a cap, a knob off a chair;
A white *pélerine*, and a collar of Tory's, [1]
A muzzle, a hair-pin, and Miss Edgeworth's stories;
A piece of the fender all covered with rust,
A stay-lace, a pencil, a buckle, a crust;
Some cotton and pens, a shoe and a slipper;
A box with some pills for rousing the liver;
A medal of William the Fourth's coronation,
Black pins and white pins of every gradation;
A shoe-horn of Gréniers,[2] he'll never get back;
Some écarté and whist cards, but not a whole pack;
A duster, a bill, a penknife, a whip;
A box with no lid, and some sugar for Gyp;[3]
An almanac, pencil-case, seals, and blue wax,
A glass box for *bonbons* with five or six cracks;
Some needles for darning, curl-papers, and sand;
The *galope* of "Gustave," a bodkin, and band:
All this, and much more, with my own eyes I saw,
Taken out of a TIDY and fair lady's drawer!

This confidence was not thrown away; it appears to have inveigled Brummell into a promise to send his correspondent a sketch in return, which was accompanied by an explanatory note, and some stanzas of Lady Granville's.

Monday.

I am ashamed to send you so unworthy a sketch of a beautiful woman; it is the rough outline from a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire;—the miniature, which I afterwards finished, was given to Lady Harriet Cavendish, now Lady Granville.

[1] A Conservative lap-dog. [2] The Melnotte of Caen.
[3] Another lap-dog.

Do not unjustly fancy that you are for a moment forgotten, because I do not immediately remit to you my relics of past times in writing, or *en crayon.*

You shall have others as I go on, unwillingly digging in old green boxes: in the meantime I send you some lines of Lady Granville's, which I am sure you will admire. The sun shines bright, and promises me the consolation of meeting you in your morning's whereabouts.

Yours for ever and ever, Amen!

À Madame ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

Before I determined to publish these pleasing lines, I wrote to Lord Granville to request his permission to do so; but not having received any reply to my letter, I presume that from their being so perfectly harmless his Lordship thought it unnecessary to send one. I have therefore acted upon the constructive consent that silence always gives. These stanzas are not unworthy of the daughter of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; and as her Grace died in 1806, and her Ladyship was born in 1785, they must, from the tenor of the last line, have been written before she had attained her twenty-first year.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

COUNTESS OF GRANVILLE.

There is a voice of magic power,
To charm the old, delight the young,
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
In every clime, in every tongue;
Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,
In whispers low, in poet's lays,
There is not one who has not hung
Enraptured, on the Voice of Praise.

The timid child, at that soft voice,
Lifts for a moment's space the eye;
It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,
And stays the step prepared to fly:

'Tis pleasure breathes that short quick sigh,
And flushes o'er that rosy face;
Whilst shame and infant modesty
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

The lovely maiden's dimpled cheek
At that sweet voice still deeper glows;
Her quivering lips in vain would seek
To hide the bliss her eyes disclose;
The charm her sweet confusion shows
Oft springs from some low broken word;
O Praise! to her how sweetly flows
Thine accent, from the loved one heard!

The hero, when a people's voice
Proclaims their idol-victor near,
Feels he not then his soul rejoice,
Their shouts of love, of praise to hear?
Yes, fame to generous minds is dear,
It pierces to their inmost core;
He weeps, who never shed a tear,
He trembles, who ne'er shook before.

'Tis sweet to watch affection's eye,
To mark the tear with love replete;
To feel the softly-breathing sigh,
When friendship's lips the tones repeat;
But oh! a thousand times more sweet
The praise of those we love to hear!
Like balmy showers in summer's heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound,
By hanging on his fair one's name!
The mother listens for the sound
Of her young warrior's growing fame;
Thy voice can sooth the mourning dame,
Of her soul's wedded partner riven,
Who cherishes the hallowed flame,
Parted on earth to meet in heaven!

That voice can quiet passion's mood,
Can humble merit raise on high;
And from the wise, and from the good,
It breathes of immortality!

There is a lip, there is an eye,
Where most I love to see it shine;
To hear it speak, to feel it sigh,
My Mother! need I say 'tis thine?

The allusion which Brummell makes in the preceding note to the miniature, confirms an anecdote that I heard of him when he was visiting at Ticksell Hall, at that time the residence of Lord Granville. One day, Mr. Lister, of Armytage Park, who lived in the neighbourhood, a great book-worm, whose library was his world, was asked to dine there, and during the generally stupid half-hour which precedes that repast, some of Brummell's drawings were handed about amongst the company, while he was quietly engaged in conversation in some distant part of the room. At last the dinner was announced, and the Beau rose to offer his arm to a lady of high rank, his intimate friend, as did also Mr. Lister to the same lady; but observing the old gentleman's intentions, he immediately withdrew: when Mr. L., mistaking him for an artist, said, to the infinite amusement of the lady, "I'm glad to see the young man understands his place;" and it was only towards the close of dinner that he discovered who the modest young man really was.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Lines addressed by Brummell to Lady Tankerville—A soiled note—How it became so—Causes that led to the abolition of the Consulate—Lord Palmerston—The Consular duties—Brummell called upon officially to settle a family quarrel—The Lion and the Unicorn taken down—The impatient Restaurateur—Mr. Armstrong sent as "Chargé d'Affaires" to England in search of funds—Extract from a letter advising this measure.

THESE lines of Lady Granville's were followed, a few days after, by some which Brummell had in 1806 addressed to the present Countess of Tankerville; they are taken from the Pleasures of Memory, which little plagiarism he did not at this time think it necessary to acknowledge, whatever he may have done when he presented them to her Ladyship. They were intended by Brummell to illustrate a romantic incident in Lady Tankerville's life; and this he further explains in the following paragraph, taken from the note that accompanied them.

"You must know, my dear Miss ——, that Sophie de Grammont had, by the command of her father the Duke, been destined to take the veil, and had already commenced her noviciate, when she escaped from France, with the assistance of her mother, who fled with her to England. Here the noble fugitives were kindly received and protected by the beautiful and enthusiastic Duchess of Devonshire, and the graceful novice afterwards became Lady Ossulston. Her marriage, however, is said to have been much opposed by the Earl of Tankerville, and the ceremony was put off twice—even after the *trousseau* was ready and the day fixed. But the young couple were desperately in love, and the Devonshire family took great interest in their protégée, as their generous natures

had prompted them to do in the fate of many more. The marriage took place at Devonshire House."

THE NUN.

To Corisande Armandine Léonice Sophie de Grammont.

The beauteous maid that bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads to trace,
Some social scene, some dear familiar face,
Forgot, when first a father's stern control
Chased the gay visions of her opening soul;
And ere with iron tongue the Vesper bell
Burst through the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive.
The whispered vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance and swell the choral song;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly!

Though Brummell was himself the Mercury who carried this sentimental effusion to the lady's habitation, it met with a horrible disaster on its brief transit from the porter's lodge to her drawing-room, which it seems she mischievously brought to his notice in her reply, and thus elicited from him the following earnest explanation and defence.

Thursday.

Do, in compassion to my inveterate *propreté*, send back the sullied envelope that contained my last packet, and accept this explanatory billet. No such impure contagion as *grease* ever came from me. The gloves, too, which delivered it, were, spick and span, devoted to a cordial compression from the heated hand of the corpulent Madame de ——; but, alas! it must have visited your kitchen, and that explains the blemish: yet, I give you my word, I took no liberties *avec la cuisinière*.

Ineffably yours,

G. B.

A Madame ——,
Rue ——.

In the next note he expressed a most sensitive anxiety about one of his billets to the same lady, who was too unwell to receive morning visitors, for the phraseology of which he was desirous of apologising; and he gives an excellent reason why he might not, when he wrote it, have been capable of inditing such a specimen of studied elegance as his epistolary communications generally were.

May, 1832.

At the moment of returning a book to you yesterday, I have some vague recollection of having written a note, and it was probably in that inflated style which indicates the aberration of common sense. Since daybreak I had been answering an unpleasant letter from England, received the night before, and, by the unblemished honour of good faith and sincere friendship to you, I am almost insensible of any delinquencies that may have degraded the tenor of my precipitate morning's address. I cannot say more to conciliate your never-failing absolution of errors.

A mandate of mercy arrives to me as I was about to envelope my jeremiades. I see you are only blind to the faults of others. It delights me to find that you can still write with secular gaiety, and I entertain sanguine hopes of your worldly salvation. If I am not allowed soon to visit you, I shall petition for an *ordonnance* from his Holiness. I congratulate you upon the treachery of the report of ——. Menials are strangely addicted to flippant responses when interrogated about their superiors. *Déréchef* well-being and resurrection to you,

Most sensibly yours,

A Madame ——,
Rue ——.

G. B.

The English letter to which Brummell here alludes may possibly have been a private one from Lord P——n, announcing the suppression of his appointment; for fourteen days after, it was officially announced that the

consulate was abolished. There are two versions of the reasons that led to this "untoward event." The first is, that his Lordship, with that prophetic spirit so eminently useful as a ministerial qualification, foresaw the dreadful drain upon the Exchequer that would be created by carrying the British arms into central Asia, and into the region of tea-caddies and chop-sticks—foresaw, I say, the deficit, and the consequent necessity for retrenchment, and poor Brummell was sacrificed to his friend's Affghan policy. Written to officially by the Government, to inquire whether there was, or was not, any necessity for a consulate at Caen? he replied in the negative, and informed the Foreign Office that a vice could do the little there was to be done. In signing such a death-warrant, he, no doubt, calculated on the gratitude of the noble Secretary on whom he had so frequently, in former days, permitted his shadow to repose; and yet, how Brummell could expect any good from a man who could *retrench*, must remain a mystery to posterity. His expectations, however, of receiving either a pension or another situation, if such he entertained, were never fulfilled.

The second version of this affair is, that he volunteered his information, and complained that he had nothing to do; hoping that he might get a better appointment, or one in Italy as good, to which country he was most anxious to go. Though no official record to this effect is to be found in the letter-book of the consulate at Caen, he is known to have acknowledged having written a letter in this spirit to Lord P——n; but he declared that he never expected it would have been made use of as a public document. He really must have been crazy to have entertained such an idea; and, crippled as he was in his finances, it is not at all probable that he would have given up a certainty for an uncertainty; or that he intended his note to have been the means of his own ruin.

Several months after the preceding page was written, I received the following account of a conversation that took place between Brummell and one of his friends on this subject: my correspondent was at Caen at the time, and knew him intimately. "Brummell," observes this gentleman, "told me that his communication to Lord P——n was voluntary on his part, *and was inspired* by his desire to obtain Mr. Gordon's situation at Hâvre, or the consulship of Leghorn. In both of these he failed, and thus fell a sacrifice to his disinterested *amor patriæ*. He also read me an extract from his letter to Lord P——n, which I remember verbatim: it was as follows: 'Your Lordship must be aware that by informing the Government of the inutility of a consul at Caen, I am actuated by purely disinterested motives. Your Lordship will also bear in mind that my bread depends upon the trifling emoluments which I receive as consul at Caen. Should your Lordship, therefore, on my suggestion, think fit to abolish the office, I trust some means of subsistence will be provided for me by the Government.'" Lord P——n thanked Brummell for the information, abolished the consulate, made great promises, and left the poor Beau to expire "a driveller and a show;" something between

"A moping idiot and a madman gay."

Brummell certainly told the truth, when he said there was nothing for him to do; his vice did everything; he merely signed.

I believe nearly the only time that he was called upon to exert his consular authority, was, when a lady came to him to request that he would restrain her son-in-law from beating her daughter, and running off with her furniture. Brummell, however, was not at all disposed to offer her protection, or even a chair; for, being in the midst of his toilette, nay, I believe, *en chemise*, he refused to see her, and opened a parley with her in the passage, ex-

claiming loudly through the door of his room, against the supposition that interference on such a subject formed any part of his duty. "Call to-morrow, madam; call to-morrow," said Brummell. "I will consult my chancellor;" and the applicant left, extremely irate. But the street-door had scarcely closely upon her, when he gave orders to the servant to be sure that he never allowed her to enter the house again. The best part of the story is, that Brummell, in his official capacity, had married this couple in his drawing-room three months before.

But whether he was led into giving the information respecting the consulate, through an official application from his superiors, or whether it was his own voluntary act, is of little consequence: in either case it was a miserable piece of economy on the part of the Government, his friends; for a few years only, and his death would have relieved the country from the cost of maintaining him, and themselves from the odium, had there been any, attached to their preserving an old and infirm man from the irretrievable wretchedness into which the measure plunged him. They did indeed offer him another appointment, but at the same time *recommended* him *to refuse it*, as will be seen in a subsequent letter. He left Calais, upon the strength of the consulate being a permanent appointment; and it was most cruel to deceive a man at his time of life, and place him in a worse pecuniary position than he was before. Caen, as I have already observed, was not so good a beat as Calais, for a fashionable pauper; by accepting the situation, he had got heavily into debt at both places; and by its abolishment he was literally thrown upon the charity of former friends, without a farthing in his pocket, and in a decidedly worse plight than he was previously to their having interested themselves in procuring it for him.

Directly it was reported in the town that Brummell was no longer his Britannic Majesty's representative, his creditors, who would scarcely believe it possible, flocked

to the hotel of Madame Guernon de St. Ursain, to see whether the lion and the unicorn were still there "fighting for the crown." Alas! the royal emblems, resplendent with vermilion and gilding, graced no more the Beau's doorway: they were indeed gone; and, in the agony of the moment, his creditors fancied that their *écus* were gone with them. He had been badly enough off before this blow came upon him; but having lost his supporters, his credit went with them, and he was beset on all sides.

Amongst the foremost of his tormentors was a Monsieur Longuet, the Ude of Caen, who had a claim upon him for twelve hundred francs. This man not only vowed that he would have him arrested if he was seen in the street, but, that in case he kept the house, he would starve him into leaving it, by stopping his miserable *réchauffés*. The siege, however, was raised by a corps of young Frenchmen, Monsieur de Casserole's best customers, who, going immediately to his shop, informed him that if he attempted to molest his unfortunate debtor, they would never dine at his house again. But matters got worse and worse, his health indifferent, and he was soon without a franc in his pocket—as these few lines will show.

Wednesday.

DEAR ARMSTRONG,—

Send me seventy-five francs to pay my washer-woman; I cannot get a shirt from her, and she is really starving on my account. I have not actually money to pay my physician, or for my letters to and from England.

Yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

In the autumn of 1832 his distress became so urgent, that nothing was left to be done but to send Mr. Armstrong to England; for he very justly conceived that the representation of his embarrassments would be more fully

impressed upon his friends by the *viva voce* statement of a man of business, who was himself a large creditor, than by any letters of his own. He was probably encouraged to adopt this plan by the following passage in a letter from a friend received at this period.

"I really think that a personal interview of Mr. Armstrong with the persons you have named would do more good than letters. The difficulty of doing so would be great, but all that I can do to insure his seeing them I will. I don't know how to get at the Duke of Wellington or Lord Willoughby. I will write to George Anson and his brother Litchfield, Bagot, Alvanley, and many others that may occur to me, who I may think can be of any use; and among them, by the way, old Allen, who, I assure you, spoke of you the other day in the kindest manner, and I tried hard to get a pony out of Coventry for you when I was in town. Worcester, I fear, is still ill in the country, otherwise I am sure he would have been more ready to exert himself than any one."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Letter to the daughter of his landlady—Fitzpatrick's blister—Brummell seized with paralysis—Letter written on his recovery—Invited to a French wedding—The result—The Beau in his landlady's wardrobe—Letter from the Duke of Sussex to Brummell—A short memory—The Beau's opinion of Catholicism and its effects.

WHILE Brummell was thus endeavouring to arrange a plan of operations for the guidance of Mr. Armstrong, he was, as if something were yet wanting to crown his misfortunes, taken suddenly ill. The symptoms first manifested themselves while he was inditing the following letter to the daughter of his landlady.

Sunday evening.

Oh, this uncomfortable weather! I am freezing *au coin de mon feu*, and my ideas are as much congealed as my limbs. You must not, then, in common compassion, expect either amusement or instruction from a *malheureux* in my torpid state. There are moments too when I am subject to that sort of overwhelming depression of spirits that makes me incapable of anything but to brood over my own grievances, fancied or intrinsic, it does not signify. I cannot shake off its gloomy influence. I should like to retire to my bed, and, if it was possible, to sleep till the spring, or till nature would beneficently animate my dejected thoughts as she regenerates the leaves and flowers of the earth. I am at the instant subdued by chillness and blue devils, and feel as if I was in my grave, forsaken and forgotten by all those who were once most dear to me. "*Le plus grand des malheurs est celui de ne tenir à rien, et d'être isolé.*" I am sick of the world and of existence.

"Whate'er they promised or profess'd
In disappointment ends;
In short, there 's nothing I detest
So much as all my friends." [1]

You must perceive, that is, if you have the patience to read these vague saturnine jeremiades, that——

Here poor Brummell's pen dropped from his hand; paralysis had seized him, and he was endeavouring to rise from his chair to call for assistance, when the servant most fortunately came into the room. A medical man was quickly in attendance, and bleeding and blistering were immediately resorted to. The fit was a very severe one, the whole of his face being affected by it, especially the right side, and also his speech; but he imagined it was a severe attack of rheumatism to which he was subject, and he was at one time in such a precarious state, that it was not thought advisable to undeceive him. The following note, written as soon as he could make use of his pen, proves, that some of his friends of the gentler sex were anxious about him, and sympathized with his sufferings.

Thursday.

Mrs. ——, on her own part, and that of ——, wrote on Monday evening, to request Madame ——, to make inquiries respecting my invalid state; this has only this morning been communicated to me. It has, like all kindness, most sensibly affected me; and I will humbly solicit you to impart to ——, and ——, my sincere gratitude for their flattering interest towards me.

I have risen to-day with my head perfectly quiet, my chest, and all its vicinity composed, and free from that oppression and those excruciating spasms which I thought, and at one time sacrilegiously prayed, would put an end to my sufferings in this world. Once more, thanks to

[1] These lines are General Fitzpatrick's.

Heaven and a constitution still unshaken, I am returned to my senses and at peace.

Yours sincerely,

G. B.

À Madame——,
Rue ——.

But whatever might have been the extent of his mental sufferings, in the privacy of his own room, neither illness, nor the hopeless state of his affairs, had yet so lowered his strength and spirits, as to allow him to betray his anxieties to the world: in society, he was as ready as ever with his joke, and full of fun and good humour. Shortly after this attack, and while Mr. Armstrong was in England, a French wedding was solemnized, and the marriage, singularly enough in France, was entirely one of inclination—really a love-match. Brummell was invited to assist at the fête, and a few days, certainly not a week, after the happy event had taken place, an acquaintance met him in the street, and asked him whether he had heard anything of the *nouveaux mariés?* "No," said the Beau, "but I believe they are still living together." On the return of his ambassador with the subscriptions, his creditors were paid, for Mr. Armstrong's visit to Brummell's former friends was attended with the very best results: every one of the gentlemen mentioned by his friend in a note already given, came forward in the most generous manner to his assistance. To their names should be added those of Lord Burlington, who contributed the sum of fifty pounds; Lord Pembroke, Mr. C. Greville, and Mr. Standish, also subscribed. One of Brummell's heaviest creditors was the lady of the house in which he had for the last two years resided; for, with the exception of the sum of six hundred francs, Madame de St. Ursain had never received one louis during the whole of that period. Though this unconscionable delay must have been extremely inconvenient to her, it did not in any way interfere to lessen the friendly terms on which

they lived : nothing could be more kind than her conduct to Brummell at all times ; and in the paralytic seizure by which he was attacked before he left her house, he was nursed with as much care and attention as if he had been surrounded by the members of his own family. For many a good turn was her lodger indebted to her ; and perhaps the most essential piece of service she ever rendered him was performed not long before the consulate was abolished, when, having heard that bailiffs were at the door, who threatened to make an irruption into his apartments, she hurried him up into a spare room, and shut him up in her *garde-robe :* nay, she was even polite enough, as a last alternative, to offer him the sanctuary of her bedroom, —into which, by the laws of France, the officers of justice had no right to intrude. On this nervous occasion Brummell's presence of mind did not forsake him, and Madame had scarcely stowed him away, amongst the suspended dresses, flounces, and furbelows, and locked the door, than she heard him screaming, in a voice deadened by the forest of habiliments, " Madame de St. Ursain, *de grâce prenez la clef !*"

Brummell had too much tact not to ingratiate himself with one who had it in her power to be of so much use to him ; and he found little difficulty in doing this, for she was an excellent companion, extremely well read, and had nearly as much *esprit de salon* as himself. *Legitimiste au fond de l'âme*, and her relative a prisoner in the fortress of Ham, it was not singular that she should detest every one, and everything, connected with the revolution of July. Brummell soon gained her good opinion, by showing great consideration for her feelings on this subject ; and though he was, in his official capacity, called upon to illuminate and to display the flag of his own nation, on the anniversaries celebrated by the new *régime*, he refrained from hoisting the union-jack at his own window, and placed it a little lower down the street, at a house rented by his " chancellor," Hayter, for a bureau.

Though Madame could not get paid, she occasionally turned the Beau to account; and being anxious to obtain some information from the late Duke of Sussex, she prevailed upon Brummell to write to him on the subject. He promised to do so, but so many weeks passed without farther allusion to the circumstance, that the lady at length fancied he had not written; or, if he had, that the Duke was disinclined to send a reply; she was therefore rather surprised when the Beau presented her with the following letter :—

Holkham, April 19th, 1832.

DEAR SIR,—

A period of twenty-two or twenty-three years having elapsed since the circumstances to which you allude took place, I cannot state facts so correctly as I might have done then. A person, of the name of Count ——, was introduced to me at Mr. ——'s, by ——, with whom I was acquainted. In consequence of this presentation, a communication took place between us, and after some time, by virtue of the Alien Act, he was removed out of the country, and went to Portugal, afterwards to Spain, when I totally lost sight of him. I never *knew* him to be a *Spanish grandee:* indeed, though naturally clever, he was a man of no education, and could not write. He took *me in* at that period, as he did many others; and I bought my experience at no less a price than from eleven to twelve thousand pounds: however, the circumstances occurred so long ago, that I have forgotten much of what took place at the time, and consider myself fortunate in having lost sight of him. He certainly *did live* for a time in —— street, previous to his removal from the country. I have written these lines to answer *your inquiries only*, as every thing that took place at that time was in consequence of the French revolution, and connected with it. I understood him to have come from Italy, where he had connexions; however, as I said be-

fore, he took the road to Portugal and Spain, when sent out of England by the Government of the day.

I am, dear Sir, with consideration,
&c., &c.,
AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

To George Brummell, Esq.,
Caen, &c., &c.

It is not necessary to explain the subject of this letter; it has been inserted here merely as a trait of good nature on the part of his Royal Highness, for, to judge by the handwriting, it would appear to have been penned with difficulty and exertion. When the Beau vacated his apartments in the Rue des Carmes, a step which he was very loth to take, for he knew that he was much more comfortable there than he was ever likely to be at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, his treacherous memory failed to remind him of all Madame de St. Ursain's kindness to him; the nursing, the friendly shelter of her wardrobe, the Angola cats, and the parrots—all were forgotten, and he actually left her house without taking leave, though to gain the street he was obliged to pass the door of her drawing-room. "C'était un original que ce monsieur," said this lady to me, "but I confess to you, that I was mortified at such egotism; however, I took no notice of it. Six months after, to my great astonishment, he knocked at my door, and entered the *salon* as if he had seen me only the day before: my reception, however, was not very flattering, for I considered that he had not only been ungrateful, but guilty of a great piece of rudeness, *une impolitesse*. On my telling him this, he appeared greatly distressed, and I was wondering how he would get out of the scrape, when he rose from his chair, and taking my hand, said with great emotion, 'Madame de Saint Ursain, I would willingly have wished you good b'ye, but I was in tears.'" He did not, however, forget his young friend, her daughter, to whom, after his departure, he sent the following letter, which leaves

room for regret that he did not more often apply his mind to subjects of a serious character; as it is evident that, when he was excited to notice them, he possessed a latent sound sense and force of expression, for which no one is likely to give him credit. The spirit of his remarks is not unworthy of serious attention at an epoch when many, though within the pale of our Established Church, are seeking to subvert its truths and undermine its independence.

December 10th, 1832.

You are wrong in supposing that the presence of Monsieur de Saint Quentin, or of any other person, interfered with my promise to write to you. "Heu! quantum minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."[1] I have been engaged during the last four days with letters upon business; irksome, indeed, to indite, but which admitted of no delay. So, mistaken Miss Aimable, do not unjustly reproach me with negligence or forgetfulness.

[1] From an inscription at the Leasowes to the memory of Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenstone's, who died of the small-pox, when about twenty-one years of age:—

Ah! Maria!
puellarum elegantissima!
ah! flore venustatis abrepta,
vale!
heu quanto minus est
cum reliquis versari
quam tui
meminisse.

Ah! Maria!
most elegant of nymphs,
snatched from us
in thy bloom of beauty,
Ah! farewell!
How much inferior
is the living conversation
of others
to the bare remembrance
of thee!

This cold morning has almost deprived me of the use of my fingers as well as of my faculties; therefore, in commiseration, you must not expect a prolonged epistle from me. You are certainly severe, but incorrect,[1] in your conjecture that the destruction by lightning of the tower at Harfleur, was a judgment of Providence against the English heretics who built it. Pardon me, but you betray a little anachronism in your ideas; at the period at which this tower was constructed by the English, their religion, if they professed any, was universally of the Catholic faith. Martin Luther and Calvin did not appear till more than a century afterwards, to preach and promulgate those rational Protestant doctrines and precepts that have since been so deservedly estimated and followed, in England, in the Low Countries, and in a considerable part of Germany. Would it not be less partial to your own countrymen, and more morally probable, to suppose that this summary infliction from above against the innocent tower, indicated the wrath of Heaven against those modern, insidious, jesuitical, and intolerant Catholic priests, whose pernicious influence and profane buffoonery exasperated the whole nation, and effected the downfall of the unfortunate Bourbon dynasty? The same perdition, an age and a quarter since, fell upon the last of the reigning Stuarts in England, because, against the general will and remonstrance of the country, he chose to be perverse in the mockery and treachery of Catholicism.

But enough of religion; my fire is extinguished, because I have paid more attention to you and my *plume*, than to the tongs, and I am freezing. The best faith, I believe, in *this* weather, is that of the poor Laplander, who adores the sun alone—when he sees it.

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

To Miss Aimable,
Rue des Carmes.

[1] Struck on the 2nd December, 1832.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Brummell leaves the house of Madame de St. Ursain—Takes up his abode at the Hôtel d'Angleterre—A declaration of love—"Luc-sur-Mer"—Bathing parties—The Polish Countess and her pearls—The King's bath—Letter to a young friend at Luc—The "Cours Cafarelli"—"Cours de la Reine"—Public places of exercise for the lower classes—Brummell's misanthropy.

Brummell left Madame de St. Ursain's in September, 1832, and established himself *au troisième*, at the Hôtel d'Angleterre; he was there *en pension*, dining at the table-d'hôte, and breakfasting in his room. After settling himself in his new abode, the tranquillity of mind produced by his being relieved from daily persecutions of a pecuniary nature, enabled him to regain his strength, and for some months he led a tolerably comfortable, but not a very animated life. In the summer of 1833, his correspondents, like every one else, who could leave the town, were at the seaside or their country-houses; but he, from want of funds, could not follow them, and was therefore obliged to spend that season in wandering about the deserted Cours, without meeting any one on whom to bestow an epigram, or a glance of recognition.

The consequence of this was, that his gossiping notes to his friends became letters, and writing them appears to have been his chief recreation. In one of these to a young favourite, with whose family he was extremely intimate, he, in a mood half serious, half jocular, made a declaration of love; and I think that my fair readers will admit that, as a specimen of sexagenarian feeling in these matters, this very humorous composition stands unrivalled.

Tuesday, July.

Millions of thanks to you for Ayesha. I have not quite finished with her; for I cannot now read, nor write, nor do anything in a methodical way; therefore I return her to you, with every expression of admiration for your mutual excellences; with Ayesha, indeed, I have only made a transitory acquaintance,—*you* I know already by heart.

Why, in the name of common prudence and my own tranquillity, could I not have been contented to restrict my knowledge of you to the worldly etiquette of taking off my hat to you, when we casually met? During those years that I have vegetated upon the barren moor of my later life, I have sedulously avoided running my crazy head into what may be termed, inconsequent distractions; and now, in spite of all my theoretical circumspection and security, I find myself over head and ears, heart and soul, in love with you. I cannot, for the life of me, help telling you so; but, as all considerate reason has not at times utterly abandoned me, I shall put myself into a strait waistcoat, and be chained to the bedpost.

Perhaps, after having undergone such compulsatory infliction, and the bereavement of at least half the blood in my veins, I may be restored to my more cool and sedate senses. I shall then turn Anchorite, and flee away to the desert. Adieu! I have yet sufficient command over my drooping faculties to restrain any tributary tears from falling over my farewell; you might doubt their reality; and we all know that they may be counterfeited upon paper, with a sponge and *rose*-water!

Addio, ben amata—it was my intention to go to the sea-side for a day, and be dipped, as they treat unfortunates suffering under hydrophobia; but, without a miracle, I do not presume that I shall have regained force of resolution and intellect adequate to my attempting the voyage. And there, too, I should see you again, source and spirit of all my tribulations, and my cicatrizing

wounds would bleed anew; still that would have been my sole object in going, to exist amphibiously, like an Undine, between raging billows and desolate rocks; and yet the shepherd in Virgil grew, at last, acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks. But you would laugh clandestinely at me in your bustled sleeve; for there is nothing more ridiculous than a person in my desperate state; and I should only have to "bay the moon" with my solitary plaints, and exasperate you, and the winds and the waves, with my vain jeremiades. For the future, I shall haunt you with sentimental elegies upon mourning paper, with a death's head crucified upon bones, by way of an appropriate vignette.[1]

I think——beautiful, and I like her manner as much as her face. If you send me back——, I shall suppose you are offended with me: keep it with you at Luc; that will be some consolation to me while I am at the St. Luke's of this place. What am I to do for a diurnal matinal correspondent and afternoon gossip, now that you are "over the hills and far away?" I am almost inclined to think that your *sensibilities* are as *marbrées* as your snowy complexion; still I shall ever be immutably yours in this world; and if our most devoted wishes and memories are allowed in the next, mine will still remain inviolable towards you.

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

À Mademoiselle ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

Had Brummell gone to Luc, there was no danger that his young friend would have betrayed her partiality, as

[1] This is a fac-simile of his own sketch.

did the wild beauty Undine, and plunge her teeth into his emaciated digit; he might have disported himself for an eternal summer, "between the raging billows and desolate rocks," without receiving such a flattering proof of success in his wooing. This village, which is on the coast, and about nine miles from Caen, is a most unromantic spot. The accommodation for visitors is extremely bad; the sea-breezes are strongly impregnated with the smell of herrings, and not a bathing-machine or a tree is to be seen. It is, however, much frequented by the fashionables of the adjoining departments, and sometimes by a few exclusives of the *haute société* of Paris, afraid of the contamination with the bourgeois crowd at Dieppe; and who, ladies and gentlemen, resort to the beach together, and politely dip each other. These bathing parties, and the celebrated oysters from the Rochers de Cancale, a few miles from the shore, are in general its only attractions; but this season could boast an extra, and very novel one, in the shape of a charming Polish Countess, who came neither in the pursuit of health, nor amusement, but for the sole benefit of her pearls, of which she had a splendid suite,—a suite that the very oysters opposite would have envied; and while the general dipping and ducking was going on, she passed her mornings in airing them on the beach, in order that they might be more than brilliant the next winter at Vienna.

To an Englishman of the present generation, this strange mode of bathing, and mixture of sexes, waves, sands, sea-weed, jelly-fish, and conversation, is a decided novelty; but that is all, for I never heard of any impropriety occurring in consequence of the custom; and I always found these *réunions* in the water equally agreeable with those in the salons of Caen. Some of the ladies who were very careful of their complexions, which, by the bye, is, generally speaking, a useless anxiety in France, invariably took their parasols into the sea with

them; and others, on leaving it, dried their hair, by promenading with it hanging loose down their backs, like the horse tails on the old helmets of the Life Guards, though, to be sure, of a somewhat finer texture.

A spirited authoress, who has lately given to the world her Last Tour and First Work, has described French watering places to perfection, and also touched upon this social system of bathing. Lady Vavasour considers the English mere babies in the art compared with our neighbours. She says that at Plombières there was *only* a wooden partition (enough, one should think,) between the ladies and gentlemen, and the noise the latter made (mark, the latter,) was beyond any thing she ever heard. The bathers on both sides commenced their ablutions to instrumental music, then sang a duet, laughed, joked, and hallooed; and lastly, they danced, for a French lady proposed a quadrille.

In another bath the company remained eight hours at a sitting, both sexes enjoying the *natation* together. Here a friend's friend of her ladyship, who had been invited to take a bath, was greatly surprised to find still in it, the whole party he had supped with the night before; one gentleman having actually "breakfasted, dined, and supped in it." Should Lady V. be inclined to gratify her numerous admirers with a *second* work, I would recommend to her notice the aquatic quadrilles on the shores of the Black Sea, where (though I cannot, unfortunately, promise her the society of my own sex, or the enlivening harmony of a military band,) she will see the fair Sclavonians bathing *en costume de bal*, dancing to the music of the murmuring waves of the Euxine. With this recommendation, however, I ought in fairness to remind her that Odessa can only be reached by a pilgrimage over miles of steppe, or through the spoglia of a Russian quarantine. Extraordinary as this method of French bathing now seems to an Englishwoman, and "babies" though we be "in the art of bathing," we were not such

tyros in the days of our ancestors. There may perhaps still be a few who remember sitting in the King's bath, of old Bladud's healing waters, with their partners in the minuet of the night before, their heads powdered and pomatumed with all the *rigeur q u'exigeait la mode du jour*, and who recollect having swam their snuff-boxes across the bath in their wooden bowls to a friend on the opposite side. But her ladyship has possibly never seen the Bath Guide, and the description given by the poet-laureat of the habits of that renowned place of public resort, who remarks how pretty it was to see the visitors

> "————————put on their flannels,
> An then take the water like so many spaniels;
> And though all the while it grew hotter and hotter,
> They swam just as if they were hunting an otter;
> 'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex,
> All wading with gentlemen up to their necks."

But to return to Brummell. His young friends at the sea-side were not left long without hearing from him; and the next amusing letter, from the length of the piece of poetry it inclosed, probably consumed more than one of his dull evenings in composing and inditing.

Saturday evening, August, 1833.

That ourang-outang of a bookseller has sent me a miserable French translation of Manzoni, instead of the original Italian which I demanded. He says the other was stolen from him. I am ashamed to convey this to you: from a superficial glance it looks as if it would bore you. If such may be its fate give it a worse, and cast it into the sea. There has been nothing, as yet, *affiché* in London or Paris which offers any assurance of being worthy to be read: the moment there is, you shall have it.

My existence here has become perfectly dreary, insipid, and unprofitable: scarcely I see any one, speak to any one; and I find myself so miserably *abattu* and *dis-*

trait that I am incapable of passing away the lingering hours in those occupations which used to be my resource and my amusement. This is all very wrong. I am conscious of all my culpable lassitude of mind and spirits, but for the soul of me I cannot collect sufficient energy to force myself away from this wretched place, much as it would be beneficial for me to do so. I have not sufficient fortitude, or the patience, or the resignation of Sadak, who wore away his life in traversing the wilds of Asia to find out the waters of oblivion. My only excursions from my cell are to the Cafarelli,—not a civilized being now there to exhilirate my solitary ramble,—with all the persecuting delusion of my distempered thoughts, I detect myself frequently looking back, in the fancy of seeing you and **** coming over the bridge; but no such happiness awaits me. When I get home I strive to propitiate a few hours' forgetfulness in sleep—all in vain, and the morning comes again bright and blooming, but as little refreshing and satisfactory to me as the past night. But enough of these fantastic vapours of the brain. To change this *larmoyant*, &c.—

Here followed a copy of the Butterfly's Funeral, already given in the first volume. The letter concludes thus :—

I could go on writing all night, but my perverse lamp is getting sleepy and closing its eyes. It will leave me in the dark, as you did *par parenthèse*, by the abrupt and ungenerous termination of your last amiable note to me. Good night, good night; unfading welfare and happiness be constantly with you, and may you dream of butterflies.

Eternally yours,

G. B.

À Mademoiselle ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

The extent to which Brummell evidently felt, and lamented, the total want of society, is distressing to think

of, when his age, sickness, poverty, and early habits of intercourse with the highest and most accomplished is remembered; and, though it is true that he brought himself into that position by his own folly, the visitations of his declining years were much more severe than ever fell upon many of his class, more vicious and mischievous than he was.

The promenade alluded to by the Beau in the preceding letter, as the one to which he usually resorted for daily exercise, is situated on the banks of the Orne, beyond the port, and in the direction of the sea. The walk is approached from one of the quays by a bridge, and, being at a considerable distance from the principal streets, is little frequented, excepting by the *bourgeoisie*, who have their diminutive gardens near it; or on Sunday evenings, when the band of the regiment quartered in the town performs there, and attracts the whole population *en masse*. It received its appellation of Cafarelli, in compliment to one of Napoleon's préfets of that name, under whose administration the ground was laid out, and planted with several rows of trees; but the situation is bleak and unfavourable to their growth; their foliage is too scanty to afford any shade for the promenaders; and the picturesque appearance of the walk is about on a par with that of a Dutch toy.

Caen, like the generality of large country towns on the Continent, has several public walks; and it is impossible to see how much they contribute to the comfort of the humbler classes of their inhabitants, and not regret the want of them in our own manufacturing cities, in which, from the extreme density of the population, they would be doubly valuable: — the want of them is a cruel deficiency in our social system, which ought to be remedied without delay. Surely no class of people in the world stands more in need of these arenas for exercise and relaxation than our operatives, who, from the very moment of their birth, breathe the unwholesome

atmosphere of a room, in which the members of a numerous family, and perhaps even more than one family, are huddled together. While yet mere children, they exchange this impure element for that of a crowded factory, which the cupidity of their employers and the nature of their occupation render still more deleterious than that in which they have till then existed; the vicinity of the fly-wheel of the engine is the only spot in this heavy mass of close and fœtid vapour that is ever agitated; the baneful effects of which are daily witnessed in the diseases that consign thousands of these miserable beings to an untimely grave. To them, alas! Nature is unknown; the carol of the lark, the call of the cuckoo, the cheerful hum of the bees returning from their toil, are sounds that the ears of many could not recognise; of the colour of the harebell or the gorse, the smell of the honeysuckle or the new-mown hay, they are equally ignorant—and the fresh air of the early morning in the spring has never fallen on their brow, to gladden their hearts, or invigorate their bodies and their minds. If the artificial state of society with us has created a population thus unhappily circumstanced, it surely is a duty imperative on those who profit by their misery, to alleviate it, and on the legislature of their country, to secure to them the enjoyment of these natural pleasures—created by the Almighty to bless alike the rich and poor.

I was led into this digression by the remembrance of the pleasure I had often felt in observing the cheerful countenances of hundreds of the poor inhabitants of Caen, strolling on the fine summer evenings along the splendid promenades of the town; and the many old lace-makers, sitting under the trees diligently plying their bobbins, and earning, a pittance it is true, but not at the risk of their lives. The favourite *rendezvous*, however, are the "Grand Cours" and the "Cours de la Reine," which every Norman justly considers the chief

ornaments of the province: these noble public walks are more central than the Cafarelli. One side of the Grand Cours is watered by the Orne, which, owing to the weir above the bridge, is always kept at a high level; the meadow on the other, occupying a surface of many hundred acres, and bounded by the village of Louvigny at one end, and the heights of Allemagne in the distance, is enlivened by large herds of cattle, and a branch of the Orne, which, diverted from its course, meanders through it, fertilizing its rich and extensive pasture. This stream afterwards takes a winding course through the very centre of the town, and rejoins the river at the extremity of the quay. The hills of Allemagne are of great interest in the eyes of an Englishman, for, from them were quarried, eight centuries ago, the stones of that noble Abbey, within whose walls repose the honoured remains of so many of England's most gallant and intellectual sons. The splendid avenues of stately elms which grace this cours, look nearly as venerable as that ancient pile; and the trees near the river spread their giant branches and redundant foliage far across its tranquil surface.

On a fête-day, the farmers' wives and daughters, who are to be seen here with their high caps, flowing lappets, and bright green or red aprons, are as fine specimens of nature as the elms, both in height and beauty; but they, and a multitude of merry faces beaming with a homely, but happy, disposition to please and be pleased, had no charms for a misanthrope. Brummell, either from affectation, or the early habit of constantly associating with the most select society, disliked large crowds of people, where its different classes were mingled together. The fair, which lasts a fortnight, and is held on the Grand Cours and the Cours de la Reine, he never entered; but inquired occasionally of his acquaintance, what was going on there? To have been seen within its precincts, would have been far too much like the rest

of the world. Lister says, "that in London, in his palmy days, he never went beyond the door at a ball, except at some favoured houses. He generally stood at the entrance, and paid the usual compliment of a few minutes' conversation to the lady of the house, and did not commit himself by jostling within." The Beau sought the Cours Cafarelli for its retirement, perhaps for its formality; and there wore away many a weary hour, with no other companions than his dog and his own cheerless thoughts.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Letters to his friends living near the sea-side—They return to the town for the season—Gossipping notes to them—Brummell's Christmas-box—Winter festivities—A ball at Madame de Rigny's—"La fille du convent"—The silent system—An agreeable intimation—Sympathy for the Duchess de Berri—Fasting Dowagers—"An untoward event."

To return, however, to his last letter. He had the gratification of finding The Butterfly's Funeral favourably received, and his *tristesse* procured him a compassionate reply, which seems to have had the happiest effects upon his spirits, for his next is written in a much more cheerful tone.

Tuesday evening.

May the recording angel, who registers above the amiable feelings and thoughts of mortals, preserve you for having written that last note to me! It has at once extricated me from the very abyss of gloomy and disconsolate reflections, and has restored me to peace and equanimity. After reading it, I sought another wander to the Cafarelli, and returned home to my solitary room at the hotel, contented with myself and all the world. I do not know myself again.

I have this morning perambulated over this deserted town, acknowledged every one whose physiognomy was familiar to me, *lancé* two bad jokes at his Excellency Monsieur le Baron de ——, in judgment of his new heathenish mouse-coloured pantaloons, and even disturbed my hat with my best straight-laced salutation to Madame d'A——, and her contemptible troop of monkeys in the shape of men. When I mentioned the Baron to you the other day, as having fallen into an

inheritance, it was all mythological moonshine.—Poor fellow! I believe he has nothing but his pantaloons and his misconceived *amour propre*, to which he can look forward.

Upon my knees I supplicate one of you to write to me, when you have not any more interesting object to divert you; when the expanse of waters, and the unfruitful waste of earth which surrounds you, have wearied your unvaried prospect—pray write and tell me you think of me, be it so or not; "be for once foresworn," if you are thinking of any one else; it will gratify me beyond all other sublunary blessings.

Do not imagine that I am endeavouring to flatter you; I never did encourage such a subtle and degrading intention, and I never shall, but you write beautifully.

I have sent you some books in continuation of "Les deux Fiancées," which I have never read, by way of courier.

Ever yours,
G. B.

Mademoiselle ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

When the autumn was over, his friends returned to their habitations in the town, and the Beau appears to have marked his gratitude to one of his marine correspondents of the summer by presenting her, on Christmas Day, with an *étrenne* in anticipation of the New Year. The presentation of this gift is the principal subject of his next note.

December 25, 1833.

It is the hallowed fête of Christmas, nativity, mince-pies, mistletoe, wind gentle evergreens, and *étrennes*. Sanction the latter *offrande* with your habitual Christian amenity, and *comblez* the charitable feeling by the recompense of one of those halcyon billets *de reconnaissance* that you know so well to write. I solicit you to prostrate it *aux pieds de Mademoiselle **** en boudoir*, as I should

not like to hear that she blushed at its insignificance *en société.*

I must forbear to dedicate any sentimental effusions to you upon this festive yet consecrated day. I am no Don Escobar, nor do I bear the sanguinary badge of the cross of Palestine upon my shoulder, still I am anxious to get through the morning's commemoration with every exemplary propriety, as a sort of anticipated penance for the trespasses to which I may be exposed in the evening —for I dine with the Pharisees.

My fire is going to give up the ghost in sighs of smoke from suffocation, and my wayward fancies are congealed by the severity of the breeze that moans upon entrance under my door—I am as cold as the dormouse without a home—my regard for you all may be said to be, just now, as pure, but inanimate as the falling snow, and my best friends, in good faith and fair truth, seem to be frozen at the bottom of the well. When addressing you, *c'est toujours un dégel de cœur*, but, at this instant my torpid hand and faculties refuse to answer to the grateful summons of more deserved eulogy, and, in timely silence, *sans complimens*, I will bid you good-morrow, peace, and welfare, and redeeming thaw to myself. Mademoiselle —— writes like a recording angel! If you have any Canterbury Tales to *épancher*—pray let me into the secret.

Most sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

P.S.—Madame de Rigny announces a *bal paré* on the 31st. I must elapse from my *sabots* upon the occasion, and *galope* with the rest.

Brummell, happily for him, was sufficiently thawed to go to this ball; indeed he was seldom so frozen in the evening that he could not "elapse," when and wherever

there was any whist going on, or an opportunity offered for quizzing. Of the latter he was certain to have plenty at Madame de Rigny's, whose *salons* resembled a jar of piccalilly; for here might be seen the ultra-Carlist, the *moderé*, and the *juste milieu*; indeed partisans of all kinds, Guizoistes, Molistes, Thieristes, &c. These parties were very agreeable to Brummell, for his waltzing days were over; but to a young Englishman who dances, a French provincial ball will scarcely appear so amusing as those in his own country, and he must string his nerves as tight as the instruments he is about to caper to, to encounter, with tolerable comfort, the two formidable rows of females ranged round the walls of the room. On the upper tier are the dowagers and chaperons, judiciously rouged and enamelled, busily scrutinizing one another's toilette and renovations, the immense supply of flowers in their heads leading one to suppose they had plundered the flower-pots intended to ornament the staircase; for on no occasion could I ever detect a single blossom on these plants. On the lower bench are the young ladies, each with a volume of microscopic dimensions in her hand, looking as formal and precise as their natural vivacity and elegant *tournure* will permit.

The gentlemen, also, with books in their hands, are in rapid movement in front of them, bowing, shuffling, scribbling, scraping, and crossing from one side of the room to the other. What crowding and pushing, what fuming and fussing! "*Auraije l'honneur*," says one gentlemen, pulling out his jewelled pencil-case. "Pardon, Madame," exclaims another, having just then half crushed a foot, *chaussé* in satin, with his thick-soled boot; while the girls write away like mad, and murmur the number of their different partners, as glibly as if they were Paternosters or Ave Marias. A Newmarket man, ignorant of French, would fancy they were making bets, instead of booking engagements to dance for the whole

evening,—for such is the invariable routine with which the ball commences. This anxiety off the minds of the indefatigable cavaliers, the bustle subsides, and the lady of the house, who has meanwhile been standing, like a queen on a twelfth cake, in the centre of the room, gossiping with the old gentlemen, retires, and leaves the ground open to the dancers. But the formality of the two female circles, into which a male never presumes to intrude, is infused into the quadrille. All personal introduction is, it is true, dispensed with; the mere fact of a man's being in the same room with a lady, entitles him to ask her to dance, and she cannot refuse the obtrusive compliment, no matter whether he is well or ill-mannered, graceful or gawky; whether his face is as smooth as her own, or covered with as much hair as a Russian mujik's; whether he is scented with eau de Portugal, eau de vie, or bad cigars, she must be his for one mortal half-hour—perhaps to waltz—"ay, there's the rub!" The same free-and-easy custom prevails even at the public balls at the Préfecture and the Hôtel de Ville.

This system, which is lax enough to have suited Egalité himself, "*avec son âme de laquais*," and of which extreme formality is the result, would at first sight appear to have a very opposite tendency. But this is not the case; half the *figurants* and *figurantes* do not know each other's names; and if, as in Madame de Rigny's *salons*, the society is mixed, they may not wish to do so: there is, therefore, every inducement to avoid, rather than enter into conversation. As married women, they have every right to be as loquacious as they please; and, by a very recent innovation, the girls are occasionally seen to waltz: but in the *contredanses*, to which their exertions have hitherto been confined, it is an understood thing that they are to be mum!

At a ball, some years ago, in this same town of Caen, "when I was in my thoughtless youth," and yet ignorant that in a French quadrille Harpocrates was always the

companion of Terpsichore, a French sylph in her teens, just fresh from her convent, enlightened me upon this subject in the most novel and amusing manner possible. Poor little creature! she looked delighted to escape from confinement; and when we had taken our places I lost no time in opening an animated battery of conversation upon her; but conceive my consternation, my gentle countrywomen, particularly you who have just laid your governesses on the shelf, and full of spirits and English independence, anticipate by day and dream by night of the triumphs of the approaching season; conceive my agitation when, at the very first pause that occurred, my pretty partner addressed me in these words:—"Monsieur, nous sommes ici pour danser, pas pour causer." I looked no doubt annoyed, as well I might: it was of no use, however, she was mute: but her piquante face, with hair *à la Chinoise*, and very speaking eyes, seemed to say, "Ah certes quand je serai mariée je causerai à mon gré." The quadrille over, I led her, as etiquette decreed, to her place; and, bowing as low as the bench on which she seated herself, left her to relate the details of such an unusual and tragic occurrence to Madame la Marquise Mère, who expressed herself of course sufficiently astonished at such English ignorance and effrontery, and applauded her daughter's perfect discretion.

In France, an Englishman is soon made aware that to speak to a girl, even when sitting next to her mother, is indecorous, unless it be to ask her to dance; but to say a word to her, when she has assumed the perpendicular for that purpose, is a positive breaking down the quickset of proprieties "that doth hedge" a *demoiselle*. Do these precautions improve the connubial qualifications of Frenchwomen, and make them better wives? It is doubtful. Ideas and forms of this nature arising from the "non-intervention" system, throw a coldness over French society, and an unpleasant reserve is the consequence. In a ball-room the dancers are reduced to

automatons, and mechanically return, as the music of each set ceases, to the seats they originally and respectively occupied, and which are as strictly kept as those of a theatre. The privileges and pleasures of a ball are *ours*; on this, the French side of the channel (which, by the way, we have, with Brummellian exclusiveness, called the British, as if we had both sides of it), there is no pleasant promenade with a pretty or witty girl, to look for an ice in the refreshment room, or quiz and confabulate about old partners, and captivate and secure new ones.

The salons of a few of the stoutest legitimists at Caen were exceptions to the extreme coldness and formality I have described; for though the same rule existed as to individual introductions, the families were all known to each other, and no one of modified opinions ever thought of disturbing the aristocratic repose of their *porte-cochères*. It was however sometimes impossible to help smiling at the manner in which this party testified their loyalty, and the ungrateful return it met with. The winter of 1833 was made as dull as a funeral to the whole of the legitimist party in France by the arrest of the Duchess of Berri, and her incarceration at Blaye.

She was at this time the soul of the cause, and looked up to as a second Clémence de Condé; not a creature would dance, and it was said that a few of the most devoted and devout of the dowagers actually fasted. In fact, the conduct of this party went far to disprove the assertion so piquantly made by their countryman Stanislas de Girardin, who, when his friend the Préfet complained that the inhabitants of Caen would not erect a triumphal arch, and give a suitable reception to Napoleon, said, "Comment voulez-vous inspirer de l'enthousiasme à des gens qui ne boivent que du cidre."

As the young men could not dance, they took care to substitute the *agrément* of *déjeûners à la fourchette*. At one of these, when busily engaged with the oysters, we

were suddenly interrupted in this agreeable occupation by the unexpected entrance of an old veteran royalist of their acquaintance. "Mon Dieu, Messieurs," said the intruder, in great distress, "have you heard the news? the Duchess"—"is delivered?" we all exclaimed, "Non mes enfans, mais accouchée." This "fait accompli" went far to annihilate the personal interest in the Royalist cause excited by the intrepidity of the Duchess de Berri.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Letter to a Mother of Pearls—Brummell's present to her—Old régime morality—Brummell again attacked by paralysis—His presence of mind on this occasion—Dr. K——'s kindness to him—Brummell's patience during illness—Letter after his convalescence—His young favourite's album—His note to her.

A FEW days after the mince-pie and mistletoe note was despatched, Brummell forwarded another *étrenne* to one of his fair friends. Lest the reader should be mystified by his splendid metaphorical allusions, it will perhaps be as well to observe, that the matron in question numbered the Graces in her family, fortunately, not the Muses; and that the gift was a paper-knife, the material of which was mother-of-pearl. The result of his thus putting his language upon stilts is the most complete confusion; for a plain man, if indeed he could make anything of it at all, would suppose that the lady was in the habit of dividing the leaves of the last new novel, or marking her place, with the greasy knife that she had just used to cut her "bread and butter." This is really atrocious, and Brummell, with all his elegance, deserved to be well trounced for subjecting her to such a foul suspicion.

January 3, 1834.

In vain I have been expecting Beckford's Letters from Paris; this moment the answer comes to me, that there is not a copy remaining, and I must attend the republication—they were destined for your acceptance, and it is very hard upon me. *En attendant*, I will take the liberty to submit the offering of a modest tribute intended as an accessary, more harmonizing with your

fair hands, than the forbidding instrument that usually administers to your morning's repast, (in plain language, I mean cutting bread and butter!) which by some treacherous *tâche à la tartine*, may endanger the opening or the record of the page you read. I wish it consisted of one Genuine Pearl!—it is but the nominal mother of them. Yet, you possess the happy privilege to claim that congenial title, and I beg to present it, as the humble counterfeit of yourself.

Korizaida is a beautiful modern Greek name which Byron mentions as often found among the "native seraphs" of those soft classic isles—its construction is "Cluster of Pearls"; should you be disposed to change your own it would, in metaphor, be appropriate to you all.

I have no news favourable or adverse to communicate; for many days I have not transgressed the wicket of my cell before vespers—I sit *en Calmouk*, enveloped in sable, musing over the fire like a poet in distress, and ruminate upon other times and fairy prospects that will never come again, and I scarcely know whether the sun has been in shine or in sorrow.

I was up to a dissipated hour this morning, playing at five-sous whist, with Madame d'A——. Improvident pursuit! She made half-closed eyes at me, instead of attending to the game: this afflicted me afterwards with a relative *cauchemar*—I fancied, in the dream, I was struggling with my Aunt Margaret's ghost—I am still *dormant*, and only just able to whisper to you how

Sincerely I am yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue des ——.

The person whose sentimental glances thus afflicted the Beau with nightmare, was a diminutive wizen old Countess of good family, who took quantities of snuff, occasionally dimmed the shining *parquet* with an expec-

toration, wrote satirical verses on the manners of the *juste milieu*, and sonnets to the youthful Henri Cinq. To hear one of these antique specimens of the *ancien régime* dilate upon the state of French society as it was in their youth, was not very creditable to their generation; and this lady, in her extreme detestation of anything sober, certainly overrated the improvement of the present. "Ah, Monsieur," I heard this octogenarian say one evening, "que nos salons sont tristes! Je ne m'y connais plus. Dans ma jeunesse, une femme avait ses amis, et son maris les siennes; chacun s'amusait selon sa manière: à présent on voit les époux toujours ensembles! —mais c'est une vérité cela. Ah! qu'ils sont vilains les usages d'aujourd'hui."

Towards the end of April, 1834, poor Brummell was again attacked by paralysis: he was seized at the *table d'hôte;* and the circumstance that first made him conscious of the fact, was finding that his soup was trickling down his chin instead of going into his mouth. Instead of making any exclamation or gesture of surprise, he, with his usual presence of mind, immediately rose from the table, and quietly putting his napkin to his face, left the room with such perfect deliberation and self-possession, that none of the guests were at all aware of his misfortune, and they imagined that he retired merely from some feeling of temporary indisposition.

But before going to his room, the staircase leading to which was on the other side of the courtyard of the hotel, he went into one adjoining that in which the *table d'hôte* was held, and consulted the looking-glass over the mantel-piece. One glance was sufficient, for it showed him that his mouth was drawn up to his ear, and he hastily retreated to his apartments. This mode of proceeding was characteristic of the Beau, who had a great antipathy to being thought either old or ill; and he was quite as anxious to establish five-and-forty, as Louis Quatorze was to fix seventy, for "*l'âge de tout le*

monde;" in fact Brummell, when speaking of his age never owned to more than fifty. If any lady pressed him on this delicate subject, he always called in the name of some noble friend to his aid, who, according to the Peerage, was many years younger than himself, and, asserting that they were at school together, would plausibly make him out to be two years his senior.

His medical adviser who attended him on this and other occasions was a very humane and generous man, and paid him the greatest possible attention, without fee or reward of any kind. Dr. K—— gave him an excellent character as an invalid, and said that he never knew any one more gentle or obedient in severe illness. Once only had they any difference of opinion; it was caused by Brummell's affection for a few stray hairs that grew at the back of his head, and which, though concealed by his wig, he was most anxious to preserve. When it was found necessary to apply a blister, he strongly objected to parting with these few mementos of his former *chevelure*, and asked Dr. K——, with a melancholy smile, whether he must absolutely lose them? but, on his assuring him that the blister could not be put on unless they were removed, he resigned his head to the hairdresser with becoming composure. The next letter was written almost immediately after his recovery from this attack, and shows not only how severe his illness must have been, but how his drooping energies were devoted to his favourite *protégées*.

Monday morning.

Allow me to present you with a sketch; it is in a sadly unfinished state, but it will at least prove to you that I can sometimes keep my promise, and *travailler* for your album. I have lately possessed neither nerves or capacity to go on with two other drawings that I have *sur les mains*. They require more assiduity and fatigue than I can at present bestow upon them, and, as I am anxious that they should be perfect, you must accord me time and health to accomplish them.

The sketch is from memory: it is a resemblance of a very amiable person, who is now no more,—of Georgiana, Lady Worcester. In former days I drew a miniature of her, which Worcester now has, and the traits are still fresh in my remembrance. It is the first thing that I have attempted since my resurrection; for you must know that I have been in the other world, and I can assure you I found it no paradise.

It seems that I have recently been in a state of absence, or aberration of mind, and utterly unconscious of it till this morning, when, upon my interrogating him, —I mean one of my doctors,—he told me that when he came to me eight days ago I was in a high fever, and that during three days and nights I had frequently asked absurd questions, and talked to him in a *distrait* and unconnected manner; in short, that I was wandering in my senses, and "babbling about green fields and butterflies." I recollect nothing but their having deprived me almost of daily bread, and my making resistance and wry faces at lancets and lenitives. As I do not like to be regarded as a confirmed lunatic, pray keep this a secret.

I am not of adequate dignity to have daily bulletins of my health, for I hate troubling other people about it; but now, that the visitation is over, I can produce, if necessary, under their hands, the authenticity of what I have taken the liberty to represent to you. I am now passing well, though rather reduced and weak: let all your *amabilité* be gathered together to commiserate me.

Do you intend to summer among the mermaids? I have the truest wish to shake hands with you again; but do not, which you may mean in kindness, ask me anything about my health; it makes me melancholy, and that *abaissement* sometimes makes me very childish. *Addio cara amica.*

Ever sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Mademoiselle ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

It will be seen by the latter part, and the address of this letter, that his more intimate friends had again migrated to the sea-side, when his gossiping *billets*, as usual, became more circumstantial.

Thursday Evening.

It would be trespassing too much upon your indulgence, to retain your album any longer. A wandering sea-gull, dripping from the waves, has this morning perched at my window, and has told me delicately, through the curtains, that you were at every moment anxious about it—he did not tell me why.—I restore it to you. It was my wish to have delivered it in my own humble person this very day; but maturer reflection, and indisposition, have dissuaded me from that gratification.

I am unwell—I had flattered myself that I was progressing towards my ancient regular health; and now those who look after me professionally, will insist upon it that my lungs are seriously affected, and pester me with all the alarming hyperbole of their vocation, upon my malady. They are weaving a shroud about me; still, I trust I shall yet escape.

I have obtained some new magnifying-glasses, and have been striving to make two drawings for you. I have accomplished all the early preliminary outlines, and to proceed, I am only waiting for my colours, which Mrs. B.—— (devil take her carelessness) has decamped with to the country. I am, however, concerned to perceive, that I cannot draw and finish as I used to do; my vision seems to grow opaque, and indiscriminating; (I need not tell *you* this), my head is scarcely ever exempt from some disquietude or other; and my hand, from a sort of nervousness, which incessantly visits me, trembles like the rushes that shade the "Grave of the Butterfly."

I have sent to Paris and to London for other drawings, that will better suit your fancy and your purpose. I do not admire engraved vignettes and prints introduced

into an album where there is only writing; besides they are always commonplace, therefore I do not take the liberty to send you any.

In regard to poetry, I dare not monopolize even half a vacant page in inditing sonnets to your beautiful eyebrows, or in pathetic numbers singing, like the dying swan, my own elegy. You already possess my album, which is a faithful record of almost all the metrical romance of my past days, and also of the productions of several of those brilliant planets who once diffused their rays about the world. If it may sometimes be of use or amusement to you, accept it from me; it is but a poor old album indeed, and unworthy as a gift to you; but it has been for years the constant companion and friend of more solitary hours, and has often solaced and diverted me through the many vicissitudes, errors, and disappointments of my life.

It has lately been intimated to me, that I must be prepared to leave Caen; this is from Government in England; how soon, I know not. I am ignorant also of my destination—that will depend upon, and be dictated by, those in power, who have still the kind consideration to think of me and my broken fortunes. For years, I have cherished the wish to go to Italy; and if what I have solicited in my answer should be accorded to me, I shall take up my wallet and my staff, and seek the auspicious heaven of that country and climate. This is no fairy dream!

Yesterday, for the first time for four days, I left my room and dined with ****, and Henri de Vauquelin; the former seems delighted to be released from refreshing billows and herrings,—happy *huron!*

And now I will bid you the best of all good nights, *faites moi l'amitié de me prosterner, moi et mes souvenirs les plus dévoués*, at the feet of Madame ****; you will not reject them, though from their frequent iteration they may have become rather *ennuyeux* and *maussades*, and in

one brief month from my disappearance, do not forget the earnest interest and friendship that I shall always feel for you.

Ever sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Mademoiselle ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

CHAPTER XL.

Brummell's consideration for dumb animals—His attachment to a mouse—His cynicism—His indignant note to Mademoiselle Aimable respecting her cats—All hope of employment at an end—Projected trip to the sea-side—His pecuniary troubles—Letter to his friend Lord Alvanley—King Allen—Brummell's indiscretion at a *soirée*—He celebrates it in verse.

THERE is much good feeling expressed in the letter with which the last chapter concludes—gratitude to his friends, and regret for his errors; these are reverted to so naturally and unaffectedly, that it would be scarcely charitable to doubt his sincerity, and there is something very pleasing in the manner in which he lays his griefs and cares before his youthful correspondent, for whom, as the reader will observe, he had a sexagenarian lover's regard. Though satirical and selfish to an unusual degree, Brummell was never so entirely deficient in the amiable qualities of the heart as many persons believed him to be; he was humane, and always excessively fond of, and kind to, dumb animals.

In his promenades he never failed to express his indignation at the cruelty of the Normans towards their horses. "The rascals! the scoundrels!" he would exclaim; and, in the winter, the ledge of his window was always covered with crumbs for his feathered friends on the neighbouring house-tops. While residing at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and about this period, he one morning laid aside all etiquette, and without waiting for an introduction, made the acquaintance of a poor little mouse, that had taken up its abode in the wainscot of his sitting-room; to this tiny creature he became very much attached, and by dint of careful and gentle training, taught it to crawl up his

leg on to the breakfast-table, and eat out of his hand It became, at length, like Baron Trenck's spider, quite a companion, and made its appearance regularly every morning, at the same hour. One day, while Brummell was paying his accustomed visit to a lady, who related the anecdote to the author, she observed that he was very much out of spirits; and, on her inquiring the reason, he told her, with great embarrassment in his manner, that the *garçon* had that morning thrown a boot-jack at his little favourite, and killed it. Like pets in general, it came to an untimely end, and Brummell was now in a situation to feel the loss of it; for there was little left him on which to exercise his sympathies. To assert that he, a man of the world, was endowed with great tenderness of feeling, would be absurd, but it would be equally unjust to say that he was destitute of it. There are few persons entirely without sensibilities, or who do not in some degree sympathize with the affections of others, though their own feelings may have been chilled by their own follies, or the disappointments and vexations of life. The direction they then take, however, is sometimes singular enough. The cynical Beau, satiated with every pleasure, and callous to almost every species of excitement, could weep over the untimely death of a mouse, and grieve at the loss of his favourite dog; while the death of some of the companions of his early life would possibly have created little emotion in his mind; for with the remembrance of them would be associated recollections of the insincere and trifling character of their friendship and career, and bitter reflections on his past and present position—disease reminding him of the brilliant revels of the palace; and penury, the sums that he had squandered in wanton and unmeaning extravagance. Brummell's occasional fits of cynicism for his own species surpassed even those of Diogenes himself, as the following remark made to his landlady will prove.

"Madame de St. Ursain, were I to see a man and a dog drowning together in the same pond, and no one was looking on, I would prefer saving the dog!" What an illustration of the state of his feelings! Of his forethought and consideration for this lady's cats, the succeeding note, written to her daughter, when he was living in the Rue des Carmes, will give some idea.

Thursday.

Dear Miss Aimable,

You have recently made such a rapid progress in the English language, at least in writing it, that I do not think a partial relaxation from your daily task would be detrimental to this branch of your instruction. It is very delightful and commendable to learn, when one feels the propensity to do so; but still, one should not totally forsake other little customary avocations, which are as requisite, and perhaps more amiable, than incessantly filling one's brains with English and Italian.

To improve the head, it is not necessary to neglect the natural dictates of the heart; and I will beg to observe, that for many days and nights there has not been any fresh straw in the basket-bed of the two cats, Ourika and her *élève* Angolina. You are comfortably couched, and dreaming probably of butterflies, or of the Château de Ham, while these poor animals are waiting, half frozen, my return home, to let them into a warmer place of rest. I cannot resist their mewing supplications, though I have latterly taken care to close the door, for fear their aide-de-camp, Tigre,[1] might also get in, and *houspiller* Jacko's cage. I would rather preserve my feelings of humanity and tenderness for these mute domestic creatures, than acquire all the languages in the world!

Yours, out of temper!

G. B.

To Miss Aimable.

[1] A tom-cat, the property of a neighbour.

The hope of obtaining employment, as expressed in his letter a few pages back, was but transient; and Lord Granville's reply, to which he alludes in the one that follows, appears unfortunately to have set the matter at rest: this disappointment, frequent spasmodic attacks to which he had been subject since his illness, and the anxieties resulting from poverty, drove him to the use of opiates for relief.

Tuesday Evening.

My colours are redeemed, and without any further intermission you shall be obeyed, and I will prosecute *mon travail* for you. In the meantime, to demonstrate to you that I have not been idle and *forgetful* of you, I prelude my humble oblations at your shrine, *and your shrine alone*, by a precipitate sketch, which is out of my usual way of drawing, as it is a landscape, but which, between ourselves, is not so bad a beginning.

I am much afraid I wrote some sad nonsense to you on Saturday night. I had been in pain during the day, and had recourse to that deranging drug, at least for the senses, laudanum—I know all my failings when I come into the possession of my intellects again.

I have had a letter from Granville, in reply to one I wrote to him at the time I enclosed my letter to Palmerston through him at Paris, requesting his admonition, and he tells me there is no vacany in Italy or elsewhere at present, excepting the one *which he recommends me to refuse*, and which I was ordered to prepare for ten days since, and I have declined it. I shall now remain here; and I can assure you, that the predominant *agrément* in my continued *séjour* will be, the attraction and charm of your friendship and society. I shall be again dead and buried if you do not write me two words bearing the absolution of my sins; and what is of much more consequence, telling me that you are well again. I have ordered a cab, as the sun seems to be in good humour, and shall shake hands with you in a few hours. Pray

endeavour to assume a smile or two, for I am dreadfully in the dismals—*elle est bien gentille votre cousine.*

Most sincerely yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

À Mademoiselle ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

It was one of these numerous applications, either to Lord Palmerston or some other friend, that he concluded by saying, he hoped he should not be allowed to "*die like William the Conqueror, in Normandy.*" But though he could sometimes be facetious on such subjects, his letters at this period were not written in a very lively spirit.

Saturday, July 20th.

Why had you not the amiable recollection to write me *two words*, to say you had received the books I sent you on Tuesday? Do so in considerate amity to me to-morrow. I am very forlorn and miserable here —— abandoned by every one whose presence was in some measure satisfactory to me—I start at my own shadow. I must put an end to this, or I shall expire upon my own solitary lucubrations. There is nothing left to liberate me from this state of mental dissolution but going down to Luc, and once more seeing and shaking hands with you all. That, I am persuaded, would do me more good than any other earthly regimen, and contribute to enable me to linger on in this world for perhaps another year.

One of these lovely evenings (for I am not out of temper with the elements,) I shall again make a pilgrimage to Luc, and ascertain that I have been haunted by you merely in imagination. But where am I to repose in that land of infertility? I detest that vile caravanserai of Colignon's, and most of those who infest it. The nereids and mermaids are too cold in their dispositions to extend to me any desirable hospitality; and the "yellow sands," (particularly if they retain their hue, which offends me,) during the night, would promise but a poor forbidding pillow. I must "make me a willow

cabin at your gate, and call upon my soul within the house;" but no one will come: so I believe it will be better for me to retrace my steps to Caen, arm-in-arm with the moon if she is not too diffident and reserved to permit such social *tête-à-tête* travelling.

De Chazot has just called, and had the friendliness to invite me to accept his daily bread while I was at Luc. I told him of my objections to take up my quarters at Colignon's, and that I had abandoned the project. He would not be satisfied till I had promised to dine with him on Friday next, or Thursday, if I was sufficiently re-established in health. I shall go there, whether I am expiring or not, and I conclude that I shall find you flirting with sea breezes on the beach.

Yours very sincerely,

G. B.

À Mademoiselle ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

The lowness of spirits betrayed in this letter may be attributed not only to the absence of his friends from the town, but the recurring prospect of pecuniary distress. His health likewise had suffered a severe shock from his second paralytic attack; and before the close of this year he was afflicted by another, though slighter one. Indeed, the derangement of his health appeared always to keep pace with that of his affairs, which were now almost as bad as ever.

Either the sum raised by Mr. Armstrong amongst his friends was not sufficient to clear him of all his debts, or the one hundred and twenty pounds per annum then promised by them had not been punctually remitted; for the sum due to that individual was now upwards of two hundred pounds, and six months' board and lodging were owing at the hotel. His wardrobe also had become so diminished, that he was glad to accept half a dozen shirts from Mr. Armstrong, who had now, as heretofore, the sole management of his affairs.

These debts were reduced, from time to time, by occasional remittances from England, and the following note was written to acknowledge the receipt of one from Lord Alvanley. The kind and humane conduct of this nobleman to his now poverty-stricken and exiled friend, is deserving of the highest eulogium. His patience and generosity were unfailing; and, though certainly no *millionaire* himself, he contrived nevertheless to alleviate his distress to the last hour of his existence. In one of his letters to Mr. Armstrong, which contained a cheque, are these words: "I beg that you will protect and assist poor Brummell, and rely on my making it good to you." But to the Beau's letter, which, in spite of his destitution, terminates with a joke on himself.

MY DEAR ALVANLEY,

I have examined Armstrong's account of expenditure and receipts for me during the last twelve months, and I find it in every respect accurate and just. I have delivered to him the halves of the —— and —— Bank of England notes; but, alas! my dear fellow, this will provide but in a very trifling degree for the liquidation of what I owe for my humble support during the last year, and during the present instance * * * * * * * * * *. I am suffering from a most severe and apparently fixed rheumatism in my leg, and I am in dread lest I should be compelled to have recourse to crutches for the rest of my ill-starred days.

My old friend, King Allen, promised, at least it was so represented to me, to send me some habiliments for my body, denuded like a new-born infant—and what a Beau I once was!

Ever most truly yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

The Lord Alvanley,

* * *

There is an anecdote connected with the sobriquet

attached to Lord A——n, which should not be omitted here. It is said, that after living as sumptuously as a "King," he was obliged to compound with his creditors for ten shillings in the pound; after which poor Theodore Hook always called him the "*half-sovereign.*" But to return to the new-born infant, his friend.

The winter of 1834 passed in its usual routine of gaieties, in which Brummell's broken health prevented him from sharing as much as usual; at one of the few *soirées* that he went to, an English lady of a certain age, (which Lord Byron says, means "certainly aged") with whom he was playing at écarté, "proposed" to him, when he answered, "Yes, dearest;" at which she was, or pretended to be, very angry, and her indignation so completely roused his talent for sarcasm, that he penned the following verses the morning after, and sent them to the lady at whose house the circumstance had taken place.

TO MISS PAWLTER.

I called you "dearest," dire offence!
'Twas only said in jest;
For, "dearest," in its common sense,
Means her one loves the best.

But, jealous of your virgin fame,
And squeamish in a crowd,
With prim reproach, you scoff'd the name,
Because—'twas said aloud.

Ah! many a year has run its race,
And many a lover too,
Since blush of youth adorn'd that face,
And flattering words were true.

Thought you that I, grown old in guile,
With faded looks was taken;
And sought to gain a treacherous smile,
By others long forsaken?

No, no, 't would reason's self abuse,
Immaculate Miss Pawlter,

With you to weave a tender noose—
That noose would be a halter !

Good night ! but since a thoughtless joke,
An idle fib, could fret you,
Believe me, if the truth I spoke,
You'd curse the hour I met you.

CHAPTER XLI.

Brummell's young friend leaves Caen for England—Farewell letters to her—His advice to her on the choice of her society—A compliment spoiled by its sincerity—Condoles with the truant lady on the dulness of her rural companions—His banker at Calais takes proceedings against him—The Hôtel d'Angleterre in a state of siege—Poor Brummell lodged in jail—His first note after that event.

EARLY in the spring of 1835, Brummell's favourite correspondent went to England; and to this lady, before her departure, the next letter was addressed. He was extremely partial to her; nor was this extraordinary: in amiability of disposition she had no superior, and there were few amongst the *débutantes* of Caen who possessed greater personal attractions, none who had more *naïveté* or playful talent for repartee. The latter qualification did not fail to win from him much more attention than he usually bestowed on girls of her age, for she was very young; but, as I have before said, he always preferred the society of the more youthful of either sex, to that of his own contemporaries. Though bearing respectively the characters of May and December, which the old song assures us,

"Can never, can never agree;"

the winter of his life seemed to harmonize admirably with the early spring of hers, and they were the best of friends. It was to this lady that he presented his album, and other relics of former days.

Thursday.

You are going away. It is a melancholy reflection for me that this is probably the last time I shall ever again write to you. Some day, perhaps, ere long, you will

read more of me, with the rest of the world who may give themselves the trouble.

Our acquaintance has been destined to a limited probation; but had it been for years I could not better estimate all your many amiable perfections, or more sensibly deplore your absence. If I can, at any time or under any circumstances, be of the remotest service to you, either in England or elsewhere, I will humbly request you to remember, that the same zealous interest towards you which has always influenced me, will remain undiminished to the end of my life.

There are two drawings before me dedicated to your album, with which I proceed alternately; but, alas! too slowly—they will not, I fear, be *achevé* before your departure: I am anxious they should be well finished, and deserving of their destination, and there is much to be done. The days are short and dense, and they will be more gloomy when you are away, and my fading vision will not allow me *à travailler* by the taper's light. If they are not ready by Wednesday, they shall be faithfully transmitted to you by ****, or through any other channel you may indicate.

Farewell, my *protégée*. May Heaven, in its kindest mercy, make you happy! I pray you will sometimes read the lines on that depressing word, which are in my album: they are a faithful transcript of my feelings. Once more, Adieu!

G. B.

À Mademoiselle ——,
Rue ——.

The following are the stanzas to which Brummell here alludes :—

ON THE WORD "FAREWELL."

Thou cruel word, whose magic power
Of pleasure cheats that precious hour,
Which, doubly dear to parting friends,
Too swiftly flies,—too quickly ends.

Parent of sighs, what sorrows swell
The breaking heart that bids farewell!

What shivering chillness thrills the frame,
When, by the taper's glimmering flame
We rise, and hail with grief the day
Which bears us from our friends away;
Where all our dearest pleasures dwell,
Pleasures we now must bid farewell!

Then the full heart attempts to say
Ten thousand things that die away,
Unheard, upon the faltering tongue;—
Then o'er our weaken'd nerves a throng
Of fears, ill-boding, wildly tell,
We may for ever bid farewell!

Let those whose hearts have learn'd to glow
With warm affections, teach me how
To paint the tumult of the soul,
When heavy wheels, with sullen roll,
Of joy departed sound the knell,
And bid us take a last farewell.

From each pale cheek the colours fly,
Tears tremble in each swimming eye;
By turns each offer'd hand we grasp,
By turns each much-loved friend we clasp;
Whilst bursting sighs too plainly tell
The anguish of a long farewell.

But if you've shared the Wanderer's pain,
Pity the wretched who remain:
Fix'd on the lessening wheels they gaze;
Watch where the road, with winding maze,
Conducts them near yon opening dell—
Then, weeping, sigh once more, Farewell!

Yet ah! where'er they turn their eyes,
Some fond remembrance seems to rise;
The vacant chairs can e'en impart
A poignant sorrow to the heart;
Still on their ears the voices dwell
Which lately sigh'd a sad farewell!

At length the long, long day is pass'd,
And gentle evening comes at last;

How simple wonder oft beguiles
The lingering hour! how many miles
The weary travellers may tell,
Since they at daybreak bid farewell!

But, soothed by evening's peaceful calm,
New life, new hopes, their bosoms warm;
Fair truth unfolds the instructive page,
Her precepts every grief assuage,
Whilst of a brighter world they tell,
Where they no more shall bid farewell!

As there is nothing to record for the next three months, I shall proceed to lay before the reader another letter written to this lady before her departure, and two during her absence.

Caen, March, 1835.

Inclosed I send you letters, if you should wish to have recourse to them during your *séjour* at ——. I have taken the liberty to mention in them the name of ****. The persons to whom they are addressed are two of my oldest friends, high in their office at Court; and I will be responsible, that through their mediation you will be favourably received in the quarter to which they will present you.

I will not now attempt to advert to the resources of another and gayer sphere of life to you—the time is unfortunately not appropriate, still, *pour chasser de sa souvenance* anything that may be *ennuyeux*, one may persuade oneself that new scenes, and faces, and voices, may in some measure contribute to dissipate more melancholy thoughts, and the domestic gloom of long evenings at this period of the year; and you may always avail yourself of the opportunity I have the pleasure to offer you.

In the progress of time you will visit London, and I have already told **** of the gratification I should derive from being the humble means of introducing you to some of those exalted female *coryphées* who still

control what is termed the fashionable world; to those among them who deserve to know you, and may be of service to you, I will equally answer for their attention to you and ****. In this remote place I am apparently sequestered and estranged from those with whom my former life was intimately connected; but I am neither forgotten nor neglected by them. Should you enter into society, let it be confined to the best part; no other is worthy of the most distant *connaissance;* and to the best alone would I venture to recommend you. I am afraid that **** and **** are not much calculated to propitiate this primary object, nor any other of adequate advantage; but I will not drop a Sibyl's leaf in your path: devoutly I pray it may invariably be strewed with unfading flowers.

My nerves are too shattered, and my rheumatism too inveterate, to enable me to call and take leave. I mourn your departure, and cannot more truly represent the dejected thoughts that at the instant press upon me, than by those beautiful lines of Petrarch:—

O giorno, o ora, o ultimo momento,
O stelle congiurate a impoverirme!
O fido sguardo e chè vole' tu dirme
Partend' io per non esser mai contento?

Addio, amica per sempre carissima—mai intanto deplorata!

G. B.

A Mademoiselle ——,
Rue ——.

By the next letter it would seem that the young absentee did not find English country life so suited to her tastes as the winter gaieties of a French town, in which she had been entirely brought up, and Brummell condoles with her accordingly. The air of her native land, however, did not disagree with her; but the hearty description given of her healthy appearance by the naval chaplain, who was the bearer of a missive from her to

Brummell, seems sadly to have shocked the Beau's refined ideas, and he warmly expresses his disapprobation.

April, 1835.

For more than a month I have not heard a word from you; it is a disheartening lesson experience has long since taught me, that memories left to themselves, in absence soon fade away.

The prophet G****, who seems to embellish material as well as spiritual subjects, tells me you are looking "charmingly well!" *Quelle gaucherie de sentiment!* I was not inquiring after the cherry-ripe cheeks of Lady ****'s dairy-maid! I will, however, forgive the familiar barbarism of his phraseology: he has *navigated* back with such a redundant glow of freshness in his sainted face, that he may well dispense a liberal portion of the deodand to you; still he should identify you with more considerate reverence and becoming grace to the refined ears of those who are anxious about you—but what can one expect from a "true Englishman?"

I condole with you upon your meagre diet of reason at —— Park. Exclusive discussions upon animals, agriculture, and politics, are sorry aliments for your "elegant sensibilities!" A dog, indeed, or a horse, casually mentioned, might *en passant* be venial—the one recalling to you the absent moan of the faithful Gyp, the other a summer's canter on your Arab down to Luc; but "harrowing fields" must harrow up your very soul! and politics drawl you to death from prolixity!

There certainly exist *de nos compatriotes* of my nearer acquaintance, who are gifted with the happy tact, to make themselves agreeable, without descending to the abominations of which you complain. If their livelier senses are not in decline, I wish they were around you. London is now in its zenith, and they are of course flourishing in its favours; it is the sphere of their local homage, their hearts being generally tenfold entangled at this period; and from the mere *on dit* of a retired

hermit, they would be loth to leave the fragrance of its incense, for the remoter purity of sea-breezes, at least till the dream of the season is over! With all my panegyric of you, the attempt might therefore be arduous to convoke a few *en pélerin* to your shrine at ——. Do you sometimes enlighten the *gêne* that environs you by reading? You used to amuse yourself with a cursory meander in the romances of the day. Read "Trevelyan" if you have not; it is well written; I would also introduce to your lecture "Tynley Hall;" if the prominent *rôle* was not evidently intended as the portraiture of a person much distinguished by your partiality.

You number, I hear, thoughts and instances in a journal, commemorative and touching as the effusions of Amelia Galotti! It is, alas! sacred from vulgar eyes, reposing in its sanctuary with you, as profoundly as ——. It drives me into a brain fever even to think of it!

I must close my scrawl, or I shall be too late for the post. With all your distractions, *agréez mille fois répétés* my fervent acknowledgments for your "forget me not." You do not know the good your letter has done me.

Most sincerely yours,

G. B.

To Miss ——,
—— Park, Sussex.

Ten days after Brummell had penned this letter, he was visited by a misfortune infinitely more severe than any he had yet suffered. When the consulate at Caen was abolished, of course all hope of paying M. Leveux was at an end, unless, indeed, some other appointment should enable him to do so: this was improbable in the extreme; and as the chances of success in his endeavour to get one became more remote, and his health more indifferent, Mr. Leveux, or his partners, determined upon arresting him. The proceeding was rather a severe one; for he had strictly fulfilled the engagement he entered into, on re-

ceiving the money in question from Mr. Leveux, until the Government deprived him of the power of so doing.

From this time, his creditors had no security or shadow of one, and they probably calculated that if Brummell was once in jail, his friends would come forward and pay the debt. The preliminary steps therefore were taken, and early one morning in May, 1835, the Hôtel d'Angleterre was surrounded by *gens d'armes*, who were unusually numerous for an occasion of the kind; certainly more so than was necessary to secure the person of a rheumatic and paralyzed old man : some persons said it was intended as a compliment to the official situation he had formerly held; at all events, the French were agreed in thinking that no debtor in the town of Caen had ever been so handsomely arrested. While the subordinates lined the gateway and back entrance, and cut off all chance of escape, the *juge-de-paix*, taking a couple of them with him, ascended the staircase that led to Brummell's apartments; they then passed through the salon, entered his bed-room without giving the slightest notice, and at once surrounded his bed.

The poor Beau was asleep, but the rough grasp of one of the jack-booted gentlemen soon aroused him from his slumbers, and he awoke to find himself in the hands of justice. If at first he thought it was only a horrid dream, he was soon undeceived by the *huissier*, who produced a writ of arrest, at the suit of Mr. Leveux, for fifteen thousand francs, and bluntly informed him, that he must go to prison unless he could pay that sum. His agitation at this summons was extreme, and on the entrance of the waiter, who now made his appearance, he was totally overcome, and gave way to a burst of grief—the remainder of the scene was of the same distressing character. Being ordered to dress, he begged that he might be left alone, for a few minutes, to do so : but this favour was refused, and he was obliged to get out of bed, and slip on his clothes before the intruders. Those who knew

Brummell, may imagine what an effect this must have had upon his vanity and refinement; but there was no help for it, and, perhaps for the first time in his life, he was under the necessity of dressing in a hurry.

In the mean time, the landlord had despatched a servant to several of his friends to acquaint them of his arrest; but the sum was so large, that any kind intervention on their part was impossible. This he was well aware of himself, and therefore sent for a coach to take him to the prison, which he had not enough money in the house to pay for: he also requested the attendance of his landlady, and entreated her to take especial care of all his *papers*. "They are," said he, "the only things I possess to which I attach particular value, they are of no use to any one else, *mais pour moi, Madame Fichet, ils sont un vrai trésor;* when I am gone, pray collect them, and lock them up with your own hands." The *fiacre* was now announced, and two *gens d'armes* and the *huissier* having entered it with him, they were soon at their destination. On his arrival there, he was locked up in a place, it cannot be called a room, with the common prisoners, for there was no separate apartment to be had. The floor of this den was of stone, and the furniture consisted only of the three truckle-beds of his companions; as to chairs, there were none, but one was brought in for his use. The next day he sent the following note to a friend; it had been hastily written with a pencil, and was scarcely legible.

In Prison, 5th May, 1835.

I still breathe, though I am not of the living—the state of utter abstraction in which I have been during the last thirty hours, yet clouds my every sense. I have just received your note—may Heaven bless you all for your good devotedness in remembering me at such a moment.

I have been the victim of a villain, who has closed

upon me, without giving me the remotest intimation of his designs. I am perfectly innocent of any thing bearing the least dishonourable construction in this *malheureuse affaire;* and if I was not deserving of the interest you express as well as **** towards me, I would not demand it.

I will write to you when I *can.*

Ever most sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

CHAPTER XLII.

Effects of his imprisonment—Difficulty of procuring moderate accommodation—Rules of the jail—Treatment of the prisoners—The situation and description of his room—His companion in misfortune—Letters to his friends in the town—The ruling passion—Letter to Mr. Armstrong—Brummell's miserable fare—His urgent application for more linen.

It is not surprising that Brummell should inveigh thus bitterly against the author of his misfortune, for in this business he was decidedly much less to blame than he had been in any other transaction connected with money matters. He had done all he could to settle the debt, and it would have been cancelled in due course of time had he not been deprived of his consulate. At first he was deeply affected by his arrest, and gave way for several days to violent paroxysms of grief. The morning after his incarceration one of his friends, who had just heard of his calamity, went to see him; and as he entered the apartment poor Brummell threw himself into his arms and sobbed like a child, exclaiming, in broken sentences, "Imagine a position more wretched than mine,—they have put me with all the *common* people. I am surrounded by the greatest villains, and have nothing but prison fare." He was in fact for some days in a state of weakness perfectly childish. But this deplorable incapability of meeting his misfortunes with a proper degree of resolution is no matter of reproach or astonishment in an elderly man, who had recently suffered from two attacks of paralysis, which had completely undermined his nervous system; and many of his acquaintance feared that his imprisonment would inevitably bring on another and fatal one.

The day subsequent to that on which he was committed to prison his friends, both French and English, exerted themselves to the utmost to obtain for him the indulgence of a private room; but the jail being very full at the time, they unfortunately failed to accomplish their good intentions. Through the interest, however, made by one of the judges, also an acquaintance of Brummell's, he was afterwards permitted to share during the day the apartment of a Monsieur Godefroi, the responsible editor of the *Ami de la Vérité*, (a legitimist paper published in the town,) who was confined for a political offence. At night he slept in a narrow passage (*couloir*) communicating with another part of the prison, which was now rarely used. It is true that this passage was only a few inches wider than his bed, but it was a little paradise compared with the common room; here, however, he remained, until his friend the judge exerted his influence, obliged to associate not only with the debtors, but with felons, who before conviction are permitted to purchase the indulgences of "the Pistole:" in this part of the prison a bed, the use of the debtors' court, and other advantages, are obtained upon paying certain fees, amounting, in former days, to a pistole—thence the term.

This system of mixing the debtors with criminals who may be, and frequently are, condemned to the galleys for life, does not speak well for the discipline of French prisons. In other respects, the jail seemed to be in good order, and Monsieur Godefroi, who was kind enough to accompany me, when I went there in the spring of 1843, to see Brummell's room, said that great ameliorations had taken place within the last four years. The cells, however, in which refractory prisoners are confined at the mandate of the governor, appeared damp, dark, and dreadfully small: in one of them, and on a little loose straw thrown upon the ground, we saw one of these unfortunates lying. In these dungeons, the

prisoners condemned to death are also placed after their trial, and here they learn the result of their last appeal to human clemency. Two, and even three months, sometimes elapse before the decision of the *Cour de Cassation* is promulgated; and during this long period of protracted misery, the criminal, with a chain of sixteen pounds weight, is attached to a staple in the wall; nor does he ever move one foot from the spot, until he is led forth to meet his doom.

The view from the window of Brummell's narrow little dormitory was not a very cheering one; through the bars and to the left, was the courtyard of the female prisoners, who were generally to be seen plying their distaffs; but there was little attractive in their countenances, and still less in their conversation: in front was the yard and diminutive garden of the *Pistole*, and farther to the right, that called *la Paille*, from the material on which the prisoners sleep, in contradistinction to the wool-bed of the former. Beyond this was the exterior wall of the prison, the roofs of the houses in the Quartier St. Martin, and the tops of a few lime-trees in that part of the town. The sight of a little verdure, and more genial air than that in the rooms below, and above all, the power of being at his pleasure completely isolated from the other prisoners, did not quite compensate Brummell for being obliged to ascend and descend some forty stone steps; and, from the first day he inhabited it, to that on which he found that he could not be allowed permission to take up his abode at the hospital, he was always complaining of his quarters.

The room of his fellow-prisoner, Monsieur Godefroi, which was larger, and on the first storey, was gained by the same staircase as that which led to Brummell's, the approach to it being by a dark narrow corridor, closed by three doors. Though this apartment had the same aspect as that which I have just described, it was considered the best room in the prison: from it the prisoners

condemned to the galleys were to be seen promenading, and the following inscriptions, engraved on the walls, were not calculated to cheer those whom they encircled: "O quam metuendus est locus iste!"—"Plutôt mourir que de vivre ici"—"Cave tibi: hîc muri aures habent, et audiunt"—and others in a similar strain. The latter was particularly applicable to this apartment, for it was next to the ward in which the greatest criminals were confined (those who had been condemned to the *bagne*, or were awaiting a sentence scarcely more horrible,—that of death;) and the large blocks of freestone of which the party-wall was built, acting as a conductor to the various sounds in the adjacent apartment, much of what passed in it could be distinguished.

Accordingly, when evening had closed in, and Brummell and his companion were locked up and left to their meditations, they could distinctly hear the imprecations of the prisoners, the clanking of their fetters, their uproarious mirth, and obscene songs. Many a time the political prisoner, who was confined here for three years, was startled from his slumbers by the yells of his lawless and riotous neighbours; and Brummell, during his short imprisonment of three months, when taking his after-dinner nap by the fire, was sometimes suddenly roused by their execrations and oaths.

It may appear singular that he should have had a fire in the summer months of June and July, which were this year oppressively hot, so much so, that the springs were dried up, and the Orne was fordable at several points; but Brummell delighted in heat, and Monsieur Godefroi remarked that he invariably drew as near to the fire as possible after dinner, and remained a long time before it, employed in rubbing his legs with his hands: which was, in his opinion, the most efficacious method of alleviating his rheumatic pains.

It would be quite unpardonable, if, in this attempt at biography, I did not make an opportunity for extracting

a passage from Pelham, and the following allusion to Brummell's extreme love of caloric is the best I can select, being, as it is, the only point on which he admitted that the character of Russelton the "grossest of caricatures" (as he used to term it) at all resembled him —his heart was never softened by the apologetic note in the second edition. "It was," says Pelham, who pays him a visit on his way through Calais, "a very small room in which I found him; he was stretched in an easy chair before the fire-place, gazing complacently at his feet, and apparently occupied in anything but listening to Sir Willoughby Townshend, who was talking with great vehemence about politics and the corn-laws. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, there was a small fire on the hearth, which, aided by the earnestness to convince his host, put poor Sir Willoughby into a most intense perspiration. Russelton, however, seemed enviably cool, and hung over the burning wood, like a cucumber on a hotbed.[1] Sir Willoughby came to a full stop by the window, and (gasping for breath) attempted to throw it open.

"'What are you doing? for heaven's sake, what are you doing?' cried Russelton, starting up, 'do you mean to kill me?'

"'Kill you!' said Sir Willoughby, quite aghast.

"'Yes, kill me! is it not quite cold enough already, in this d—d seafaring place, without making my only retreat, humble as it is, a theatre for thorough drafts? Have I not had the rheumatism in my left shoulder, and the ague in my little finger, these last six months; and must you now terminate my miserable existence at one blow, by opening that abominable lattice? Do you think, because your great frame, fresh from the Yorkshire wolds, and compacted of such materials, that one would think, in eating your beeves, you had digested

[1] Surely cucumbers do not *hang*, either on hot-beds or in them.—*Printer's devil!*

their hides into skin—do you think, because your limbs might be cut up into planks for a seventy-eight, and warranted water-proof without pitch, because of the density of their pores—do you think, because you are as impervious as an araphorostic shoe, that I, John Russelton, am equally impenetrable, and that you are to let easterly winds play about my room like children, begetting rheums and asthmas, and all manner of catarrhs? I do beg, Sir Willoughby Townshend, that you will allow me to die a more natural and civilized death;' and so saying, Russelton sank down into his chair, apparently in the last stage of exhaustion."

For the first fortnight after Brummell was committed to prison, he had some hope that his detention would be only temporary, and that he would eventually be removed to the General and Military Hospital, at the Abbaye aux Dames, in the church of which is the tomb of its foundress, Matilda, wife of our first William. There, though under equally strict *surveillance*, he would have had every comfort. A passage in the following letter shows how anxiously he dwelt upon the hope of his application being successful; it was written about a week after his arrest.

In Prison, May 11.

The kindness of every human being within the sphere of my acquaintance in this town has by degrees restored me to equanimity. How shall I be able to repay you for this benevolence? Devoutly I thank you for the Student; it will be an early resource to me. I am, I believe, this evening to be transferred from my present den of thieves to the towers of Matilda, and to the sainted arms of *les sœurs de Charité*. There I shall again breathe fresh air, and be comparatively in peace. I cannot describe to you what I have suffered *here*.

H ****, in the frequent moments I have seen him since his return, has felt and acted towards me with the affection of a brother. I cannot to-day trust myself further

in writing to you; remembrances of you and those who belong to you will crowd upon my thoughts, and I might relapse into my recent imbecilities by the endeavour. Adieu! Persevere in all your excelling goodness towards me. It may please Providence to guide the hearts of those who once better knew me to imitate your kindness.

Ever sincerely yours,

G. B.

P.S. You will perceive the extremities to which I am reduced—I am about to seal to *you* with a wafer! Do not even whisper this indecorum, for perhaps I may again frequent the world.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

"Que je m'en aille, ou, que je m'en vais,
N'est pas encore décidé,"

were, I think, the dying words of the pedant and inveterate grammarian—the Beau, in the very depths of his misery and despair (for there had been no time to ascertain what assistance he was likely to receive from England), also exhibited in this postscript the ruling passion in full force—"I may again frequent the world." Poor man! it was a world that would have never perceived the delinquency, and one that he must have felt he was soon to leave for ever. This passion was indeed paramount amidst all his distress; and the reader will scarcely be surprised when I inform him that the first thing he asked for, after his grief had somewhat subsided, was a looking-glass. The young Frenchman indicated by the initial in the previous letter, gave him the means of purchasing one, for he had no money; and the kindness of his friend continued uninterrupted till he was liberated. The following letter will show how great his anxieties were on these trifling matters, and that to add to his other misfortunes, he was in a fair way of being starved.

In Prison, Saturday.

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

Henri de St. Marie told me yesterday you had sent me a bottle of *Esprit de Savon.—I have never received it.*

If it has been left to Bassy, the chemist, to send, of course I shall never see it; should it have been remitted for conveyance to the hotel, equal negligence will attend its destiny. In spite of all my friends have said to them in expostulation of the shameful pitifulness of the morsel they send to me by way of dinner, they get daily more meagre and miserable, and it is really not sufficient for the poor cat that keeps me company, neither does it arrive before half-past six, *malgré* your orders to them. I cannot help telling you what was the banquet yesterday despatched to me.

One solitary chop, about the size of an *écu*, enveloped in a quire of greasy paper, and the skeleton of a pigeon, a bird I could never fancy.[1] I must not omit to mention the accompaniment of *half* a dozen potatoes. Such was my meal of yesterday evening, after a fast of twelve hours. It is not, I am certain, the fault of the son, but the *ladrerie* of the *père et mère*, with which I have been so long acquainted. If they transmit me nothing more solid and bountiful this evening, I shall be reduced to borrow a *tranche* of the *bouilli* from which the *soupe maigre* of my neighbours the brigands is extracted. I have not seen a soul to-day. I have no news, and I am in the very slough of despondency.

Yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

Though Brummell had lived for so many years in France, it will scarcely be thought extraordinary that he should have been ignorant of the component parts of

[1] Most likely he was haunted by the ghosts of the two he put to death at Cheveley. Chap. VI. Vol. I.

soupe maigre ; it was a dish too ordinary for him to have known otherwise than by name; had his conversion to Romanism at Calais been sincere—and it was as sincere as his intention to subscribe to the erection of the Protestant Church there—he would have learnt, and to his sorrow, that this foreign luxury is not made of *meat.*

The expostulation of his *homme d'affaires* appears by another letter to that person, to have had, at least for a few days, some effect; but even his remonstrances failed to produce a cutlet sufficiently good to remind him of his Sêvres portrait of La Maintenon.

In Prison, Monday.

My dear Armstrong,

Many thanks for your unremitting kindness in improving the quality of my humble repast. To your good offices, I had yesterday the satisfaction of being indebted for a sufficient, though homely dinner.

I have sent to you two *serviettes*, which I had neglected, belonging to the Hôtel d'Angleterre; they are the last remaining in my possession from that quarter. You will much oblige me, by sending to me *to-day*, three towels for my toilette; and the same number every six days, for I cannot procure even a clout to rub myself down in this nauseous place. You will not, I am sure, forget either, that every three days it is incumbent on me to pay for the necessities of breakfast, *eau-de-vie*, candles, etc.,—while you are here or during your absence.

I will beg you carefully to take charge of everything I left behind me at the hotel, particularly two boxes; the one mahogany with brass ribs, and G. B. on a plate at the top—the other with a glass on the top, covering worked birds drinking out of a vase; it was the labour and gift of the late Duchess of York, and I have a reverence for it—the latter has a leather case, which is either in the cupboard of the *armoire* out of the sitting-room, or in the other recess where you will find my trunks, etc.,

etc. Pray send me what remains in the drawers of the bed-room—there are some waistcoats, drawers, pantaloons, etc., and in the upper *tiroir*, sundry trifling things which I forgot, but which I may have occasion for. The clock, vases, brown candlesticks, and in short everything in the room is my own, not omitting the old green velvet arm-chair. There is one insignificant article which I also wish you would transmit to me; it is under the small *commode* in the sitting room, with a white marble slab on the top (which also belongs to me), and of which I am every evening in want, a *boot-jack* that shuts up. *Let the large basin and water-jug be taken great care of.*

This is all that I can recollect—perhaps there may be other trifles in the *armoire*, adjoining the sitting-room, which at the instant escape my memory; let them be preserved.

Enclosed, I deliver to you a list of every debt which I owe in this country of France, you will have the goodness to add your own just and excellent claims upon me, and those due to the hotel—those in the list to whose names I have attached a cross, I am ignorant of the precise amount of their remaining claims upon me; you can easily ascertain them. Beyond these, so help me Heaven, I have not an existing debt, either in my hand writing, or by oral promise, in this country. Young B—— is waiting below to carry my letter; therefore, I can only add, my dear Armstrong, how very sincerely,

I am yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Toilette anxieties—M. Godefroi's description of the details—The drummer Lépine becomes his valet — Milk baths — The tambour's regrets—Attentions of his friends—Letter to one of them—Fire near the prison—Brummell's midnight adventure—"Le pays de la potence"—Letter to Mrs. B———n—Loses all hope of being sent to the hospital—Amiable purveyors.

THOUGH Brummell's position was truly distressing, from the blow given to his pride, and from the want of good accommodation and viands; and though the countenances of the felons under his window were not pleasant objects for daily contemplation, the many disagreeables that he experienced in the early part of his imprisonment were far less annoying to his feelings than the absence of his "jug and basin," his dentist's mirror, his tweezers, and his silver shaving and expectorating dish. The loss of these articles of his toilette, his soaps, *pommades*, and eau de Cologne, affected him deeply; and, until these "comestibles," as he termed them, were restored to him, he had some difficulty in tranquillizing himself.

The preceding notes show that his dinner also always remained a subject of grief: it was composed, said M. Godefroi, of "trois ou quatre petits plats variés, et un léger dessert. Il était presque toujours mécontent de la quantité et de la qualité des mets; il accusait l'impéritie ou la mémoire infidèle du chef de cuisine; à qui il avait toujours soin de se faire recommander: 'Le bourreau,' disait-il, 'veut-il donc m'empoisonner ou me faire mourir de faim?'" A handsome black cat, however, belonging to his companion in misfortune, grew fat upon Brummell's leavings; to this *Minette*, one of the thousand of the same name in the town of Caen, he would sometimes

throw a whole cutlet, forgetting how many persons there were under the same roof with him who would have been glad to receive it; a little brandy-and-water at his dinner, and coffee and *chasse* afterwards, closed the repast. But, as I have before said, he regretted his good and liberal dinners at the *table d'hôte* of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, far less than any article of dress or toilette, which was necessary to his rigid ideas of cleanliness, or that tended in any way to render perfect his outward appearance.

"Il consacrait," said Godefroi, "trois heures à sa toilette, dont tous les détails étaient soignés avec une attention extrême." "Mais, monsieur, he actually washed and shaved every day," was the Editor's expression; as if these two actions were unnecessary as a daily practice; but I will give the astonished Frenchman's own words on this subject:—"Il se rasait chaque jour; chaque jour il faisait une ablution complète de toutes les parties de son corps, à l'aide de la vaste cuvette d'un antique *lavabo* qui l'avait suivi en prison, aussi une cassette (dressing-case) rempli de phioles d'essences et de cosmétiques. Pour cette opération de propreté, inouie dans les fastes de la prison, douze à quinze litres d'eau et deux litres de lait lui étaient régulièrement apportés,[1] par son valet de chambre, son *Lafleur;* c'est ainsi qu'il nommait plaisamment l'ancien tambour de ligne, Paul Lépine, qui, en

[1] I had at first some hesitation in believing this; but M. Godefroi assured me the statement was perfectly true. In this absurd caprice Brummell imitated the last Duke of Queensberry, who is also said to have bathed his impure person in milk! Some have considered the story fabulous; still there are many persons living who remember the great prejudice against drinking milk which once prevailed in the metropolis, in consequence of its being supposed, that this necessary of life might have been retailed from the daily lavations of that nobleman. But the Beau's prodigal misuse of two quarts of milk *per diem* bears no comparison to the Empress Poppæa's more refined habit of immersing herself in ass's milk. Five hundred of these animals are said to have been milked daily, to minister to her luxurious vanity; and when banished from Rome fifty asses attended her.

ce moment prisonnier civil, était à son service et à sa solde. Ce brave, qui venait de finir son service sous le soleil brûlant d'Afrique, devait, pour quelques exploits commis dans un cabaret de sa patrie, passer trois mois *à l'ombre.*

"Leste et fort, le tambour Lépine ne regrettait pas l'eau nécessaire à Monsieur Brummell; l'eau insipide, l'eau qui ne coûte rien, mais il n'était pas de même du blanc et doux liquide; il n'en avait jamais vu faire un pareil usage, et le prix de ces deux litres de lait eût été si avantageusement converti en un bon verre d'eau-de-vie! Cette perte est encore," continued M. Godefroi, "sur le cœur du tambour Lépine, qui n'en a pas moins versé une larme sur le bon M. Brummell en apprenant sa triste fin."

The want of punctuality in the arrival of his dinner, which the Beau complains of in his letter to Mr. Armstrong, was rectified by the kind attention of a friend, who allowed his servant to carry it to the prison every day at the appointed hour. The following note was written in acknowledgment of this and other little services.

In Prison, Tuesday.

Most earnestly I thank you for your amiable *billet.* Seldom I forget kindnesses; but my grateful remembrance of yours will survive to the end of my destined days. D**** should have answered my last note; it would have been a consolation to me in these hours of wretchedness.

Your valet has quite won me by *ses petits soins* in administering to my lingering vegetation at half-past five. The good-humoured luckless brigand, who acts as my Frontin, and who receives my diurnal portion through *la grille*, is proud of his *connaissance*, and flatters him by saying, "C'est un bon diable que ce Figaro là!" Godefroi is my host; that is, I *partage* his more humanized cell, excepting during my sleeping hours. Heaven help them.

I try to slumber upon the hope of removal to a more salubrious atmosphere and humanized intercourse on Monday, à l'Hôpital. Last night my dreams were violently disturbed by the abrupt entrance of all the *corps de garde* of the prison, who were on the alert in consequence of a rapid fire that was blazing without the walls, but within thirty yards of my cell, and were obliged to pass through it, in order to be ready for the approach of the flames, or the attempted escape of the *détenus*. I threw on my cloak and followed them. It was dreadful, being upon a timber-merchant's premises, but magnificent. I remained at a loop-hole gazing on the destruction till past two, when it subsided. This spectacle caused me a severe rheumatism; and I wish I had slept on, forgetful of my own *malheurs*, instead of witnessing those of others.

Thank you for Zohrab; I prefer it to Ayesha, but neither of them equal Hadji Baba. How can I requite all your commiseration and kindness towards me? If it may be any trifling retribution I never cease to think of it.

Most sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

The fire to which Brummell here alludes was so very close to the prison, that the sparks and large pieces of the charred and burning wood fell in great flakes upon the roof. The women's ward being the nearest to the flaming timber, the greatest danger was apprehended on that side, and the cries of its inmates were heard by Brummell in his room. When, therefore, the jailor and his turnkeys passed through it he followed them up to the garrets, and remained at one of the windows watching the progress of the flames.

In returning, however, to his cell, which he did alone, the officials being too much occupied to attend to him,

he got embarrassed by the folds of his dressing-gown, and, in the darkness which prevailed in the garret, managed to entangle himself in the washing-lines that were extended across it. The more he endeavoured to liberate himself, the more he became involved, until, finding that his efforts to escape were vain, he was at length obliged to call lustily for assistance; but the turnkeys were too busy to hear his cries above the din without, and he lay in this predicament some considerable time before he was unravelled. The next morning, when speaking of the adventure of the previous night, he said laughingly to Monsieur Godefroi, "Monsieur, hier Georges Brummell a manqué de finir en Basse Normandie comme un vrai Normand, ou comme un vizir Turc."

"Comme un vrai Normand." Brummell here alludes to the facile and ready manner in which the ends of justice, or injustice, were carried out in Normandy during the middle ages, and which gained for this province the appellation of "le pays de la potence." Roland established a *rural police*, and hung the *bons Normands* with little discrimination. At one of the towns in Lower Normandy, and in the department of the Orne, they used to say,

"À Domfront, ville de malheur,
Arrivé à midi—pendu à une heure!"

The *refrain* also of one of the anti-legitimist songs at the Restoration was, "Bons Normands, vous serez pendus, comme on pendaient vos pères."

The next letter is written in a most mournful tone, and the lady to whom it was addressed was one of those by whose hospitality he says, in his letter to Mr. Marshall, he "profited abundantly."

In Prison, Sunday.

You must believe me when I tell you that my senses have not been in an adequate state of composure to

attempt manuscript: I should probably have written stark-staring bombast, in the essay to express my thanks for all your persevering kindness; and, even at this instant of comparative sanity of mind, I will only trust myself to assure you, that, with every worthy feeling that remains to me, I do thank you from my heart.

On the evening of this sacred day it was my authorized custom to sit around your fire, and endeavour to requite my welcome by making you laugh at my nonsense. Most heartily I pray that those happy periods may come again, though I scarcely dare look into future destiny.

I try to dissipate the sinister troop of blue devils that haunt me, with the hope that I may be allowed to be transmigrated, the early part of the week, from this den of thieves to the pure atmosphere de l'Hôpital, and to the more delightful intercourse of the *sœurs de Charité*, instead of the contamination and blasphemy of the felons that surround me—I am wretched here—I cannot describe the nausea of my sensations when I descend in the morning from my cell, and, from the grate of the window see miserable outcasts dancing and singing in chains, with every apparent gaiety of spirit.

What, in the name of all my faults or in common justice from the remembrance of those many friends with whom my better years were passed, have I ever done to deserve this purgatory?

Of all those I have recently known in this part of the world, I can only speak with unqualified praise;—their attention and good feeling towards me surpasses almost example in my recollection. Still I am lingering in this *enfer sur terre*, and Providence, I believe, can only tell whether I shall ever again transgress its walls alive.

Very sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

The hope of being removed to the General Hospital, which had hitherto tended to keep up poor Brummell's spirits, was entirely frustrated; for, shortly after this letter was written, he learned that he was not to be transferred to the tender sympathies of the Sisters of Charity, though a requisition to that effect had been presented to the authorities. This application was signed by two medical men; but the request was either refused, or the idea relinquished; probably the latter, for the officers of the Tribunal de Justice were desirous of assisting him in every possible way, and Mr. Leveux's lawyer acceded to the plan immediately it was proposed.

This disappointment was alleviated by the repeated calls, and continued attention of his friends; for he had crowds of morning visitors, and habit at length partially reconciled him to his fate. Many ladies, also, who could not enliven his room by their presence, were, nevertheless, as women always are, more thoughtful in matters essential to his comfort than his own sex, and frequently sent him supplies of wine, punch, jellies, pâtés, and various other delicacies: these were truly valuable to one on whom sickness, anxiety, and premature old age, pressed heavily, and who, in spite of their charitable interference, must have endured many discomforts and privations. The following is a letter of acknowledgment to one of his guardian angels.

In Prison, Wednesday.

You are always good and amiable, but you will be the best of beings, if you will have the kindness to renew your benefaction *en forme de gâteau.* I can assure you, it is my principal nourishment, for the *mesquin* repast they usually send me from the hotel would not be adequate to sustain even a *demoiselle* lost in love. I may represent an additional claim upon your bounty at this moment; my companion *Minette, la chatte noire,* who is in the straw at my feet, having produced three hungry kittens—her delicate state disdains the unleavened bread

of the prison. I have another favourite belonging to my more private apartment: it is a spider about the size of a bee, which I have so far *apprivoisée*, that it comes regularly to me from its web every morning at seven o'clock to demand his *déjeûné*. You must forgive then my anxiety for the sustenance of these familiar friends, as well as my own; they are, perhaps, the only ones that will soon remain to me. I am sadly out of sorts with the world and with myself; no propitious tidings come to me! Nothing cheers me but the occasional sunbeam that looks in upon me from heaven; when that retires, all is darkness and despondency. It seems to me a century since I have been in this intolerable bondage; every week that lingers away is a year in the calendar of my life!

Yours, very sincerely yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

His friends also provided against the dreariness of his evenings, by catering food for his mind; and, in the basket which carried these presents, were generally placed a few volumes of light reading: they were always thankfully received, and the receipt of them duly acknowledged by a note.

In Prison, Wednesday.

If the Student had not belonged to you, I should not have been able to wade through ten of its pages: it is equally barren of incident, definition, or plain language, and I can only wonder that the author of Eugene Aram, and Pompeii, should have buried his brains in such a production—at least have published it. When you have again something more worthy of cheating miserable hours, I know it is unnecessary for me to refer to your amiable recollection of my present desolation, and you will send it to me. I am still sustained with hopes of emancipation from these disgusting regions, and, though it is consoling

to me to remember the kindness of others, I wish to heaven I could forget myself. I cannot tell you how much it gratifies me to know that your *domestique* brings my daily bread from the hotel : these trifling circumstances do me worlds of good at the moment. Good bye for the evening. My friend Godefroi, the editor, from whose table I address you, is looking with anxiety at the ink, to continue paragraphs that will probably prolong his detention here ten years longer. He is really a good-hearted man, and does everything *à me distraire.* Say every thing that is gracious for me to ****.

Ever sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Liberty of the press in France—Not much forwarded by the revolution of July—Brummell's admiration of Gilbert Gurney—His opinion of Pompeii and Lodore—Contemplations from his window—The Beau's anxieties about his affairs—The *ours* Mazoyer—The scene in the passage of the prison—Personal discomforts—Their effect upon Brummell.

Poor Godefroi, who, throughout Brummell's imprisonment, was a kind and useful friend, was not exactly the editor, but rather the editor's editor; and was hired to do duty as a prisoner whenever the demands of justice, or the administrators of it, required that a victim should be offered up to the tender mercies of the Government. It is amusing to observe such happy results emanating from the liberty obtained by the *Trois beaux jours;* more especially when it is remembered that one of the principal causes which led to that revolution, was the seizure of the printing-presses of the *National*, for having dared to differ in opinion from the Government of the day.—Godefroi's master had only differed from the Government of July!

But with the queer ideas of liberty entertained by the French nation, the social policy of their Government is likely enough to be tyrannical in such matters for some time to come; and probably centuries will elapse before they will either understand, or appreciate, free institutions, or can be driven safely without a curb.

One day, when I was discussing this subject with a Frenchman, and expatiating upon the great extent of individual liberty that we enjoy in England, I could not refrain from calling his attention to General Foy's

speeches upon the arbitrary nature of passports, when he retorted very seriously by saying, "Oui, Monsieur, mais rappelez-vous que vous avez des *turnpaiques*." Neither can they comprehend how we manage to maintain an army without a conscription:—"Bon jour notre armée s'il n'y avait pas de tirage," said a conscript to me, who had just been drawn; he was a grocer's boy, and appeared much fonder of his master's figs than the law which made him an unwilling hero, a glory-boy, a recipient of black bread and one sous a-day. I believe this lad spoke the real sentiments of his class; although such, I dare say, is not the opinion generally entertained in England.

Brummell's criticism on the Student is rather severe, and looks as if he had *Sneer's* to *Sir Fretful*, in his mind. It was no easy task, one would imagine, to "cheat miserable hours" like his, at any period of his imprisonment, but particularly at the commencement; and, though there are few authors who can hope to escape the natural consequences of publicly exposing their intellects, or their want of them, it would be very extraordinary to find the exception to the rule in one whose pen travels with such Great Western rapidity. But Brummell could praise heartily, and in a most singular and unequivocal manner. A young Englishman of his acquaintance, at Caen, found him one morning lying full-length on his hearth-rug, as he fancied, in a fit of hysterics; on stooping down, however, to assist him, he saw that it was a paroxysm of laughter, and Brummell, unable to explain the cause of his mirth in words, could only hiccup, while pointing to a book on the table, "Gilbert Gur-ur-ny,—oh!—oh! Gilbert Gurney."

The work of Sir L. Bulwer upon which the Beau bestowed his especial approbation, was, The Last Days of Pompeii: I have heard him speak of this in raptures, particularly Glaucus's letter, which he thought perfection. When these borrowed volumes were returned to their owner, they were generally accompanied by a short

review, and the critique of the next that fell under his perusal, and his lash, was more favourable.

In Prison, Saturday.

If you knew the many hours that were relieved by reading Lodore, you would not be displeased at my retaining it so long. The story is, perhaps, rather unconnected, but the language is always good, exempt from the usual pseudo sentiment of modern romances, and there is a natural pathos pervading the whole, which perfectly corresponded with my melancholy thoughts. Should you have anything else dozing upon your table, and unoccupied by brighter eyes, transfer it to me with your never-failing charity forthwith.

During the principal part of this morning, I have been reduced to the forbidding study of the human face, not divine but demoniac, which infests the *cour* beneath my window. Groups of these wretches, condemned of Heaven and of earth, attracted by the sun, have been sauntering in their chains within ten paces of me; and, for want of more palatable resource, I sat contemplating their hideous physiognomies, till I was recalled from my visions of the fabled Rinaldo Rinaldini and his bandits, by one of them exclaiming, "Qu'est ce qu'il regarde donc, ce scélérat de milord?" This I soon perceived was addressed to my innocent self; and I retired from my reflections, and "ma loge grillée," amply convinced that all I had read or heard of the atrocities of this *trempe* of malefactors was realized to my view.

I have nothing auspicious, in respect to my unfortunate interests, to impart. A *month* to-morrow, I have been *here*, in tribulation, in suspense, and, at length, nearly in broken-heartedness; no news has, as yet, arrived to me from England—friends indeed may not be *found*, though they must be already acquainted with my position. I speak only of those who, during my more prosperous days, were zealously served and assisted by me—to *those* it was

as much, I considered, a *duty* as a necessity to appeal, at such an annihilating crisis. I had a right to promise myself instant emancipation, from their mutual aid; from the delay, this confidence seems to have been deceived, and I cannot bear up against, nor long survive, the prolonged disappointment.

My *first presentiment* upon this infamous farce, this insulting calamity, coming abruptly upon me, was, that I should never leave these abhorred walls alive; the despondent *prestige* now gains influence upon me, and I shudder even to think of it. God bless you all for your kindness. Remember me to ****.

Most sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

Brummell's usual avocation in the morning, when not engaged at his *toilette*, was writing the notes I have laid before the reader. Sometimes he would throw off a few Latin verses, which he composed with great facility; he generally showed these elegant trifles to the political prisoner, his companion; who informed me that they always contained "une sentence, une pensée, une réflexion philosophique, élégamment et fortement exprimée." Sometimes he would take up the first book, or brochure, that lay near him, and skim its pages.

One day it happened to be a French translation of Byron's Life, and, on perceiving this, he turned the pages over with rapidity—reading aloud, and with an air of great satisfaction and apparent pride, a passage in which he was favourably mentioned: "Oui," said he to Monsieur Godefroi, "ce poète, ce grand homme, fut mon ami." This was the only occasion on which his companion ever heard him allude to the position he once occupied; but, when his own country was the subject of conversation, he always expressed for it a high and honourable predilection—for though he had now been

twenty years on the Continent, he had not lost any of the national spirit which almost every Englishman, under the happiest or most adverse circumstances, jealously preserves.

When he had nothing to indite, and was tired of his book, he would approach the bars of the window nearest to the *Cour de la Paille*, and contemplate, as he observes in the preceding letter, the hideous physiognomies of the felons who were there confined. It was a disgusting sight, for the majority were often to be seen rolling about on the ground like so many animals, or lying lazily in the sun, occupied in pursuing the vermin which covered them. Brummell had not only many opportunities of studying the countenances and occupations of these bandit *lazzaroni*, but he sometimes came in contact with them, in his way to the debtors' yard; to gain which, he was obliged to cross the passage communicating with the principal entrance to the prison.

One morning, when *en route* to see a visitor, for he always received his friends in this yard, he was jostled with great violence by a prisoner of the name of Mazoyer, who, at the moment was returning from the court-house, where he had been tried for an attempt to murder one of the turnkeys of Beaulieu,[1] for which offence he had most unexpectedly got off with a condemnation to the galleys *à perpétuité*. Mazoyer was short and high-shouldered, and of Herculean strength, his enormous head being ornamented with small dark piercing eyes, sunk deep in a low forehead; a large flat nose, and a capacious mouth, which, when open, displayed a set of grinders like a crocodile's, gave additional fierceness to his countenance.

When this monster pushed against Brummell, he started back in amazement at such a complication of ugliness and ferocity. Mazoyer, perceiving this, stopped, and eyeing

[1] Beaulieu, the central house of correction near Caen. All persons condemned to more than one year's imprisonment are confined here. There are generally from one thousand to twelve hundred prisoners.

the Beau from head to foot, said, in a strong southern accent and with a hideous smile, "N'ayez pas peur, monziou; je suis bien content, car je viens de gagner ma tête." "Quel est cet animal, cette espèce d'ours, dont l'épaule est venue me froisser le bras?" demanded Brummell when he had passed; "quand il a ouvert la gueule j'ai cru qu'il allait me dévorer:" and after this he said he frequently dreamed of the "ours Mazoyer."

But the greatest humiliation to which he was obliged to submit when in prison, and which not only distressed him greatly, but I verily believe contributed in a considerable degree to injure both his intellects and his health, was a circumstance that painfully interfered, and that day by day, with those confirmed habits and feelings of delicacy common to every class of Englishmen. The cloaca of the prison, situated on one side of the debtors' court, was *à dessein sans clôture, tout a fait ouvert;* as this court was the only place of exercise for the debtors, the turnkeys, and those who had purchased the entrée to "the Pistole," it was very seldom without promenaders, and several hours would sometimes elapse before a favourable opportunity could be secured of retiring there unobserved. Our neighbours (I speak of the mass) are not very susceptible on these points, the observance of which is such a prominent feature in our social habits, and which proves without a doubt, if nothing else does, our superior civilization. Brummell's companions did not, by leaving the court, make this horrible penance less disgusting to him; on the contrary, "l'on s'étonnaient d'une retenue si singulière, qu'on attribuait à un motif de pudeur." Such were their remarks; and the reader may judge by this what Brummell must have suffered under such circumstances.

CHAPTER XLV.

Mary Chaworth—Brummell's unpoetical description of her—Washington Irving's—A substantial supper—He changes his purveyor—Letter to Mr. Armstrong—The Beau's application to him—The debtors' court—The rendezvous there—The garden and the debtors—Their civility to Brummell—The dream.

I HAVE said that Brummell spoke of Lord Byron to Monsieur Godefroi: it was perhaps on the same day that he wrote the following note.

In Prison, Tuesday.

Remercîmens réitérés for Washington Irving very delightful in both stories. I can answer for the truth of his account of poor Byron's never-dying attachment to Mary Chaworth; for I have frequently heard him romanticise for hours about her. I remember being with her at her house, Colwick, near Nottingham, during a week, a few months subsequent to her marriage. She appeared to me to be always vigilant for admiration, coarse in her manners, and far from resembling what I should have conceived the *beau idéal* of Byron.[1] I could have added a page or two to their history, for the last time he was in England * * * * * * * * * * * *

Musters, the man, left her abruptly and went to Paris. I saw him at Calais on his route, and he told me he * * * * * *. I believe she is dead.

[1] The glowing description Mr. Irving gives of Miss Chaworth, in Newstead Abbey, does not agree with that of the Beau. The letter, however, was an eye, not an ear-witness. Lord Byron says that his passion for his bright morning star of Annesley was the romance of the most romantic period of his life.

It is the first time I ever heard mention of the sequel *de la petite dame blanche.* These descriptions recall to me a treasure in my possession—several letters upon most interesting subjects to *him,* written to me in our familiar days. Moore, when he was arranging his biography, which turned out to be unworthy of his memory, requested me to assist him with the letters in question, and I refused to entrust them to him. No eyes but my own, and those of one other person, who is now no more, have ever seen them.

If you have anything arrived or remaining, that will distract or set me to sleep, waft it to me with my evening's nutrition; it is that of the fabulous little good mouse, "three pears and a bit of brown bread;" but she was afterwards transformed into a princess, and fed upon pearls; will such ever be my fate and recompense?

The sun is now looking in upon me with a smile; it is the only flirtation left to me; when he descends to his watery couch, I cannot help relapsing into the very slough of despondency. Happier hours and fairer prospects wait upon you and yours. Such is the constant wish of

Yours most truly,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

The correspondence that Brummell maintained with his more intimate friends during his imprisonment, was one source of amusement to him, and gives a better idea of his feelings under such a visitation, than any description of mine could do. Considering the paucity of incident in a prisoner's life, he showed more than ordinary ingenuity in keeping it up with so much spirit; and, though his letters are sometimes mournful enough, they are much more lively than might have been expected.

"Three pears and a bit of brown bread," was a very

indifferent supper for a man whose appetite was somewhat larger than those of the mischief-making elves of Oberon; and without the pies, punch, and jellies of his friends, he appears at times to have stood a good chance of being reduced. Having complained again and again that his dinner from the hotel became daily more meagre, an arrangement was made with a *restaurateur* near the prison, to supply him with his meals. But the following remonstrance looks as if he had got out of the frying-pan into the fire; and was as badly off for linen as for food.

In Prison, June.

My dear Armstrong,

You would not, I am sensible, like to be imposed upon yourself, nor that I should be famished with hunger in a prison.

I am ignorant both of the name and of the residence of the traiteur, or rather *traitor*, whom you have employed to purvey my daily meal; he has indeed but one merit, and that is his punctuality at five o'clock. You shall judge yourself of his liberality, and I will neither exaggerate nor extenuate in my report. Yesterday's *portion* was the following:—*half* of the skeleton of a pigeon, which I firmly believe was the *moitié* of a crow, buried in rancid butter, and the solitary wing of an unfed *poulet*, without even the consolatory addenda of its *cuisse*—half-a-dozen potatoes, and, by way of excuse for dessert, half-a-score of unripe cherries, accompanied with *one* pitiful biscuit, that looked like a bad halfpenny—this is the positive total of my dinner's calendar.

Twice I have beseeched you to send me *three* towels, and to repeat that number every six days. I have been reduced, for the last eight-and-forty hours, to rub myself down with my dirty shirts, and that resource is now at an end, for they are gone to the washerwoman.

Will you have the kindness to speak in a peremptory manner to those about you, if it is owing to their negli-

gence I am to suffer these privations? I only ask for wholesome sustenance for my body, and salutary cleanliness for its outside. It is impossible to find these necessaries within this hell upon earth; and with all my dejection, I should be loath to give up the ghost from famine or filthiness. Amend these indispensable wants before you leave the town *this* evening. I am also in want of some old waistcoats and pantaloons, which were in the drawers of the bureau in my bed-room, at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. There was also a pair of patched boots in the closet of the sitting-room; and in the *armoire* a small glass bottle of Macouba snuff—will you have the goodness to transmit them to me?

Pray tell my friends that I am very fond of strawberries, when they are in full season, and that they always do me good. In the schedule of my debts in Caen, which I wrote to you, I omitted to make the observation, that I was utterly in rags, and without the means of procuring better raiment.—Good-bye; I would give half the remainder of my days to go down to the sea-side with you this evening.

Most truly yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

Brummell had now been six weeks in prison, without a hope of release, and the time wore very heavily away; the greater part of each morning was consumed in making his toilette, in which he was roughly assisted by the *tambour*, Paul Lépine: the drummer, however, under his master's supervision, soon acquired great proficiency in the art of cleaning boots and brushing clothes; and at two o'clock Brummell descended into the debtors' court with his neckcloth as white and well tied, his hat smoothed to a hair, and his whole exterior as perfect, as if he had been going to pay Mrs. B—— a morning visit. This court-yard was separated from that of the

thieves and the other criminals, by a partition, but it was so slight, that what they said could be distinctly heard through it; the crimes and adventures of these gentlemen formed a prolific topic of conversation for Brummell's visitors, and occasionally furnished a subject upon which he expatiated in his weekly billets to his friends. It was here, between the hours of two and four in the afternoon, that he received his numerous visitors, and as they were, both French and English, generally confirmed idlers, his levees used to be very well attended. This portion of the day passed merrily enough, and the loud laughter that might often be heard, would have led any one to suppose that the inmates of this part of the prison were not very deeply affected by their unfortunate position. If, however, any one offered to condole with Brummell upon the tardiness of the preparations for his release, his gaiety soon evaporated, and a flood of tears was sure to follow any well-intentioned observation of the kind.

In the centre of this apology for a place of exercise, there was a very diminutive plot of garden, intended to be ornamental, but the miserable flowers that grew in it were of the most ordinary description. When the Beau's visitors were gone to their different homes, and he was left to his solitary walk here in the long summer evenings, the rank-smelling marigold must have appeared unfeelingly gay and gaudy, and the heart's-ease sadly misplaced. The debtors who paced the narrow pathway that surrounded them, and who were nearly as ragged and drooping as the flowers themselves, were all of the middling and lower class, and nothing could exceed their civility to Brummell during his stay amongst them: this arose probably from a feeling that his change of fortune, from affluence to destitution, was greater than theirs; they had no doubt heard that he was at one time the companion of his sovereign, and knew nothing of the intermediate stages of distress that he had passed

through since that period. Brummell was too well bred to reject their advances, and though, under other circumstances, he certainly would not have chosen them for associates, their attentions were received with pleasure; a bow to one, or some amusing remark to another, was always ready, and long before he left his "stone-jug," he succeeded in making himself extremely popular with them. With one of the debtors, a Monsieur Bassy, he was on more intimate terms: this individual, who had originally been a butler in some family of distinction, previously to the great Revolution, was remarkable for his agreeable manners and entertaining conversation, qualifications that induced Brummell to select him for a companion. The next two letters are written in a mournful strain.

In Prison, Friday.

DEAR ——,

I am sinking fast into the delusions of presentiment, and the credulous faith of dreams; but, during my last night's slumber, I fancied you had received a note for me from England, and yet *sent it not.* When my Cerberus unbarred my cell at seven this morning, I scrutinized anxiously his iron hand, expecting the cheering sight of a scrap of paper, and even *I* asked him impatiently if no letter had been left at the wicket for me. He shook his gory locks at me in the forbidding sense of negative, clanked his *bouquet* of keys in my awakened face, and left me in disappointment.

Was my nightly vision merely the effect of a distempered brain in darkness, or have you *really* received a *word*, which bids me look forward to liberty and relief? I am dreadfully *abattu* with all my thoughts of the past as well as of the future. I have this instant received a visit from Monsieur Target.[1] He said he *did not know* I was *here*, and hoped I was *à mon aise!!!* Oh the Saracen! What reptiles are those who administer to

[1] The Préfet, already mentioned in this volume.

the justice and dynasty of this country! They cannot be so in our country, though I begin even to suspect *them.*

The bearer of this is one of my confidential *keepers.* I will not boast of my new acquaintance; but I believe there is not one of them whose heart I have not gained, and who would not open my prison door to me on my parole.

Ever yours sincerely,

G. B.

À Monsieur ——,
Rue ——.

Monday morning.

The night is as weary as the day. I dream continually. If there should exist any reciprocity of prescience between us, do pray endeavour to dream that you have once more seen me *à flaner* in the Rue St. Jean, or upon the Cours, with my hat on one side, and in gaiety and *persiflage* of heart *à rire* at the absurdities of our *compatriotes*, who I hear are fast replenishing the town, when all its better indigenous inhabitants are regaling themselves with roses and strawberries *à leurs chateaux.* It may identify reality.

Do pray recount my nocturnal vision to **** when you next write, if you have a "poets' corner" left in your dispatch: it may amuse her to know that her note haunted my recollection even in the shadows of somnolency. Tell her too, that I will write to her, as my spirits and faculties may be ameliorated by the never-failing intensity of my prayers to *Him* to whose mercy and clemency she recommends their address. My anxiety to see those friends who have been so kind to me surpasses every other wish, should the blessing of liberty be regained by me. I feel, though I began my note to you in comparative calmness, that I shall lose it if I dwell upon its concluding subject.

Ever sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Brummell in improved spirits—Letters to his friends—His criticism on their sea-side amusements—Explanation of them—Subscriptions made by the English at Caen—Lord Granville assists—Mr. Armstrong despatched to England—A rainy morning inspires the Beau with poetical feelings—Lines to Eugénie—Letter accompanying them—A sketch of this young lady.

THE improved spirits in which he wrote the succeeding letter most likely arose partly, from the hope that Mr. Armstrong, in his approaching journey to London, which had now been determined upon, to consult with and prevail upon his friends to assist him again, might effect his release; and partly to an encouraging note he had received from the friend to whom it was addressed.

In Prison, July, ——.

Your last note has had the mystic charm of the words of the talisman of Oromanes: it has revived hope, given me sufficient rest for two successive nights, and I have this morning looked up to the sun as I would congratulate the smiling face of an old friend.

Armstrong says he shall depart for London on Tuesday next: on the result of his mission will depend my destiny, the delight of seeing you and all my friends again, or the death warrant of my interment here.

I am ashamed of myself for having so long incarcerated Simeon. He has amused me, though he does not communicate any description or observation very new; but when I can meet with any thing that cheats the monotony of desolate hours, I am selfishly unwilling to release it. I was much pleased with Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey; but it makes one sorry to find that so delight-

ful an author can only afford one scanty volume at a time.

Have you Fanny Kemble's journey in America? Should it be out of sight and still in hand, pray confer the favour of its loan to me; if not, any other recent production that may be dormant upon your table. That familiar representative of the dead as well as the living, Caspar Hauser, told me the other day that Mademoiselle * * * * lives an amphibious life during this fine weather, half aquatic, half pastoral; flirts with Highland butterflies in a gondola, and then dines upon a haycock; imbibes porter, and familiarizes with earwigs and wasps. May I request you to whisper to her that I am distracting myself with a few innocent stanzas in honour of her and her truant sisters? They may be infected with the local gloom of every thing that surrounds me, yet they shall not be unworthy of their amiable subject.

Spare me now and then a desultory moment and write. I will allow you every marine latitude in your social *entretiens* with the innocent Nereids, but I know not a Triton upon your shore worthy of your community. Would to heaven I was liberated from my unjust bondage within these inexorable walls!

Very sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

The ambiguity of Brummell's style has already been adverted to, and a portion of this letter is a forcible example of it. In alluding to the young lady who is thus rudely tossed upon a haycock, and accused of drinking porter with earwigs and wasps, one could scarcely suppose that he is speaking of a pic-nic, and a boating party, in which a Scotch gentleman was one of the cavaliers.

To turn, however, from the amusements of his friends to the consideration of his affairs: shortly after he was

arrested, his countrymen immediately stepped forward to assist him, but though these subscriptions amounted to a considerable sum, and to them was added that of Lord Granville, our ambassador at Paris, for five hundred francs—the largest donation made by any individual in France—the relief thus afforded him, valuable as it was in procuring the means of softening the rigours of his confinement, was wholly inadequate to liquidate Mr. Leveux's claim; the subscription which had been raised by the French gentlemen of his acquaintance was declined, with many expressions of gratitude for their spirited and liberal conduct. The feeling which dictated this honourable refusal, was a creditable pride on the part of his countrymen, who thought that Brummell in returning to French society would be more independent if free from obligations of this nature. The only chance, therefore, that he had of obtaining his liberty, was through his friends in England, and to them Mr. Armstrong was at length despatched; during the tantalizing period of his absence, Brummell continued his gossiping correspondence with one or two of his friends in the town.

In Prison, July.

Since Sunday last, I have been really so much occupied with the departure of the Sieur Armstrong for England, that I have really been unequal to attend to my first of duties, that of writing to you.

You are always commemorated as the *coryphée par excellence* of those "ministering angels," who best attend to my exigencies; my thanks to you are almost as much worn out as my patience, not to mention *ma capote*. I am indebted to your *bonté* for Fanny Kemble: our acquaintance has just commenced. I like her upon our earlier flirtation, and therefore, our intimacy will be soon at an end.

With all my usual abstractions, or rather distractions, I find I must inadvertently have dropped something

yesterday about having indited a few effusions in the metrical line, in which the consecrated name of Eugénie was recorded; believe me, it was not profaned, it was written on a rainy day when I was, from depression of spirits, more fit for what is called the *camisole* in Bedlam, than even a cradle at the foot of Parnassus. I am now ashamed of them; we all have our little vanities, and upon looking them over this morning, I find so many faults and disabilities in the abrupt attempt to do justice to their difficult theme, that they must be corrected, curtailed, and amended, before they are prostrated before your mutual eyes. You tell me she has been *screaming* to see them: pray assure her from me, that she must not interrupt your evening siesta with these impatient ejaculations; that they are perhaps unworthy of her attention; but, as she desires a survey, I can refuse her nothing—they shall be transmitted the instant they are rationally revised. Good night, good night.

Yours very sincerely,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

The lines were accordingly "corrected, curtailed, and amended," and sent a few evenings after with the following note.

In Prison, July.

My favourite pet brute, Cerberus, is going to take a stroll by moonlight, and I cannot neglect the opportunity of tying a note to his iron collar, *à votre adresse*—it is in pursuance of my promise, I send you enclosed, what I had the indiscretion to tell you I had written on a desolate rainy morning, it is nonsense to endeavour ameliorating such namby pamby, and I submit it to your mercy and that of Mademoiselle Eugénie, in the barbarous state in which it dropped primitively from my disordered brains. I have only omitted a few stanzas,

which, as I could not understand myself when I afterwards looked them over, it would be too unjust, and hard upon you both to record. Good-night: the *dog* is waiting with impatience, playing with his keys as if they belonged to your watch, and they make my head ache.

Ever yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

I must beg the reader's kind excuses, if I inflict another letter upon him, before putting him in possession of these "curtailed, corrected, and amended stanzas." Night brought with it reflection, and the imprisoned poet determined that further revision was necessary. They were afterwards enclosed, and sent with the next letter.

In Prison, July.

Not a word yet from England; but I hear, not however *officially*, that things are *at length going on favourably*. This reminds me of your consolatory prediction, two months ago; and I shall never be able to express my gratitude to you for its most amiable and friendly augury.

The shadow of my poetic spirit haunts me still, and will not suffer me to rest, till I have exorcised it with further castigation; the doggrel I sent you the other evening was transcribed at dusk, and that *dim* period is *darkness here*, which induces me to fear that my autography may have been as flagrantly *en dépérissement* as my minstrelsy;—let my retiring vanities be peacefully appeased in their *adieux*, by the ultimate effort at correction, now that meridian beams are shining in upon me, and my senses are better *réglés*—particularly that of sight. In her second shroud, I submit to your forgiving inspection, the remains of a deceased muse, that I have already intimated to you were interred on a rainy morning; they are the only particles I could preserve from

their confirmed decay; the rest were in a deplorable state of decomposition, and utterly unworthy of being embalmed by your *lecture*;—have the charitable grace to bestow an Ave Maria over them.

I am almost enjoying this partial sunshine that is glancing in at my *grille*, though it may revive other thoughts of other days; would to heaven I was once more delivered from the noxious vapours of this earthly Phlegethon! The most adverse destiny shall never entrap me again! On Wednesday I will send you the history of an *outré brigand*, who I saw the day before yesterday attempt to escape, even with his load of chains, over the wall of *our garden*; he is a remarkably good-looking animal, mild, too, in his manners, and has frequently moved my humanity, even to assisting him in my humble way.

I shall remember, to my last hour, his cries and struggles to avoid the additional irons that were forced upon his arms and throat, even to the arrival of six *des militaires*, when he was *quieted* to insensibility, and conducted to his eternal subterranean cell. And yet I exist in close adjacency to these outcasts!

Cerberus *le porte-clef* told me, when he left my last letter at your gate of Paradise, that you were still gathering sea-breezes, shells, and dust, on the shores of Luc. Your friend D**** annihilates me with *petits soins*; he sent me word the other day, that he regretted his visit to the country, because his absence would deprive him of seeing me.

I hear Mademoiselle Eugénie is advancing in the knowledge of pure Celtic, which they say is always best taught and learned by the eyes! Pray remember me devotedly to her.

Yours, very sincerely,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

It will be proper to observe, by way of explanatory

remark, that Eugénie, to whom these lines were addressed, and who was so rapidly advancing in the knowledge of "pure Celtic," the power of teaching which the Beau so drolly and wickedly ascribes to the eyes, was only fifteen, and with her "truant sisters" then on a visit in England, formed a constellation which he always specially admired. They were of gentle blood, in Brummell's eyes almost an indispensable qualification. Eugénie, the youngest of the three, and who replaced his absent favourite, was as simple and unaffected as the snowdrop; and though as yet merely an opening flower, the outline of her fairy form gave promise of future elegance and beauty; and no doubt revived the memory of some of the graceful beings who formed the brilliant "*coryphées*" to which he alludes in several of his letters.

TO EUGÉNIE.

LINES WRITTEN IN PRISON ON A RAINY MORNING.

O'ercast in gloom arose the day,
No genial ray
From heaven, to cheer the fetter'd or the free;
Mute was the slumbering scene around,
And hush'd each sound,
Save the soft plaintive orison of Eugénie.

On fancied roses she had slept,
But waking wept
To find so soon the charm'd illusion flee;
That dreamt of absent sisters dear,
Approaching near
To hail the morning's dawn with smiles to Eugénie.

'Twas breathed in accents low,
As southern zephyrs blow
O'er banks of violets, or the faint aërial lullaby
Of music's distant notes,
That in the silent evening floats
In cadence dying on the ear, the plaint of Eugénie.

"Alas!" she murm'ring said,
"The world to me seems almost dead;
No social echo of our home's forsaken gaiety,

No thoughts reciprocal express'd,
Affection's fairest test,
To vibrate on the heart, or sympathize with Eugénie.

"Fast falling showers,
In shadows dim the ling'ring hours;
As if they sought to mourn with kindred memory and me,
Weep o'er the dreary space,
And the bright promise of the vision chase,
That flatter'd with delight the fairy dream of Eugénie.

"Still one revered remains,
Who when the tremulous voice complains,
Pleading the grief of those away with fond humility,
Will not the suppliant advocate disdain,
Nor long refrain
To mingle mutual feeling with the hopes of Eugénie.

"Ah! mother justly dear,
Dispel each latent adverse fear
That clouds the happy compact of our filial trinity;
Towards thee in undivided love,
Our supplicated union prove,
Let them return; it is the prostrate prayer of Eugénie."

This brief soliloquy address'd,
Was from a neighbouring nest
O'erheard, a redbreast listen'd on its shelt'ring tree;
With friendship's votive wings
To me the tender tale he brings;
Some natural tears he shed, and sigh'd the name of Eugénie.

Trembling the poor bird fled again,
He heard a chain!
Raised his light pinions in the pride of cherish'd liberty,
And left me lone and sorrow'd
With the pensive strain he borrow'd,
And doubly fetter'd with the downcast cares of Eugénie.

Eugénie is now a star in the East; and such was the effect of her beauty in maturity, that it is said the very surf at Madras was lulled in admiration and astonishment when she first made her appearance on that angry shore: as for the catamarans, they crossed their arms as well as their legs, and sat staring in amazement as she landed (was ever such a thing heard of before?) in the ship's gig.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The *outré brigand*—His attempt to change his quarters—Fanny Kemble's Journey in America—The Beau's letters to his friends—Monsieur le Baron de Bresmenil—His dinner to Brummell in prison—The abstraction of the brandy bottle—Brummell's pathetic appeal to the turnkey Brillant—The felons' departure—Mr. Armstrong's mission successful—The triple murder.

THE "*outré brigand*" mentioned by Brummell in the letter which accompanied these verses, was a rogue of the name of Auvray, condemned to the galleys for twenty years for stealing, when confined at the Beaulieu for a previous offence, some trifling article from one of his fellow-prisoners. On the morning referred to by Brummell, this light-fingered and light-heeled young gentleman, instigated by the tender passion, or a love of fun, scaled the wall which separated him from the women's court-yard, a feat worthy of being recorded, for the wall was twelve feet in height, and the fetters attached to his left leg weighed fifteen French pounds. Once on the top, which he gained by a jump and a scramble, he dropped himself down on the other side, and ran up to the women's apartment, from which (the inmates being at their toilet) screams of surprise were heard. The next moment he was in the hands of the turnkeys, having scarcely had sufficient time to throw a glance at the houris whom he had so unceremoniously honoured with a visit. Auvray made no resistance until his captors endeavoured to adorn his right leg with another bracelet of fifteen pounds, to prevent such itinerant practices in future; he then made a most desperate resistance, and submitted only when his blood flowed freely from a blow given him by one of the jailors with

his bunch of keys. Brummell, who witnessed this scene, was very angry at such a piece of brutal cowardice, and said to his companion Godefroi, "Cet homme est brave, dans un siège il eût été un héros! je le plains." In the next letter, which is the last but one of those written from prison, his gossip opens with a pungent critique upon the work of a lady whose maiden name, and the associations connected with it, should have protected her from such censure; but the concluding paragraph of the succeeding one implies that he had relented a little from his severity.

In Prison, July.

Mes remercîmens to you, I have often repeated, are infinite, but almost exhausted. I restore Mrs. Butler to your protection: that name is more *convenable* to her language than Fanny Kemble. I began to be fatigued with her *postiche* sensibility, and, as she wishes one to believe, her natural refinement: perhaps more recommendable qualities will be elucidated under your discerning supervision. Have you any thing else arrived to relieve the absolute vacancy of my studies?

You will say that I am puffed up with my own solitary consequence, which is usually generated by living almost constantly *tête-à-tête* with oneself; and that I vainly imagine people are voluntarily to impart their thoughts and even their whereabouts to me, because I am in local durance. It is not, however, so with me; there are but few of whom I think myself, fewer, I am sensible, who ever think of me: *you*, and yours, are exceptions, that it is not only a consolation, but a pride to me, to remember almost every hour; for you have invariably extended to me every kindness: forgive this egotism, it is as barefaced as Fanny Kemble and her *me's;* but I cannot reconcile to my sequestered vanity why * * * * disguised her intention of precipitately leaving Caen. If it was only the abrupt vagary of the moment, excited by meridian beams to court the cooler atmosphere of the

sea-shore (where, by the bye, there is no friendly umbrage saving that of the parasol,) I will forgive her the desertion, and implore her absolution of my transient worldly vanities; but it is impossible for amiable beings, like her, to be lost in sight even for a day.

I have been lately infested with a *good-natured friend*, who has favoured me with the *cancanneries* of the graceless reptiles that adorn this town; those who are amusing themselves in chains at *saute de grenouille* under my window, are saints in comparison.

If Mademoiselle Eugénie has any narcotic, or other composing nostrum, that will speedily propitiate oblivion, pray tell her to let me have some, I can find none here —in exchange, I will send her back all my recollections; if she has any vanity in her composition, she would jump at the proffered compact; they are replete with admiration and praise of her, and as they are reflected from her living self, they form a most enchanting biography of two months, in the shape of a romance: if she refuses them, they will be consigned to the Styx, which I shall soon pass over.

If you have a vacant instant from the Nereids (I beseech you to avoid the Tritons,) do let me learn *de vos nouvelles.*

Ever sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

Much of the cheerfulness and occasional gaiety that Brummell displayed during the period of his imprisonment was forced; his companion told me that he frequently found him in tears: once only did he throw off the load of anguish, which, indifferently concealed, he must always have felt in a greater or less degree. "On that day," said Monsieur Godefroi, "he seemed to recover the elasticity of spirits he must have possessed in his youth, and the originality of his character came

forth in such bright relief that I could easily comprehend why he had been so celebrated, and his society so much sought after by the great and talented of his countrymen." The reason that led to this unbending, this change from his usual apathy of demeanour, to an almost juvenile exhibition of his entertaining powers, was a good dinner—at all times a great softener of his heart; but, when starving upon "the skeletons of pigeons, mutton chops not larger than half-a-crown, and biscuits like a bad halfpenny," it must have been particularly acceptable; it was not marvellous, therefore, that his blood should circulate more rapidly at such a prospect, especially as the banquet was gratuitous. The gentleman who gave him this *fête* was Monsieur le Baron de Bresmenil, a nobleman of large fortune, living in the environs, who, in a fit of the spleen, or of fun, had been guilty of high treason on the high-road—that is, he had saluted from his *cabriolet de voyage* some zealous supporter of Louis-Philippe with cries of *Vive Henri Cinq;* which, being in defiance of the one-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth article of "la Charte," chapter two-hundred-and-sixty-three, page six-hundred-and-seventy-four, he was sentenced to lose his liberty for five days—and, fortunately for Brummell, they were passed in the prison of Caen. Gaily were these five days of political martyrdom spent, and, before leaving his less fortunate companions, the Baron, with a very laudable spirit of hospitality, obtained the Governor's permission to give this dinner, and to invite a few friends with whom Brummell was also acquainted.

It was a princely repast: Monsieur Longuet, who has been already mentioned, received *carte blanche*, and, from an amiable feeling of courtesy on the part of Monsieur de Bresmenil, Brummell was desired to choose his favourite *plats*, and that gentleman ordered such others as were most likely to please him. When therefore the dinner was served, and the covers had been

removed, a look of extreme satisfaction lighted up the Beau's features, and, as the bee wings his flight from flower to flower, sipping sweets from each, so did Brummell wander from *entrée* to *hors d'œuvre*, from mushroom to truffle, and from the *homard* to the *fruits glacés;* Chambertin and Laffitte replaced his daily brandy-and-water of the previous weeks, and the iced draughts of the sparkling Aï, rolling gently down his throat, put the crowning stroke to his happiness. He rose above his misfortunes, and great was his good humour, he related much—he related well; anecdote after anecdote of his early life followed in quick succession, and, while wrapt in all the imperturbable *sérieux* of a good narrator, he threw his companions into fits of laughter. But, as in a palace, so in a prison, there is no happiness without alloy. The dinner over, coffee was brought in, and, Monsieur le Comte de Roncherolles, a very kind friend of Brummell's, announced for the *chasse* a bottle of his old *eau-de-vie d'Andaye*, which his celebrated acquaintance had many times, and under more agreeable circumstances, acknowledged to be perfect. Brummell was in raptures—"Fetch the bottle," he cried to one of the three young thieves who waited, "fetch the bottle: my dear de Roncherolles, no cognac that I ever tasted can be compared to yours of Andaye."

One of the petty larcenists immediately left the room for the brandy, but did not return; another was sent to hasten him, and the third, but neither they nor the brandy made its appearance: the revellers at length, became impatient at the delay, and shouted for their attendants, who arrived with the pleasing intelligence that the brandy of Monsieur le Comte had disappeared! This declaration was received with a burst of indignation; and the Baron, tall, and made like a Farnese Hercules, threatened to throw the three footmen out of the window—forgetting, in the height of his anger, that it was well-furnished with bars to prevent his own exit. At this

juncture, and in the midst of the fray, Brummell, disappointed and trembling with passion, rose hastily from his chair, and, spreading out his arms towards the supposed delinquents, with the gesture of a person who commands and yet entreats, shrieked out, "Malheureux! avez-vous à vous plaindre? on ne vous a que trop bien traité. Scélérats, rendez-moi mon *pousse café*." This energetic and pathetic address actually drew tears from his own eyes, and a chorus of execrations from the guests; the more so as one of the party, who returned at the moment from making a search, informed them of what the attendants feared to relate—that the turnkey, honest Brillant, to whose especial care the *cognac* had been confided, had drained it to the last drop, and was lying insensible and snoring in a corner. The empty bottle was lying by his side; the sheep had been confided to the care of the wolf! Thus ended the Baron's dinner, which offered a striking example of the chances and changes of life—at the same table were assembled a famous courtier, once the companion of a King, a Count, a Baron, a newspaper editor, and an old butler, for Monsieur Bassy was of the party. Melancholy to say, three of these individuals were subsequently afflicted by aberration of intellect, and two of them, Brummell and Bassy, died in the establishment of the Bon Sauveur.

The last episode of Brummell's prison life was, witnessing the departure of those criminals who had been condemned to the galleys at the previous assize. Amongst the more celebrated, was Ansieu, who, in an affray with the turnkeys, had part of his nose taken off by a sabre cut; Coursière, one of the most clever of the Paris thieves; Auvray, and the *ours* Mazoyer. At day-break, these *forçats*, and their companions, were marched into the turnkey's room, where fetters of fifteen pounds weight, were riveted to their legs; to the loud knocks and ring of the hammers which adjusted their irons, was added a chorus of their own composition in the thieves' language,

the burden of each couplet being adieus to their comrades who remained. These were accompanied by maledictions in honour of the judges, the turnkeys, and the rural guards, who were to accompany them to their destination. Coursière was the poet of the party on this occasion, and to him were confided the solo parts, which he gave in a stentorian voice, to the well-known air of "C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour," etc., to which the chorus vociferated by the whole band was, "C'est au bagne, au bagne, au bagne, amis, nous y allons."

The first burst of this discordant singing roused Brummell from his slumbers, and on descending to his breakfast, he said to his fellow-prisoner, "Mais, Monsieur Godefroi, je me suis cru ce matin au forge de Vulcain : quelle musique infernale! mes oreilles en sont encore déchirées!" When these felons left, Brummell presented a man of the name of Juel with two francs, I believe principally because his manners were much more distinguished than those of his companions.

Towards the middle of July, the unfortunate prisoner's prospects began to assume a brighter aspect. His friends in England, though anxious to assist him, were averse to going round from door to door, a difficulty which was overcome on Mr. Armstrong's arrival : for, being unembarrassed by any feelings of delicacy, he undertook the collection of the several donations entirely as a man of business; and carried it through with the more energy and activity, as he was himself again a creditor for upwards of two hundred pounds.

But Brummell calculated upon the generosity of his former acquaintance with greater confidence than he was justified in doing; for having already assisted him, they were not likely to be impressed with very strong feelings of compassion : and even from those friends who had on former occasions so generously relieved him, no great exertions could fairly be expected; for his embarrassments had been so often represented to them, and some-

times with more colouring than the case required, that several of them looked on with apathy.

The generous feelings, however, of the more humane were roused. The Beau's sheet-anchors, whenever distress visited him, were the present Duke of Beaufort and Lord Alvanley; and the influence of these noblemen, particularly the latter, induced several persons to subscribe to the fund for his release, who probably would not have done so without such interest had been made in his favour. The subscriptions of the noblemen and gentlemen who now came to his rescue, were accompanied by a generous donation of a hundred pounds from his late Majesty, who knew, I believe, very little of Brummel; but his deplorable condition was brought under his notice by General U——n, through Sir Herbert Taylor. This charitable action is one of the many like it, which that kind-hearted king performed in private. A pony each was also given by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Sefton, General Upton, General Grosvenor, Colonel G. Howard, Colonel D. Damer, Mr. Greville, Mr. Chester, and Mr. Standish. To these sums were added two hundred pounds of the public money, by Lord P——n, in consideration of the loss Brummell had sustained by the abolition of the consulate. The liberality of these gentlemen enabled Mr. Armstrong to compromise, not only the debt to Mr. Leveux, but also those owing in the town of Caen; and the annual donations then promised by the Duke of Beaufort, Lords Sefton and Alvanley, and Mr. C. Greville, gave assurance of his having something to prevent a recurrence of similar difficulties. This well-timed assistance saved the Beau and his family from the mortification which was nearly brought upon them, by a most injudicious proposition, that a statement of his case should be sent to the clubs, more particularly to Brookes's and White's, the scene of his triumphs and of his ruin. Fortunately a different course was adopted, and the world of fashion was saved the disgrace of seeing their former

idol a mendicant, where he had reigned more absolute than, happily for the national comfort, his friend, who lived in the ugly red building at the bottom of the street, in which these hotbeds of politics and the great legal hell are situated. During the short period that was required to give effect to the arrangements with his principal creditor, he regained much of his usual spirits; and the following note is the last that he wrote from his cell.

In Prison, July.

You will soon be as well acquainted with our "Newgate Calendar" here as myself. I send you "l'Ami de la Vérité," because it contains the account of a triple murder of the most horrible description, committed by a wretch who has just been surrendered by the *gens d'armes* to this last receptacle of his living days. He is rather a decent-looking reprobate, and I could not discriminate, by his countenance or manner, the least trace of compunction or shame. He seems so quiet and *insouciant* of his enormous delinquency, that I shall seek an early occasion to make him confess the whole detail of the circumstances attending his crime; for I understand he is very accessible upon the subject, and is even *proud* of relating them. God of heaven, what creatures bearing human faces and forms surround me! This instance, however, is the most atrocious within my immediate cognizance; and I have already made up my mind to hear his dreadful tale, the first time I find him alone at the *grille* which separates our departments. The various histories of others, almost equally nefarious, they have unreservedly related to me *vivâ voce;* for, when once their existence is condemned, they appear perfectly unconcerned who may know the worst—a few *sous* always obtain their explicit confidence. I have made constant memorandums of many *entretiens* with them when I was released from their proximity.

Adieu; as Fanny Kemble says, "do not forget *little*

me." The poor spoiled girl is a sad egotist; but if you could see her face, you would forgive her.

Yours, very sincerely,

G. B.

A Madame ———,
Rue ———.

The triple murder to which Brummell refers was committed by Pierre Rivière, of the commune of Aunaye: he was the murderer of his mother, at the time *enceinte*, his younger brother, and a sister, a mere child. The jury brought in a verdict of insanity, and he was subsequently confined in the Bon Sauveur, and died there before, or a short time after, Brummell was placed in that establishment. When Rivière was searched, a crucifix and a small sum of money were found in his pocket; the latter he immediately placed in the hands of the head turnkey, fortunately not Monsieur Brillant, saying to him with much good sense, and but little appearance of aberration of mind, "Qu'il n'était pas prudent d'avoir sur lui dans la compagnie où il allait se trouver ce peu d'argent, qui pouvait lui être si nécessaire dans sa position!" His features were regular, and his countenance altogether was one of much benignity and softness.

The *curé* of Aunaye, who came to see him soon after his committal, was astounded at the crime, for he had always known him to be an industrious and well-conducted lad, kind in his disposition, and attentive to his religious duties. Previously to his trial, he employed himself in preparing a statement in explanation of his conduct in this horrible tragedy. As his labours advanced he showed them to the *juge d'instruction*, before whom he often desired to be brought: he also studied mathematics, but with his fellow prisoners he never conversed. Brummell, like his friend George Hanger, liked to hear the felons recite their adventures, listening eagerly to their accounts of the most atrocious crimes, but his curiosity did not lead him further; he was no Selwyn.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The Beau is restored to liberty—Presents himself at the General's the same evening—Brummell and his friend the Judge—The hereditary toothpick—Lines to the guillotine—Letter to Mr. Godefroi, with a present of some game—The table d'hôte at the Hôtel d'Angleterre—The two gourmets—The Beau's letters to his young friend in England.

On the morning of the 21st of July, Mons. Youf, an attorney, came to the prison, and notified to Brummell that his debt to Mr. Leveux had been paid, and that he was at liberty to leave when he pleased. To the astonishment of every one, however, he received the information without manifesting the slightest surprise or joy, or indeed any emotion whatever; and, at five o'clock in the afternoon, after an imprisonment of two months and seventeen days, hope and fear alternately predominating, and having experienced with apparent calmness many humiliations, he left his dungeon with the same forced *insouciance*, and returned to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where he once more settled himself in the same rooms he had occupied previously to his arrest.

On the evening of this very day he presented himself at a large *soirée* at the General's. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the company when he made his appearance, for they had not heard of his release; but as he advanced towards the centre of the room, every one rose simultaneously and congratulated him on his good fortune. Brummell, with much complacency and an air of nonchalance, bowed his thanks, and said, "Messieurs, je suis bien obligé pour votre bonté, et charmé de me trouver encore une fois parmi vous; je puis vous assurer que c'est aujourd'hui le plus heureux jour de ma vie, car

je suis sorti de prison," here he paused, and then gravely added, "*et j'ai mangé du saumon.*" But the gaiety that he displayed after his imprisonment was all assumed: it was put on to hide his real feelings, which must have been most painful and distressing.

"I regret," said Madame de T——, "having lost several letters, and some poetry, that he sent to me at this period; elles étaient empreintes d'une tristesse qu'il ressentait dans la solitude, et qui lui permettait de réfléchir au passé si brillant, au présent si triste, et à l'avenir si effrayant pour lui; tristesse qu'il affectait de rejetter loin de lui, dès qu'il était dans le monde, ayant l'air de braver la fortune, et de rire de ses coups."

The description given by this lady of Brummell's feelings when satire, and a worldly pride hitherto inflexible, had bent under the stern and unerring influence of conscience, is no doubt correct. Many circumstances confirm this supposition; but perhaps the strongest testimony that can be adduced to prove that the poor Beau had moments, nay, hours, of regret and despondency, and that he brooded over what might have been his position, and what it then was, is the circumstance of his having inserted the following lines in his common-place book. The page on which they were inscribed was fretted by frequent reference to them, and the asterisks placed against the first line in the margin plainly indicate that he often applied portions of them to his own feelings.

"Doom'd as I am in solitude to waste
The present moments and regret the past,
Deprived of every joy I valued most,
My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost—
Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mien,
The dull effect of humour or of spleen.
Still, still I mourn, with each returning day,
Him snatch'd by fate in early youth away;
And her, through tedious years of doubt and pain,
Fix'd in her choice, and faithful—but in vain.

Oh! prone to pity generous and sincere,
Whose eye ne'er yet refused the wretch a tear;
Whose heart the real claims of friendship knows,
Nor thinks a lover's are but fancied woes—
See me, ere yet my destined course half done,
Cast forth a wanderer on a world unknown;
See me neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost;
Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow,
And ready tears wait only leave to flow—
Why all that soothes a heart from anguish free,
All that delights the happy palls on me!"

It would naturally be supposed that, on being released from jail, Brummell would be all attention to those who had been useful to him during his imprisonment, and to a few of his intimates, French and English, he expressed his thanks for their kindness; but others he neglected altogether, and in general he appeared to think that by assuming an air of flippant indifference, he could throw a veil over the events of the last three months which had so much humiliated his vanity.

One of his *table d'hôte* acquaintance had, in his legal and official capacity, been of great service to him, and yet he was particularly neglectful to this individual, who was not without a fair share of repartee and professional acquirements; but the Judge was weak enough to pique himself excessively on his horsemanship and dress instead, both of which were execrably bad—no tailor ever rode worse, and no tailor's block ever exhibited such a white macintosh; it was so stiff, that when in the saddle he rattled like an armadillo out of repair. These were weighty objections to cultivating his society; but Brummell had a stronger and far more legitimate motive for disliking him: Monsieur B. actually kept a toothpick, a permanent pinchbeck toothpick! which, from its antique appearance, was evidently an heirloom, and had probably belonged to his great-grandfather, and must therefore have been used to pick the ivories of four generations—disgusting idea.

Such a habit any one would think atrocious, but the offence was venial to what follows: daily, after dinner, had the Beau seen the "scoundrel," as he called him, premeditatedly—not in a fit of absence, pick his nails and his aural organs, with the same instrument! *Corpo di Bacco*, this was indeed a most horrible practice; and no wonder that the remembrance of these enormities entirely prevented the development of Brummell's gratitude; not only did he never call upon him after his troubles were over, but he never even sent him his card. About a fortnight, however, after he had regained his liberty, he met his learned acquaintance in the street, and, though he had not cared to take the trouble of calling upon him, he had no objection to *faire les frais* by a speech, he therefore appeared delighted to see him, and said, "Ah, mon cher Aréopagite, je suis désolé de ne pas vous avoir fait ma petite visite; mais le fait est, que mes cartes de visite, qui se font toujours à Londres, ne sont pas encore arrivées." "Vraiment!" replied the angry and neglected gentleman, with as graceful a bow as a very stiff neckcloth, and the white macintosh, would permit him to make: "Ne vous dérangez pas, Monsieur Brummell: si vous m'aviez fait cet honneur, je n'aurais pas pu vous le rendre; car pour le moment je suis aussi sans cartes, et les miennes se font en Chine." I am afraid there is good reason to suppose that Brummell was not particularly grateful to those who assisted him; or, if he was, he did not certainly show it in his conversation. "Shortly after his imprisonment," says one of his Caen acquaintances, "I asked him if he had been as intimate with the Duke of C——e as he was with his other brothers;" when he replied, "The man did very well to wear a cocked hat, and walk about the quarter-deck crying 'luff;' but he was so rough and uncivilized that I was obliged to *cut* him. You may believe this when I tell you that he used to recount the amorous exploits in which he was engaged at Portsmouth, to the

bishops and the ladies of the court at his father's table, and this to the inexpressible delight of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York." The reader will bear in mind, that this incredible story was told after the late King had subscribed one hundred pounds towards effecting his release from prison, and it shows how little amiability was left in the mind of him who had been a recipient of his bounty; but the Beau was a *man of the world*, and also a wit.

Though Brummell was overmatched by the Judge, his criticisms were, generally speaking, quite as cutting, and his spirits apparently as good, as they had been before he was placed in durance. The letters which he wrote in the latter part of 1835, and early in 1836, do not betray any great falling off in liveliness or piquancy: the following was sent with a present of game to a lady who had been kind to him during his imprisonment :—

Hôtel d'Angleterre, Friday.

Une petite couvée de perdreaux, vivant ce matin à l'aube du jour, font vol *sans haleine* à votre cuisine.

When I had last the pleasure to see D * * * *, a week since, I was anxious to thank him for all his past kindness to me; but the past still lingers upon my memory, and nothing but time, and other suns, and other scenes and occupations, ever can do me any effectual good.

During the early period of my purgatory in the other world, there was, as you may have heard, a destructive *incendie* in a magazine of wood beneath my iron window. All the administering demons of these nether regions were upon the *qui vive* at this congenial *fête*, and awaking from deceitful dreams of former Paradise, I rose from my straw, and attended their passage, which was through my cell, to the outward summit of the prison. Amidst the disheartening tumult that was raging, I distinctly heard a hoarse bewailing voice, in fear and tribulation frequently ejaculate, "Ah! mon pauvre bijou! Ma

chère guillotine! La leste coquine, elle va me quitter!" I requested one of the fallen angels at my elbow to tell me whence came that extraordinary lament? He replied, laughing, "C'est l'amen de ce vieux gueux Joseph," who was, and had been, during twenty years, "bourreau en chef," that he numbered upon his sanguinary fingers twenty-three human heads, and that he was more fondly attached "à la machine enchérie" than to his two sons, who were "aux galères à perpétuité,"—that it was his only hope and means of existence. Such is the theme and pretext for the four lines paraphrased from "tes yeux bleus:"—

C'EST LE BOURREAU QUI PARLE.

Rien n'est plus touchant que tes baisers ravissans,
Chère Guillotine, par tes caresses de fer!
Ah! puissent ces feux n'enflamment, ni le cruel sort condamne,
Comme toutes tes victimes, tes beaux jours aux Enfers!

I fear it is beyond expectation to encourage the thought of prevailing upon you to look in at the General's *caserne ce soir* for a charitable hour. In the meridian of sunshiny liberty,

Still your *fidèle prisonnier*,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

As the reader may wish to know what are the lines that Brummell refers to, I have transcribed them here; but from memory, and therefore they are probably incorrect; they have been ascribed to Voltaire:—

"Rien n'est plus beau que tes yeux bleus,
Enfant! l'azur des cieux sourit sous ta paupière:
Ah! puissent tes yeux bleus ne voit que la lumière
De jours purs, de jours doux comme eux."

The next letter is to Monsieur Godefroi; it was accompanied by some partridges that Brummell sent to him, as a little acknowledgment of the various civilities he had received from him in prison.

Hôtel d'Angleterre, Lundi.

Grondez, mon cher Monsieur Godefroi, le perfide chef de cuisine et non pas ma fidèle mémoire, d'avoir tant retardé l'offre d'une petite couvée de perdreaux, couchée dans leur muraille de croûte. Le faquin m'a dit qu'ils étaient encore trop enfantins pour être étouffés dans un pâté, et peu digne de mériter l'attention d'un appétit recherché. Faites-y indulgence.

Ayez la bonté d'adresser mes amitiés au preux père Bassy, et faites-lui en partager au moins *une cuisse ;* ce lui sera peut-être le seul attrait féminin qu'il puisse caresser dans sa retraite actuelle.

J'avais, je vous assure, la louable intention de passer chez vous ces jours derniers—mais un arrêt tout inattendu de mon ci-devant créancier le rheumatisme, m'a empêché de faire le pas en avant vers votre hôtel.

Je vous prie de me prosterner, moi et mes tendres souvenirs, aux pattes veloutées de Mademoiselle, Minette, elle est parmi ma haute connaissances dans ce Pandémonium terrestre. Ayez aussi l'indulgence de faire passer ma considération distinguée au respectable Adolphe Lavigne, et à son jumeau Baptiste ; n'oubliez non plus le Nestor Frémont, ni cet enfant gâté d'imbibition spiritueuse Brillant.

Vous serez content d'entendre dire qu'on a dernièrement vu perché sur la diligence, faisant route à Honfleur, notre ci-devant Lafleur, le Maréchal Paul Lépine, gai comme la voiture qui le transportait, l'Hirondelle ! environnant de son bras d'Achille la belle taille d'une Princesse de sa trempe et de sa capture, dont la tête auguste était couronnée de trois plumes, rouges à l'enfer comme la défiance de ses joues éclatantes ; ainsi montent progressivement de la fange les héros de votre patrie !

Est-ce que le cannibal qui immola sa mère, sœur, et frère, a été encore jugé ? Si vous avez le procès, faites-moi le plaisir de me le prêter.

Toujours sincèrement à vous,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

À Monsieur Godefroi,
l'Ami de la Vérité.

Brummell's imprisonment did not decrease his notoriety, and the summer tourists, in search of churches and the tapestry at Bayeux, invariably passed a day at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and dined at the *table d'hôte*. "Put me opposite to Mr. Brummell," was the constant request of these travellers; he was really a very good decoy, for he frequently joined in conversation with them, and told some of his old anecdotes with pleasant good-nature. The landlord, if he saw that his guests were ignorant that he had such a distinguished character in his house, never failed to make them aware of the fact; they were, however, decoyed to a capital dinner, for the hotel was, and is, the best in the town, the cookery unexceptionable, and at least twenty dishes, including fish of two or three kinds, often made the circuit of the table.

Brummell's love of eating and drinking were not diminished, and, as he had not the means, or credit, to indulge the latter at his own expense, he was far from averse to doing so at that of others. He, who had once been so exclusive, and a model of gentlemanly reserve, would now accept wine at the *table d'hôte*, from perfect strangers; Champagne was his favourite beverage, and, enlivened by its influence, he was still able to repay his entertainer with a few excellent stories. A man with a gaudy waistcoat, a cravat of embroidered satin, and a handful of pearls in his pin, with whom, in former days, it would have been his death to dine—he was now very glad to see sit opposite to him, for he was pretty sure of sharing his bottle.

About this time, Mr. M * * * *, afterwards Lord F * * * *, made the hotel his residence; and as he was quite as great a *gourmand* as the Beau, the guests used to be not a little amused by the "war to the knife," which took place between them. Many were the stratagems brought into play by the two *gourmets*, in the endeavours of each to possess himself of the most delicate

morsels. The wings of the fricasseed chickens were always in great request, and as his Lordship's son, a very good fellow, but now no more, followed in his father's footsteps, Brummell, with two to one against him, was often left with the neck, or a drumstick : when this happened, his disgust was great, and giving a stern look, first at his youthful adversary, and then at the bones, he would send the dish indignantly away.

His next letter was a perfect specimen of that accomplishment, generally supposed to be peculiarly characteristic of the epistolary intercourse of ladies—the art of writing a letter about nothing. It was addressed to the elder of his young friends, who was still absent in England.

Thursday.

You are, I am told, in serious dudgeon with me, for having neglected one of my most flattering avocations, that of writing to you. If I was conscious of meriting this reprehension, I would solicit forgiveness on my prostrate knees, though it might be an idle position with this distance between us. May it please your more indulgent consideration to learn, that during many a lingering week, I have not possessed a stray sentence of interest to impart to you, from these desolate regions of *ennui ;* and, that if I had vainly attempted to divert your attention with my local *fades* jérémiades, you would have found them as dreary and insipid, as the monotonous sorrows of your old friend and pagan idolater, Werter. You are too amiable, and too merciful in your judgments, to attribute the neglect of my accused silence to the imputation of forgetfulness of you ; believe me, and I speak with simple truth, the deep interest that I have always felt for you has never deviated from my remembrance : and if you could suppose that your lamented absence from this place has for an hour escaped my best thoughts, you do me an injustice.

I had for months cherished the hope that you would,

ere this, have returned. That expectation is still, I find, to be procrastinated during another month: you will then really revisit us; and none will welcome your restored presence with more honest cordiality and implicit faith in your kindly feelings towards me, than

Your very sincere friend,

G. B.

To Miss ——,
—— Park, Sussex.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Brummell's young favourite returns to Caen—Letters to her—The Beau recommences his drawings for her—The late Duchess of Rutland—French poetry—Lady Warwick—The picnic at Norwood—The fortune-teller—The two friends—Lady B——n—Brummell's criticisms—The broken bow—Parting letter to his friends—They leave Caen.

In the autumn, the young lady, to whom the preceding letter was addressed, returned to Caen, and he lost no time in showing the pleasure he felt in again seeing her, by recommencing his occupation of drawing for her album.

Saturday.

You are, I dare say, anxious for your album, and I am mutilating its pages in attempting to draw and write upon them. I know not how it is, but I cannot design upon leaves that are bound.

Yesterday, I sketched three figures—you, and * * * *, and * * * *. I then got out of temper with my labours, and tore out the leaf: do not be angry with me for this piece of delinquency; I will make it up tenfold to you upon more propitious paper. I am wishing to portray you and * * * * together, but though my memory is accurate in regard to yourself, I have not * * * * sufficiently impressed upon it to achieve anything that would gratify you. Let me but still have health, and you shall, *sans vanité*, be contented with me. I have no drawings left in my possession—they have all been given away, perhaps to thankless persons—except a few miniatures *encadrés*, perfectly uninteresting to myself as well as to you. The only one left is a half-finished crayon, which I began some years ago, as a model for another,

which I accomplished afterwards in colours; it is the late poor Duchess of Rutland; we were great friends in those days, you must know, and so, indeed, we remained till her death, ten years since. Pray have a respect for her, and protect her, now she is no more—at least, in naming her, do not let her be approached by sacrilegious eyes and hands: of course I do not mean * * * * and * * * *, for I have every confidence in them; but there are others who sometimes surround you, and, I can assure you, when the original was living, she was never profaned by the familiar contact of *gens de cette trempe.*

I would rather have written the two copies of verses addressed to you, than all the rest of the contents of your album; they are pure, natural, and beautiful poetry; and I am quite in love with * * * * for having so delightfully done you justice. As to the rest of the productions, they are generally of that ephemeral embroidery, of that *postiche* pseudo-class of dissembled French sentiment which has nothing to recommend it but the crow-quill; and has neither heart, nor soul, nor genuine meaning, nor, above all, delicacy in it.

Ever yours most sincerely,

G. B.

À Mademoiselle——,
Rue——.

This is a severe critique upon the French poetry in an album, but there are many persons who will not think it too much so. Even the stanzas of their great poet, M. de la Martine, are rather *somnifères;* beautiful, indeed, when read line by line, but as good as an opiate when taken *en masse.* The Beau cuts up the matter as keenly as Lord Byron did the sound of their rhymes, when, in alluding to this subject, or, rather, to their poetry in general, he called it "that whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire!"—one tone, and that tone a wire one! Alas! Another drawing accompanied the next letter.

Wednesday evening.

Daignez agréez l'offrande d'une esquisse pour votre album. I have been the better part of a month about it, early as the lark, and industrious as the bee ; my anxieties, however, as usual, have turned out adversely. I am discontented with it ; it is too deeply shaded, and that fault has been unavoidable from the *maudit papier qui buvait*, as they say, whenever my contending crayon came in contact (pretty alliteration) with its spongy surface. Receive it as it is ; the only merit to which it may pretend is, its being *original ;* as you said of some of my other productions, I never *copied* anything or *anybody*. I am going on with two others in all the colours of the rainbow, and with happier sunshine in their countenances, which will be *plus digne* of your acceptance.

Do not consider me impertinent or *irregular*, but *you* are the only person existing for whom I would give myself this trouble, and you deserve it, at least I think so, which will do as well. Deny me not your thanks for the drawing ; and if you are the same amiable creature that you used to be in our earlier acquaintance, tell me, that I may still cherish the faith of existing *sempre* in your continued friendship.

You were, I trust, amused yesterday evening, *au cirque ;* you must, no doubt, have been so, by the *refined* society around you. I will simply, yet humbly ask you, Were you, during your absence in England, exposed to the intercourse of any compeers resembling it ? You will, I am confident, answer, with a forgiving smile—Never !

I have just received your charming note. I shall not attempt to answer it till I have taken my laudanum, and surpassed the prolonged doze of the Seven Sleepers ; to go without it would be suicide, from neglecting the high fever excited by your flattery. Pray have the kindness to whisper to Madame, (and if she has forgotten the circumstance I shall be equally contented,) that *ce juif d'Ison* made me pay him for Pantaleone's *billets ;* she

might consider me also an Israelite, if I mentioned the subject personally to her. The best of nights to you.

Very sincerely yours,

À Mademoiselle——, G. B.
Rue——.

In 1835, the same *soirées* and the same whist parties were held as in preceding winters, his own habits were also the same; he got up, and spent two hours in his tub, and two hours before his glass; he read or drew, or wrote notes to his lady acquaintances, dined, "took tea" with a friend, and went to bed. Thus it happens that there is nothing for me to record. I have only the said notes to lay before my reader. The first was despatched to a lady, whom he has denominated elsewhere the "Mother of Pearls." It was accompanied by some relics that had been presented to him by two of his titled and fashionable friends of "*langsyne*," and which, though transferred from his own keeping, he evidently still valued; for he also valued those on whom he bestowed them.

Thursday.

During the morning of yesterday I called, *chez vous*, without being admitted. I must, therefore, transmit the scraps you desired by the unhallowed hands of my Frontin. I have not yet waded through the heap of manuscripts in my possession; it is an unpleasant occupation, to disturb the dormant remembrance of days that are gone by; but as I proceed, you shall have more of these documents, if you wish it.

Upon ransacking other *débris* of former times, I cannot find any note-keepers in better preservation than the two wrecks you now receive. Their only recommendation may be, that the green one was worked by Lady Sarah Saville, subsequently Lady Monson, *ensuite* Lady Warwick;* the other, of the dove tint, like her eyes, was the

* The present Lady Warwick, daughter of the second Earl of Mexborough.

travail of Lady Foley;* both of them, at that halcyon period, blooming in surpassing beauty! now, perhaps, faded, like their *cadeaux!* My only excuse, in offering to you and Mademoiselle * * * * these recollective relics, is, that they may prove *échantillons* for any you might provide, through the gentle *travail* of those in your family, whose fair hands are as *blanches* and competent as those of the prototypes I recall.

The General's dull as a funeral last night. The *dodu compatriote* looking as faded as the flowers in her hand, drawling through the mazy dance, like a pied raven, her throat white, and her body black:—*malgré* the melancholy of her weeds, I observed, that whenever she had to *déployer le pas en face de son amie*—she most indecorously burst into laughter. You are, I trust, both again in pristine well-being. I understand * * * * had no loss from her absence last night; that harbinger of favourable reports and conciliatory truth, T * * * *, told me, that it was dreadfully dull, and that Madame G * * * * was flagrantly *outrée.* Dr. K——'s punch was a salutary antidote for his poisonous drugs; and I find myself to-day *en première jeunesse.* Why do you patronize that Dr.——? If you have any favourable "Canterbury Tales" to *épancher*, pray let me into the secret.

Yours devotedly,

G. B.

À Madame——,
Rue——.

Brummell affected to have had a great admiration and friendship for Lady W * * * *, and this was probably the reason why he remembered the following anecdote, with so much precision as, nearly half a century after, he detailed it to me. We were talking of the various coincidences that sometimes take place in the fulfilment of gipsy predictions, when he said that the

* The present Dowager Lady Foley, daughter of the second Duke of Leinster.

most extraordinary instance of the kind he had ever heard of, he himself witnessed; and that Lady Sarah S* * * * was the heroine of the story foretold. It appears that her Ladyship and a large party, of which the Beau formed a conspicuous item, proceeded, one summer's afternoon, on a picnic to Norwood.

In those days, that rural spot, now covered with bricks and mortar, was a great *rendezvous* of the daughters of prophecy, who were always lurking under the greenwood tree, and in its sequestered glades, equally ready to cross the hand of the high-born dame, or of the humble spider-brusher. After their repast *al fresco*, the "familiarisers with wasps and ear-wigs" rambled about, and, as usual, one of the swarthy Egyptians came towards the party, and offered her services. Lady Sarah accepted them, and the gipsy, taking her hand, and examining the lines, told her, with an accuracy of detail quite surprising, that she would marry a nobleman, the description of whose person corresponded exactly with that of Lord Monson; she also predicted his death, and her ladyship's second marriage, stating the time that would elapse between the two events, every circumstance of which came to pass in the manner which she had prophesied. I have heard Brummell tell this story more than once; it seemed to have made a deep impression upon him: indeed I feel almost certain that he was rather superstitious on the point. The remaining letters in this chapter were addressed to the same lady as the preceding one.

Monday.

Du Pille has just left me; he will be *charmé* to be with you to-morrow evening, and I will bring him at half-past eight. Monsieur de Valmont told me he was dying with anxiety to be *prié* to your *soirée*. He said he had in the morning met a Monsieur O'Gradig, (he pronounced the name as you do Zadig,) who promised to intercede with you for his admission. He requested

me to add my endeavours to O'Gradig's solicitation. You may, perhaps, have seen this *chevalier* at Luc during the last or the previous summer. I can only say of him that he is a Norman gentleman, well known to all the French residents here. He is also young and gay, though his personal recommendations are rather dilapidated, and there is no fear of his making any serious impressions on your fair daughters.

Ten days since, I sent to Paris for Bulwer's last production, which I saw advertised—not yet arrived: also I desired the "Prairie," by Washington Irving, announced, but I do not believe published.

The "Two Friends" dreadfully tedious. I wish you well through their acquaintance. Lady B* * * *n, in the wane of her days, like all reformed saints of her class, is getting too severely penitent, and suffocates one with assumed morality. If you have still a book unread by me, illuminate me by the loan of it.

Le frère lai, Mr. W* * * *, on his way to matins, told me you were favourably convalescent this morning: he went so far as to say, that an hour's airing on the Cours, in the *civière de l'Hôpital*, would by no means be detrimental to you.

Send back my missive to seal in the morning, for I dine out to-day, and pass my midnight with Madame de Temps; and I shall be *trop épuisé* to crawl out of my shell in time to call *chez vous* with the summons of chanticleer.

Always yours,

G. B.

À Madame——,
Rue——.

Thursday.

You cannot, in reference to ——, mean to designate me as your treacherous Guy Faux, when you date your note the morning of the gunpowder plot. I can assure you I am too faithful a Protestant in my professions.

Our blanchisseuse tells me this morning, with tears of turpentine trickling down her cheeks of deal, that "Madame * * * * va bientôt partir jamais à revenir parmi nous." It is deplorable how this class of persons enjoy the propensity to remind one of disagreeable subjects. The man in the street tells me you purpose taking up your future quarters at B—— towards Christmas: if this is authentic, without whispering it in *Gath*, I shall be there before you.

Always your shade,

G. B.

À Madame——,
Rue——.

Tuesday.

I hear that you have been indisposed: if that is the case, do not go and throw yourself away on Cautez's fiddle this evening.

Yesterday I was reposing in amicable *tête-à-tête* with "Japhet," when I heard the Venetian ballad of "La Biondina" humming upon the stairs; in walked Alfred de Launay with the Quotidienne in his hand, to show me a paragraph in which I was named. I send it to you for your amusement *à déjeûner*. It is the most preposterous fabrication that ever was transcribed; no truth, no humour, no accuracy of date in the period. Return the paper to me when you have read it, as he is anxious to repossess it.

Whenever from inadvertency, for I am incapable of the intention, I have been guilty of any impropriety or unbecoming bad taste, I am vexed till it is acknowledged by myself, and, if possible, expiated.

I had forgotten that the contemptible *jeu de mots*, "Broken Beau," was extant *au pied de l'esquisse*, which I had taken the liberty to offer for your album, till D**** asked me yesterday what the meaning was in *French;* of course I answered simply, "l'arc cassé." These ridiculous words were written in a moment of haste, and with no other idea than being laughed at by *you* as a

mauvaise plaisanterie, not to be seen by others. I entreat you *instantly* to erase the words in question, or throw the sketch into the fire. I will make you a hundred others in lieu of it.

If you are out to-morrow when I call, send me the book in the evening. To-day I am too much subdued by the shadows of Valombrosa, at Madame de Seran's last night, to hold up my head if I saw you. I shall take to rouge if this goes on.

Most sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Mademoiselle——,
Rue——.

The frontispiece of this volume is a fac-simile of the *esquisse* to which Brummell refers in the preceding letter, and which he might, with more propriety, have denominated an elaborate drawing, for it was in hand several months; and when the reader is reminded that it was done when he was nearly sixty years of age, and in spectacles, he must, I think, admit that it is an admirable performance—the finish of it is nearly equal to one of Gerard Dow's birch brooms. Though Brummell says that he never copied any one, or any thing, *this* effort of his pencil was, I believe, taken from some miserable French print. If the hands were original, it is difficult to say why he made the fingers so much resemble claws; unless he meant to insinuate that poor Cupid, in the depth of his affliction, was actually lacerating his own flesh.

The anxiety he displayed to repossess this drawing, arose, perhaps, from the disinclination he felt to have his pun seen by the lady's friends. In Granby, Lister assures us, that when the pragmatical Mr. Bennett let one off, Trebeck rewarded him with a look that ought to have annihilated him, for that, in his estimation, such a species of wit was the extreme pitch of bad manners; and, in truth, Brummell did not often indulge in puns. He showed, however, great want of judgment in requesting that the drawing might be returned, and his entreaty

was of course negatived; for the lady whom he thus favoured was young, very young, and naturally refused to part with a Cupid whose bow was broken. Since that period, however, the weapon has been repaired, the tears dried, and the fair possessor has fallen a happy victim to the young urchin's malice; while the *esquisse* still remains in her album, a striking allegorical memento of the poor old man who drew thus playfully, but, alas! truthfully, a picture of himself and his broken fortunes. The anecdote of which he speaks, as appearing in the Quotidienne, was that of, "George, ring the bell."

January 1st, 1836.

The infidels have frustrated my expectations; they have sent me but *one* annual from Paris, and they prevaricate by saying, no other has been *imprimé*.

Que faire? You are sensible that *la Signora* * * * * is my nearer friend, I will not say, favourite; for that would be comparative and familiar. *De plus*, she may be more immediately deficient in the disposition and the means *à chasser de sa souvenance l'ombre et l'ennui qui la désole*. The moon emaciates just now, sympathizing only in profile; and they say, novelty is the earliest heaven of melancholy—it will be but an inconsiderable time I shall languish in disappointment at being the debtor to Mademoiselle * * * *.

There is a *gentleman* starting for Albion on Friday or Saturday; he swears he is the soul of probity, and I do not think his physiognomy would hang him. He will take charge of the *paquet*, and salute the book at the *douane* that they are for his nearest relations, and that the *jupon en soie* has experienced twenty gallopades. You must address them in your own autograph, for I would not denote my ways of confidence to the walls of Babylon.

My nervous *compatriote* has just come in; he has lived so long at Madrid, that he dreads the Inquisition even at Southampton. He consents to take over the annual,

and a note enclosed in it. His courage declines about the *jupon*, though I have sworn there is no lace, heresy, or treason, concealed in its folds. Send, then, back the book, that I may entrust it to the provident traveller.

The author of the pretended tour is a Russian prince, Mouska Pouska, the greatest impostor that ever existed; no dentist, that was always supposed to excel in fabrication, could possibly equal his misrepresentations about English society.

Mine was the "Rake's Progress" last night, and I have but this instant escaped from sepulture, while the sexton was asleep: I am still in my shroud, and incapacitated of writing to the living in this twilight.

Yours very sincerely,

G. B.

À Madame——,
Rue——.

The following note is the last that Brummell wrote to one of the most intimate and kind friends he had at Caen, and, with the exception of a few letters to Mr. Armstrong, it closes his correspondence.

Saturday.

It disappointed me much not to shake hands with you *en adieux* yesterday: it was, perhaps, the last occasion I shall find in this world, to express my devoted gratitude to you and yours, for all your kindness towards me: may we meet as good friends in the next! Pray remember me, with all humility, to * * *, and while you enact the *chaperon*, with all commendable discretion, do not forget the spirit of indulgence for youthful feeling that pervades the lines in my old album, "Oh! let the young enthusiast stray:" tell her also, for it is the simple, unassuming truth, that wherever I may hereafter sojourn, far away, she will never for an hour be forgotten by me. Adieu! and may you all be happy! God bless you.

Ever sincerely yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

À Madame——,
Rue——.

The following are the stanzas to which Brummell here alludes; they are inserted anonymously in his album :—

Oh, let the young enthusiast stray
Through fancy's rainbow-tinted way;
Let her light footsteps gaily rove
The fairy paths of joy and love;
Let her the world delighted view,
And think the flattering vision true,
Think every heart she e'er has known
As pure, as artless as her own!

Why dim the lustre of her eye?
Why draw the unnecessary sigh?
To her, young life seems full of charms,
She dreams secure in pleasure's arms;
Fancy and hope their gifts dispense,
Angelic guards of innocence;
Awhile life's hateful truths forego,
Nor wake her to a world of woe!

But, when maturer age appears
With cautious step, and crown'd with cares,
When first the long-worn path she tries,
Where sorrow, like a serpent lies,
Lurking beneath some fond delight,
And rears her withering form to light;
When, shuddering at the direful view,
She turns her tearful eye on you :—

When, doubting, with her hopes at strife,
She trembling asks, if such be life?
Then clasp thy daughter to thy breast,
Then soothe thy mourner into rest;
In gentler terms the truth unfold,
Th' unwilling truth, that must be told,
The fated ills life must endure,
And comfort, when you cannot cure!

CHAPTER L.

Melancholy prospects—The state of Brummell's affairs—Letters to Mr. Armstrong—"Le vernis de Guiton"—A revolution—The black cravat—Brummell's description of his position at this period—His new dressing-gown—"Le commencement de la fin"—The memory fails—The dinner at Mrs. G——'s—Brummell's appearance at the *table d'hôte*.

With the departure of this family, the correspondence which had so much contributed to enliven many of Brummell's lonely evenings ceased entirely, for that which he had hitherto kept up with other friends became, by degrees, much less frequent, probably in consequence of his growing infirmities. The remainder of my task is to relate an uninterrupted narrative of misfortunes rapidly succeeding each other, and increasing in severity—an accumulation of distresses, in purse, of body and of mind. The allowance remitted to Mr. Armstrong by his relations and friends, for his maintenance, was one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, and half of this sum was paid to the landlord of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, for board and lodging; only sixty pounds therefore remained, for wine, firing, washing and clothes, besides the incidental expenses of sickness, and various others, which his peculiar habits involved.

This income would certainly have been sufficient for many a single man in France, but it required to be managed with strict economy, and would not provide the multitude of *et ceteras* necessary to the Beau's comfort. On leaving his prison, he immediately fell into his old habits on almost all points; he had, it is true, brought himself down to one complete change of linen daily; but

he could not find in his heart to renounce his primrose gloves, *eau de Cologne*, oil for his wigs, and patent blacking. Various and repeated were the remonstrances that were made to him, but with little effect; bills for those articles were run up without a thought, and it was not till their amount threatened a repetition of the events of the summer of 1835, that he paid any attention to them. The following notes are specimens of his repentance, on such occasions.

November, 1836.

My dear Armstrong,

Mulet, the boot-maker, has this instant been with me, in an insolent manner, and says that as you have refused positively to pay his account, or the principal part of it, for *vernis*, he shall proceed against me for the amount of this debt, without it is settled the present day. Send me the money on *my own account*, and let me instantly settle it. I have, so help me Heaven, not four francs in my possession, and it will utterly destroy me to see a bailiff enter my room, or assault me in the street.

I will enter into any promise with you upon the subject of this d—d polish, that you may demand, if you will instantly enable me to pay this scoundrel.

Most truly yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

This *vernis de Guiton*, which was five francs a bottle, he used to have ordered for him expressly from Paris.

December, 1836.

Dear Armstrong,

Do not any more be out of temper with me. I do not deserve it from you; I have never trespassed upon the rules of economy which you dictated to me, excepting in one instance, and that has been that d—d execrable blacking. I have now relinquished it for ever!

You are of too good a natural disposition to be dis-

pleased with any part of my conduct in this place, during our more intimate acquaintance in this last year. So help me Heaven, I have never trespassed from the economy you dictated to me, and when I have solicited assistance from the utter want of necessaries, the request has never been solicited by my applications but from positive need. Let our good friendship remain between us as it has ever yet done, and you will never have reason to repent it.

You must not be again exasperated with me, when I make solicitations for your most friendly assistance, for you shall not have reason for it; and at this moment, I am not ashamed to tell you candidly, that I have not two *sous* remaining of the twenty francs you had the goodness to send me.

Most sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

The last of these letters relates to his speculations in the lottery, a species of gambling, in which he frequently indulged both at Calais and Caen, and at the former place with considerable success.

Dear Armstrong,

You have hurt me more than I can express by your note to me this morning. I put down this infernal debt to the lottery-office, because I would conceal nothing from you—it amounted to its present amount, from my inability to pay *three* original *mises*, and I desisted from continuing to add to the insane obligation at the close of the last year. I am, believe me, sensibly ashamed of myself for this act of past folly—and if you overlook it, and still promise me your services, both here and in England, I give you my sacred word of honour, I will never again commit such an extravagant and senseless error.

I will endeavour to write, the instant I am restored to calmness, to the Duke of Devonshire, and, with your permission, I will send you the letter for conveyance to England.

It would afflict me to suppose that my immediate unfortunate affairs interfered with your better interests in other quarters;* but do not allow the precipitate anger of the moment, in regard to the past insanity of speculating in the lottery, to damp and destroy your friendly efforts to save me. Write to

Yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

Such were the solemn assurances the Beau gave of future retrenchment; bills for luxuries and superfluities were, however, continually presented to Mr. Armstrong for payment; and he was at length obliged to check this expenditure, by giving out in the town, that no such accounts would be settled by him, but such as he thought reasonable, on being submitted to his supervision. He also obliged the Beau to reduce his washing, which was an expensive item; such cleanliness as a shirt and neckcloth every day being, in his eyes, great extravagance, when to Brummell they were indispensable. Not long after this a great change took place in his personal appearance. A lady told him, in a jocular manner, that his looks would be improved by a black cravat: he went immediately to his purveyor, and, having obtained his permission to purchase one, to the amazement of his friends—he had now no enemies—he appeared the next morning in the Rue St. Jean, in what had all his life been his particular aversion—a black silk handkerchief!

The lady's advice, though carelessly given, was good; for his white neckcloths, at this period, were always

* Brummell here alludes to the Vice Consulship, which Mr. Armstrong obtained through his interest.

soiled, and covered with snuff; and it was perhaps the consciousness of the change in the appearance of his linen, that induced him to fall in with it so easily. His tie, the one, the only one, that he had clung to with affection all his life, was now dissolved; and Brummell may be figuratively said to have expired that day—starch and cambric had become to him matters of history. I am very sorry it is not in my power to give those of his admirers who are curious in chronology the exact date on which this startling incident took place. The decayed and diminished state of his wardrobe, that he had now no prospect of replenishing, was probably an additional reason for such a dereliction of former principles; for, judging by the next and last note that I was able to collect of the unfortunate Beau's, it is very likely that his superfine cambric cravats, those that were possibly the gift of his friend King Allen, had now become mere visions of the past.

Dear Armstrong,

It is, I can assure you, with the greatest reluctance I am compelled to solicit occasional assistance from you; but I told you the truth yesterday, when I represented the abject condition of my linen to you. I have not a single shirt that will hang to my back, nor are my socks and drawers in a better state.

After what you have most kindly done for me, I cannot attribute my almost total want of the means to purchase any necessary, however trifling, to a disinclination on your part to serve me. I would rather be d—d, than ask for anything that was not readily accorded; and therefore I can assure you, that it is with pain I have latterly been obliged to make requests to you. After the experience I have met with in this place, I have a horror of contracting new debts; and yet, during the last two months, I have not possessed five francs for the most indispensable purposes. I am in ignorance as

to those who, through your mediation, have befriended me on the other side of the water, nor do I know precisely the amount of their contributions; therefore I am unable to write to them my thanks for what they have done, or to make them acquainted with my continued destitute situation;—the belly, indeed, is filled, but the hand is empty, and the back and limbs unprovided for.

I have not heard from any one of them, excepting, as you know, from my sister; and I could almost suppose she was laughing at me, when she says she hopes that I "have everything comfortable about me." Surely, my dear Armstrong, I had better immediately write to her, to Alvanley, and to others; they may imagine I am living comparatively in comfort, if not at ease, and the positive reverse is the case; and I see it cannot last long with me.

Yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

Brummell's necessities were partially attended to; but his caterer's taste in habiliments does not appear to have met with his approbation; instead of a shawl dressing-gown, that he had applied for, suitable for winter wear, a cotton one was sent to him, of an ordinary description:—this he had no sooner unfolded, than he rushed angrily to the window, and threw it out; and in its gyrations and flutterings, on its way from the third storey to the pavement, it as seriously alarmed the passengers and horses of the Bayeux diligence, as it had disgusted its owner upstairs. After reading the preceding note, no one can suppose that Brummell was comfortable; certainly not, according to the construction that he would put upon the word;—but his sensitiveness on such subjects was not destined to be of much longer duration.

Though he could, in the winter of 1836, collect his ideas sufficiently to write a letter, or speak with point on

any subject that struck him forcibly, those who knew him intimately observed that his imprisonment had shaken his intellect to an extent hitherto quite unsuspected. In speaking of that unfortunate episode in his life, he would point to his head and say that he had received a blow there from which he should never recover; and it was now evident that his mind was becoming gradually but seriously impaired.

His memory was the first faculty that failed him; and, in the early part of the following year, his good and mediocre stories were told over and over again to the same person: in the words of his own letter to his young *protégée*, he became "drawling from prolixity." This is doubtless one of the usual infirmities of age, but of *old* age; whereas Brummell was at this period only entering his sixtieth year, though he had the appearance of a man of seventy-five. His fits of absence became daily more frequent, and the remarks he would sometimes make, when in this half-conscious state, were truly ludicrous, if the term may be used under such distressing circumstances; but it was almost impossible to suppress an occasional smile. One evening, absorbed in the contemplation of a blazing fire at the house of a friend, and sitting next to two ladies, who were carrying on a desultory conversation near him, he heard the lady of the mansion gently chide her companion for having left her daughter by the sea-side alone, upon which he broke silence by audibly observing to himself, "there is no necessity for being alarmed; she is too plain for anybody to dream of running off with her."

As his mind became weaker, he frequently forgot to whom he was speaking. In an English family, the members of which were extremely hospitable and kind to him, (not only from a humane feeling, but from his having been known to his friend when the latter was in the Guards many years before,) he wandered to a degree that gave rise to a most awkward scene. One day this

gentleman gave a large dinner party, to which Brummell was invited, and his wife, who was proud, and justly so, of her talent in storing her larder with good things, had been indefatigable in her endeavours to make this particular entertainment pass off well. She had superintended and organized the *fête*; she had, like many ladies in France, gone to market herself and chosen her own turkey; and lastly, she had solemnly charged her cook not to put the fish on till the company had arrived.

Every wish of her guests, and every *contretemps* had been anticipated with truly English good nature, and as the dinner was announced she very naturally flattered herself that every one would find everything more than complete; and therefore, when she entered the dining-room, in all the confidence of presumed success, she threw a complacent and approving smile across her well-provided table. Brummell, who led her to the scene of her triumph, sat next to her; but he had scarcely taken his place when he commenced criticising every dish that steamed before him. "What is that?" he enquired, pointing to one near him. "*Filet sauté aux champignons*," replied his opposite neighbour: he tasted it, and immediately sent his plate away, murmuring "how tough!" Another dish he condemned as cold, and a third as execrable; and looking at the bottom of the table remarked, in a loud aside, "What a half-starved turkey!" The host looked indignant, the guests surprised, and, gentle reader, the lady—the lady wept! At length Brummell's peevishness and grumbling subsided, and he ate—ay, he ate voraciously.

The fact was the poor fellow had been all this time under the delusion that he was at the *table d'hôte*, where he never failed to find fault with everything, though, as I have before said, the fare was excellent, and where, *malgre* his complaints, he consumed enormous quantities of food.

His vagaries frequently attracted the attention of every

person at the public table, and brought all eyes upon him. Sometimes he would transfix the portion of *fricandeau* before him with his fork, and elevating the larded morsel in the air, stare wisely at it, shake his head, and exclaim, "Bah!" but in the next minute the condemned slice of calf had disappeared. It may easily be imagined that these exhibitions, though they might for a moment divert the lookers-on, were never pleasing to the landlord, who, according to the French custom, was always present to do the honours.

CHAPTER LI.

Brummell's indifference to his personal appearance—The state of his wardrobe at this period—His whims—Method of gratifying them—The gibes of his acquaintance—Lines written on him by an English schoolboy—A mystery—Brummell's reply to Colonel G***—Increasing infirmities—His singular evening parties—A woman hired to attend him—Replaced by one of the waiters of the hotel.

BRUMMELL also became totally indifferent to his personal appearance; not only were his clothes shabby and out of repair, but he was dirty. His tailor told me that, towards the close of his career, he had sometimes observed him in the street with his coat in holes under the arms, and his trousers torn. "J'avais honte," said Monsieur * * * *, assuming a dignified air, "de voir un homme si célèbre et si distingué, et qui s'était crée une place dans l'histoire, dans un état si malheureux; and though I could not afford to give him clothes, I frequently requested him to send me his things, and mended them for nothing." On such occasions poor Brummell was under the necessity of remaining in bed till his trowsers were sent home to him by the friendly tailor, for he had only one pair. The waiter who usually brushed his clothes, said that he was without a second pair during the last two years and a half that he remained at the hotel, and that he had observed Brummell occupied in mending them at least a year before he became imbecile.

The landlady of the hotel likewise informed me, that his linen was "*en lambeaux*," his boots *percées*. He had, indeed, passed the point at which he had been the personification of a broken-down gentleman; his manners were, it is true, the same as ever, but he who had been

the perfection of neatness and cleanliness, was now the very reverse—he was a complete sloven : in winter, however, his old cloak, which he constantly wore, covered all his rags, and then his appearance was not so wretched.

Though he had long given up his darling *vernis de Guiton*, nothing could induce him to forego *eau de Cologne*, oil for his wig, and *biscuits de Rheims*, for his luncheon ; and as he could not obtain credit for these coveted articles, for Mr. Armstrong declined paying for them, he used occasionally to beg them at the shops where he had formerly dealt. As long as he could get out he went to a confectioner's in front of the hotel every day at two o'clock, to eat two of his favourite biscuits, which were always flavoured with a glass of curaçoa, or maraschino : for some time, they were paid for with a bow, but this polite remuneration did not long satisfy Monsieur Magdelaine, and Brummell, to satisfy his penchant, now a passion, was obliged to sell or pawn the few valuables he had left.

For this purpose, and also to procure perfumery, he disposed of a handsome gold repeater to an Englishman of the name of Pitt, a tulle manufacturer of the town ; it had originally cost eighty guineas, and was now sold for a very small sum : who negotiated the sale, or how he became acquainted with Mr. Pitt, no one appears to have known : he was not likely to have come personally in contact with him.

Some porcelain vases, another watch, seals, and a chain, and other articles of jewellery, were parted with in like manner, and even his last silver snuff-box was pledged to Monsieur Magdelaine, to indulge his puerile passion for *biscuits de Rheims*. The box was redeemed after his death by Mr. Armstrong, and is, I believe, still in his possession. It was singular, that he never would dispose of these articles of *bijouterie* to his equals—friends that he was daily in the habit of seeing. A gen-

tleman once offered him a handsome sum for his ormolu greyhound, but he refused it, saying, "if you are interested about it, pray accept it; but I don't *sell* it." A few years before, he was not so scrupulous, and at a still later period he did not object to receive, nay to beg for money from his friends: one young Frenchman, of my intimate acquaintance, assisted him with many a five-franc piece. The decay of his intellect when it really began to fail, was rapid, and at the close of 1837, the period to which the foregoing remarks particularly apply, poor Brummell had quite ceased to be a wit—he was only half-witted. Many of those who had previously sought his society with eagerness, now studiously avoided him; for he was, in the idiom of our language, a great bore, and the sarcasm that he once unmercifully dealt to others, was now levelled at himself—in utter disregard of his mental helplessness. A *ci-devant* French associate, who was sitting next to him at a Philharmonic concert this winter, alluding to the perpetual movement of his lower jaw, which had become habitual since the loss of his teeth, addressed him thus, "Mon cher Brummell, s'il faut absolument que vous mâchiez, du moins mâchez en mesure." At the *soirées* which he occasionally attended, previously to his disappearing from society entirely, some of his acquaintance would ask him in a satirical tone, "how he got invited?" and he was doomed to see himself the sport of an English schoolboy's pencil, whose caricature of him was lithographed, and distributed about the town; the same youth also wrote the following doggerel verses, which were circulated with it.

"Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold;
My pins are weak, and I am growing old;
Around my shoulders this worn cloak I spread,
With an umbrella to protect the head,
Which once had wit enough to astound the world,
But now, possesses nought but wig well-curl'd.
Alas! alas! while wind and rain do beat,
That great Beau Brummell thus should walk the street!"

These gibes were all so many nails in his coffin, for he had still the consciousness to feel, though not the power to reply to them; and latterly, as he crept, in the evenings, with tottering and feeble steps, along the side of the street, supporting himself by the wall, on his way to the house of Mr. B——n, the very children mocked and jeered him, so odd and deplorably forlorn was his appearance. This gentleman's door was open to him to the last, as it had been ever since Brummell arrived in Caen, and his absence, of an evening, though dirty, and anything but entertaining, would have made a blank in their domestic circle. "How can you admit such a driveller?" said an ill-conditioned cur to the kind-hearted lady of this hospitable mansion. "He is never in our way, sir," she replied, "and though it is true he is no longer the amusing character he used to be, I like to see him take his seat before my fire." On these occasions poor Brummell slept soundly, and he was never disturbed till the refreshing gunpowder was poured out.

An event occurred during this winter which proved that there was still, in some distant quarter, one, who either took an interest in his condition, or had an unaccountable curiosity to see the ruin before it fell. This was a lady, who arrived one cold and gloomy morning, without equipage, servant, or luggage, at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. The stranger was of a certain age, and plainly dressed, but her air and manners indicated that she had moved in the highest circles. Seeing this elegant apparition pass the window of his *bureau*, the watchful landlord went out into the yard to her rencontre, when she requested that he would show her to a private room. He did so, and was about to retire; but she desired him to remain, and requested to know if Mr. Brummell was still living in his hotel? "I am most anxious to see him, sir," said the lady; "can you put me in the way of doing so, without the chance of his seeing me?" "Nothing can be more easy, madam," replied

the landlord, somewhat surprised at such a demand: "at five o'clock Mr. Brummell invariably descends from his room to the *table d'hôte;* his apartment is on this very staircase, and he must pass yours; I will, therefore, with your permission, rejoin you at that hour, and, when I hear him coming down, I will go out and meet him; if you then station yourself at your own door, you will see him distinctly, for he always has a light in his hand." True to his appointment, Monsieur Fichet met Brummell, and held him in conversation for a few minutes, on the stairs, in a convenient position for being scrutinized; on returning to the incognita's room, he found her in tears and much affected, and it was some time before she could thank him for his civility—this over, she paid her reckoning, and left the same evening for Paris, by the *diligence!*

Who was this mysterious being? Perhaps one of the *passée* leaders of fashion, some inexorable *ci-devant* Lady Patroness of Almack's, who had imposed upon herself a pilgrimage, not indeed to the shrine, but to the remnant, of that finished character who had contributed so much to the *éclat* of these exclusive *réunions.* Perhaps it was Lady J——y, or Madame de Bagration, or perhaps a "chatte metamorphosée en femme;" one was as likely as the other, for the affair is involved in mystery. Two or three months after this occurrence, the shabbiness of his dress, and the otherwise neglected state of his person, daily grew worse: it was perhaps this that made him cease to pass his evenings at houses where, from humane feelings, he would still have been made welcome.

They were now spent at some obscure *café,* near the Place Royale, where his yet taking manners enabled him to obtain, on credit, what had always been a great luxury to him, a cup of coffee—that is, a second cup: this he could not get at the Hotel, one being the allowance that was contracted for in the agreement for his board. Sometimes the old women who kept this *café* would re-

quest him to pay his account, when Brummell, looking out of the window, and at the sky, used the reply, "Oui, madame, à la pleine lune, à la pleine lune;" and this, with one of his distinguished bows, (for the machinery was the same, though the mind was gone,) always satisfied her:—her bill, which was paid at his death, amounted to sixty francs.

A few months after this, his memory was so defective, that he did not recollect what he had been saying for two minutes together. His friend, Colonel G * * * *, who called one morning to see how he was going on, told him that Mrs. G * * * * always made particular inquiries after him: Brummell appeared pleased at the compliment; but, in a few seconds, he became totally unconscious who was speaking to him, and remarked, in a confidential tone, "Ah! Mrs. G * * * * inquires after me, does she? I saw her yesterday, and do you know, between ourselves, she very often pays me a visit; but pray don't tell the Colonel—he is such a jealous fellow."

It would be painful as well as tedious to detail all the different stages of mental decay through which this unfortunate man passed, before he became hopelessly imbecile. One of the most singular eccentricities that he exhibited was the following:—On certain nights some strange fancy would seize him, that it was necessary he should give a party, and he accordingly invited many of the distinguished persons with whom he had been intimate in former days, though some of them were already numbered with the dead.

On these gala evenings, he desired his attendant to arrange his apartment, set out a whist-table, and light the *bougies*, (he burnt only tallow at the time,) and at eight o'clock this man, to whom he had already given his instructions, opened wide the door of his sitting-room, and announced the "Duchess of Devonshire." At the sound of her Grace's well-remembered name, the Beau, instantly rising from his chair, would advance towards

the door, and greet the cold air from the staircase, as if it had been the beautiful Georgiana herself. If the dust of that fair creature could have stood reanimate in all her loveliness before him, she would not have thought his bow less graceful than it had been thirty-five years before; for, despite poor Brummell's mean habiliments and uncleanly person, the supposed visitor was received with all his former courtly ease of manner, and the earnestness that the pleasure of such an honour might be supposed to excite. "Ah! my dear Duchess," faltered the Beau, "how rejoiced I am to see you; so very amiable of you at this short notice! Pray bury yourself in this arm-chair; do you know it was a gift to me from the Duchess of York, who was a very kind friend of mine; but, poor thing, you know, she is now no more." Here the eyes of the old man would fill with the tears of idiotcy, and, sinking into the fauteuil himself, he would sit for some time looking vacantly at the fire, until Lord Alvanley, Worcester, or any other old friend he chose to name, was announced, when he again rose to receive them, and went through a similiar pantomime. At ten, his attendant announced the carriages,—and this farce was at an end.

At length Brummell became so infirm and childish, that he could not safely be trusted alone. One evening, in crossing the street to his perfumer's, he fell down, and seriously hurt himself; and when he was brought into the hotel, bleeding and covered with mud, the waiter discovered that his left boot was only half drawn on. On another occasion, a great crash of glass was heard in the street, and, on some one going to his room, to ascertain the cause, it was found that he had fallen with the back of his head against the window; fortunately, however, without doing himself any injury. These circumstances made it absolutely necessary that some one should be constantly with him; and an old woman was engaged for the purpose; but a *nurse* she could not be

called, for she conduced little or nothing to his comfort; and his person and apartment remained nearly as neglected as ever.

Brummell, who disliked at all times the attendance of strangers, abominated this old woman, and though he generally treated her with politeness, he would sometimes revenge himself upon her for what he considered impertinent interference. Amongst other caprices, he would occasionally refuse to go to bed, and in the contentions that then ensued between them, the neighbours on the opposite side of the street could distinctly hear him scream, "Ah! est ce que vous êtes ma maîtresse?"—the discussion ending in her being obliged to call the waiter's brother to her assistance.

This man had been in the army, and was a much more proper person to have the care of him; for, when he attempted to resist the corporal's authority, he always expostulated with him firmly, but kindly; and in general prevailed upon him to submit quietly: sometimes, however, he failed to persuade him; and when Brummell angrily inquired whether *he* was to be his master, he replied, "Oui, je suis votre maître, et couchez vous de suite." This order, given in a loud tone, was sufficient; and taking him gently by the arm, to which coercion the poor fellow made no remonstrance, he conducted him to his bed. It is much to be regretted that the young soldier could not be spared from his duties, as assistant waiter of the hotel, to accompany Brummell in a daily walk, if only in the garden attached to the house; for uninterrupted confinement to his apartments seriously impaired his general health, and gave the last and most decisive blow to his intellect. François, who had been for upwards of eighteen months in partial attendance on him, assured me, that he saw a great alteration, both in his mind and body, only a week after Brummell had been deprived of his liberty.

CHAPTER LII.

Brummell's mind becomes quite impaired—Proofs of this—Destruction of his books—In want of a sufficient quantity of fuel—Reply to his visitors—His immense appetite—His personal appearance—Lord Stuart de R——y visits him in passing through the town—Distressing state in which he found Brummell—Stop the pointer—Letter of Mr. Armstrong's to Mr. * * *—Preparations for placing Brummell in the Bon Sauveur.

In the summer of 1838 Brummell's imbecility was complete, and he every day gave fresh proofs of this in his amusements, or rather his occupations. One in which he took particular pleasure was to dress his own wig; and the quantity of oil that he poured over it was so great, that when he put it on, generally the wrong side in front, it dropped from his head on to his dressing-gown in streams. At other times he would walk about the room bald, and accuse the hair-dresser of stealing his perruque, for he had only one; but on a search being made in his bed-room it was generally discovered carefully hidden away between the mattresses, or some other very out-of-the-way place.

When reduced to this state, he destroyed piecemeal valuable editions of Shakespeare and Sheridan's works, and many of the *piquant* letters that he had received from former friends, some of them being from royal personages. Billets also, breathing tender effusions from the seductive pen of Lady * * *, and the fashionable Mrs. * * *, were brought from the recesses in which they had for years lain concealed, and in some of them were enclosed and recorded the silken tresses and delicate distresses of these comets in petticoats. These relics, which had hitherto been hidden with jealous care

and becoming reverence from any other eyes than his own, were now rudely disturbed from their long repose, and to receive—what? the tribute of a sigh or tear? Alas! no: the scrapings of a beard three days old. The reader will regret, as the author has done, that notes of Madame de Stael, Charles the Tenth, when Comte d'Artois, and those of many other celebrated characters, were subjected to this desecration, and thus entirely lost. *Eheu! quam mutatus* must poor Brummell have been, when he substituted a manuscript of the authoress of Corinne for his shaving book!

His chief delight at this time was to sit opposite a blazing fire, of which comfort he seems to have been sometimes in want. It has been already remarked that he was always a chilly mortal, and at Calais, as well as in prison, liked to have a fire in his room, even in the height of summer; therefore, now that he was old and an invalid, it may easily be imagined he required *bon feu* in the winter. The allowance of wood that he at one time received was a *cotret* a day, certainly not sufficient to keep up a good fire; and he very naturally, in his imbecile state, would, if he could lay hands upon it, put it all on at once, and burn it away in a few hours, leaving himself unprovided for the rest of the day. The report of his being without fuel having come to the knowledge of the English residents, two of them went to the hotel to see if such was the fact: they found that he had a good fire, but could draw no remark nor explanation from him on the subject, and the only observation he made during the interview referred to his attendant, who was making lace in a corner of the room,—"What a cursed old woman that is!"

His other gratification was to eat, which, as his appetite was unnatural, he did enormously. He was known to have partaken of fifteen dishes one after the other. But the quality of his diet was quite immaterial. He ate meat as if it had been bread, apparently unconscious

of there being any difference between them; neither could he distinguish beer from champagne. He who had, a year or two before, almost quarrelled for wings of chickens, and sent his plate indignantly away because it was tomato instead of some other sauce, would now gloat over a beef-steak floating in bad butter and chopped onions, or swallow the coarse fat of a pig, (and, be it remembered, a French pig,) with as much gusto as in former days he had discussed a *pâté de foie gras*, or snuffed the fragrance of the truffles which sent up their odours at Lord Sefton's table. The fillet of veal and Brussels sprouts, which he once drolly described in his youth as "a hamper of greens and half a calf," would now have had more charms for him than one of the culinary successes of his noble friend's five hundred guinea *chef*, to perfect the flavour of which thirty hams, and thirty days and nights had been sacrificed—for it was a *pièce de résistance.* His meals were now served to him in his own room, as the immense quantities of food he devoured at the *table d'hôte* brought on fits of indigestion that threatened severe illness, and his medical man at length gave orders that only a certain quantity of food should be given to him.

But though Brummell's manner of eating was sufficiently unpleasant to those who sat near him, and the quantities he eat injurious to himself, the principal reason for his being removed from the public table was the deplorable state of his person; so disagreeable had been his presence for some months previously to this measure being adopted, that he had been placed in a corner of the room as far away from the other guests as possible.

While he was in this state, another mysterious visitor arrived at the Hôtel d'Angleterre; in this case, the stranger was a gentleman, and his motive in coming more of humanity than curiosity. He also requested, as the lady had done, to see him, if it was possible to do so without being seen, and, as there was now no chance of

his recognizing anybody, the landlord asked the *inconnu*, to follow him upstairs to the Beau's room. On reaching the landing outside the door, the stranger, however, paused, not liking, perhaps, to trust entirely to the landlord's opinion of Brummell's powers of recognition. Monsieur Fichet, therefore, entered alone, leaving the door open, and said, "Bon jour, Monsieur Brummell; et la santé, ça va bien?" "Très bien, je vous remercie," responded his lodger, as he continued dusting the mantelpiece and two or three shells that were upon it. "Avez vous entendu les nouvelles?" said the landlord. "Non." "George Quatre est mort." "Ah! est-il vrais?" This was his only remark, and, as he took no farther notice of him, Monsieur Fichet joined the stranger, who had in the meantime been a careful observer of the interview, and said, "Well, Sir, I touched upon the point I thought most likely to rouse him, and you see that he has quite forgotten the past; his head is completely gone." "He is indeed, sadly altered," replied the Englishman. "I can scarcely believe, that I have seen George Brummell."

The conversation, as they descended to the yard, still referred to his wretched condition and the state of his affairs, and when it drew to a close the gentleman said, "Sir, I am much obliged to you. I was once very intimate with Mr. Brummell; should he require anything necessary to his comfort that the allowance he receives cannot purchase, I shall be happy to pay for it." "But who am I to write to?" said the landlord. The stranger hesitated for a moment, and then said, "A letter to Lord S * * * will always find me by the post," and before he left the town, he had an interview with Mr. Armstrong upon the subject, when he expressed extreme surprise at the comfortless and neglected condition in which he found his old friend.

Distressing, indeed, are the details of Brummell's last days. Six months before he left the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and within eighteen of his death, his intestines became

paralysed, every organ of his body being more or less affected, and the functions of it were not under the slightest control. When he was asked, how he could be guilty of acts too painful to record, he either fathered them on Stop, a pointer of the landlord's, or an Englishman who had the rooms below, and who never came near him; neither did any one else excepting from dire necessity, unless, indeed, it was the English clergyman, or Mr. Armstrong's servant. His old associates had long ceased to call in upon him; their sensibilities or their pleasures having outweighed the dictates of humanity, and he was left entirely in the hands of menials, who had no supervision to dread. There was nothing to stimulate them to take proper care of him, and he was at last utterly neglected; he existed, but every one had forgotten it, even in Caen.

To poor Stop he had always been extremely partial; the grateful animal invariably sat between his feet at the *table d'hôte*, and was never known to change his position to any other part of the room: if Brummell happened to be absent at the dinner hour, his canine friend would place himself opposite to his empty chair, his head peering beneath the table-cloth, and his earnest gaze directed towards the door. No one could allure him from his post, no fragments would he accept from any hand but that of his now imbecile benefactor; he was the only creature that continued to keep up any social intercourse with him, and his *instinct*, at this melancholy period of my narrative, may be said to have been superior to the *intellect* of his adopted master—for he was cleanly.

The man who had once been such an extraordinary example of personal neatness and the "*arbiter elegantiarum*" of fashionable life, and, who had, only three years before, hoped and begged, that he might not die "from filthiness," was now approaching his end in that very condition; was an object, so loathsome and offensive, that admission into an hospital was the most desirable

thing that could happen to him. If anything is wanting to complete this sketch of the wretched state that Brummell was at last reduced to, the following letter, written from Caen at this period, will afford the most painful illustration.

Caen, November 28th, 1838.

My dear Sir,

I have deferred writing for some time, hoping to be able to inform you that I had succeeded in getting Mr. Brummell into one of the public institutions, but I am sorry to say that I have failed; I have also tried to get him into a private house; but no one will undertake the charge of him in his present state: in fact, it would be totally impossible for me to describe the dreadful situation he is in. For the last two months I have been obliged to pay a person to be with him night and day, and still we cannot keep him *clean;* he now lies upon a straw mattress, which is changed every day. They will not keep him at the hotel, and what to do I know not: I should think that some of his old friends in England would be able to get him into some hospital, where he could be taken care of for the rest of his days. I beg and entreat of you to get something done for him, for it is quite out of the question that he can remain where he is. The clergyman and physician here can bear testimony to the melancholy state of idiotcy he is in.

Yours faithfully,

C. Armstrong.

To——, Esq.,——street,
London.

Poor Brummell was, and had been for the last year and a half, a fit subject indeed for a hospital, for nothing more piteous than his condition of mind and body, during the last year of his residence at the hotel, can be conceived, not only in comparative contrast to his former fortunes, but in positive want of the necessaries of life. Though the report of his not having a fire at all, which occasioned the visit of enquiry I have mentioned, was

certainly an exaggeration, it is nevertheless equally certain that he had not fuel enough; for, to my own knowledge, a French lady, resident in the hotel, often sent wood to his room. It has been already stated that the landlord of the hotel received fifteen hundred francs for his board and lodging; it will, therefore, be for the reader to judge, whether the remaining fifteen hundred of his allowance could, or could not, provide a proper quantity of firing, and supply his other necessities and crazy whims; or, whether it was ill-managed. For several months before he left the hotel, these whims could have cost nothing, as he was never allowed to move out of his room; he could not, therefore, run up bills for *marrons glacés*, *biscuits de Rheims*, or *eau-de-Cologne*.

Half-a-year more, however, from the date of this letter dragged on, and he still remained in this grievous condition; his complication of diseases increasing, and insufficiently provided with everything but food. Though there was a person to look after him, the duties of such a situation were so lamentably ill fulfilled, that it may be truly said, he was destitute of that careful personal attendance, the scrupulous niceties of which are so indispensably requisite to an aged invalid, especially one afflicted in such a peculiarly distressing manner.

To confirm this assertion I will merely say, that his attendant informed me, that his linen was changed only once a month. Most fortunate, therefore, was it for him, when the arrangements for his admission into the Bon Sauveur were completed, and that the last year of his existence was passed within the walls of that asylum. This institution is one of such magnitude and utility, so comprehensive in its various objects, and so perfectly well conducted, that, before speaking of Brummell's residence there, I shall give a short description of it; thinking it may possibly be read with interest by those who take part in the management or support of similar establishments in our own country.

CHAPTER LIII.

Public charities in France—Origin of the establishment of the Bon Sauveur—Annihilated by the revolution—Restored, and grants made by the province to enlarge it—The Sœurs de Charité—Treatment pursued in this asylum—Funds for its support—The "Tour aux Fous"—The result of mild measures—Number of patients and attendants—The Abbé Jamet.

The public charities in France are generally maintained by the Government; it must not, however, be supposed that there are no voluntary ones: under the influence of the religious orders, many have been brought into existence, and that of the Bon Sauveur may challenge comparison with any benevolent institution, public or private, in England. It consists of a sisterhood, not cloistered, and was founded in 1730 by Anne le Roy, a shopkeeper's daughter of the town of Caen. In common, however, with all other convents in France, useful or otherwise, it was suppressed in 1792, and the Nuns, with sixteen insane female patients, were driven with violence from the home in which they exercised their charitable avocations. In the month of October, 1804, the troubled times of the Revolution having passed away, they purchased the house of the Capucins, and, in the May of the following year, the Sisters of Charity again met within its walls. But it was not till 1818, that the Bon Sauveur became fully developed, when Monsieur de Montlivault, the Préfet, advised, and succeeded in inducing, the Conseil Général of the Department to lend the nuns the sum of ninety thousand francs: the establishment was then enlarged for the reception of the insane,

of both sexes, who had hitherto been confined in the central house at Beaulieu, and also to admit the deaf and dumb.

Thus assisted, the nuns and their director, the Abbé Jamet, proceeded to form the present asylum, which is situated in the suburb near the Bayeux-road, and, with building, gardens, and orchards, occupies a space of not less than fifteen acres; the cider, bread, and clothing, with many other articles used by the inmates, are all made on the premises. Within the walls are several distinct edifices, the largest of which is occupied by the insane patients. These unfortunate beings are classed, agreeably to the character of their malady, each class being subdivided, according to the sum each of them pays to the establishment. A few have houses entirely to themselves, with a garden to walk in or cultivate; others rent a suite of rooms, many only one. They are all simply, but nicely furnished, and so constructed that each individual may be as retired as he pleases. The various duties of this institution are performed by seventy-five Sœurs de Charité, and fifty novices, with a very large establishment of servants; the former, or servants whom they overlook, according to the sex of the sufferer, never quit the patient; the number of attendants on each being regulated by the state of his mind or health.

Valuable, indeed, must be the services of women, who have no interest but that of acting up to those precepts which their religion approves and directs; and who, however highly born, gently nurtured, or brilliantly educated, feel no repugnance in undertaking the most menial and disgusting offices;—truly may it be said, that they illustrate their denomination, and comply to the very letter with the injunctions which the great Author of our faith, to whom their lives are dedicated, laid upon all his followers. What man,—could he be aware that this most dreadful calamity of our human nature, insanity, was to be his lot, or that, like the unfortunate

Brummell, with the gleams of consciousness still remaining, he should be doomed to close, in a second childhood, and in a foreign land, twenty-five years of expatriation, —who would not be thankful to think that he might be permitted to enjoy the blessings of this refuge, and the soothing care of its benevolent supporters? Where is the invalid who has not felt the comfort and happiness of having his feverish lips moistened; and the pillow on which he has tossed many long and weary nights without finding repose, smoothed by the hand of a wife, a mother, or a sister, who will for a moment hesitate to say, that these objects of our commiseration are made more happy, by the presence of the untiring and unselfish Sœur de Charité? And how should it be otherwise? Men cannot feel like self-devoted women; the details of a sick room are *ennuyeux* to them; they tread heavily; the confinement becomes irksome; they sleep when they should watch; and the freshness and tenderness of feeling they possessed when they entered the mad-house become blunted, by having so much misery constantly before their eyes.

The treatment pursued in this asylum is similar to that practised in every well-regulated one in England. All violent measures are completely laid aside, and those patients who are in a tranquil state are allowed to frequent the reading, billiard, and music rooms; while those who are not rich, and therefore have not the *entrée* to these amusements, work in the gardens, follow their own trades, promenade the courts, which are planted with trees, or play at those games to which, in their rank of life, they have been accustomed. There are, also, carriages for those to whom that exercise is considered necessary, and every kind of bath. The patients who are supported by their friends, dress as they please; those maintained by the charity are clad uniformly; the food, however, is the same for all; there is abundance without profusion, and no alteration is made, either in

quality or quantity, without an order from the medical man.

The proportion of single persons admitted into the Bon Sauveur as insane, is different in the two sexes. In 1840, there were one hundred and forty-seven men, one hundred and seventeen being single, and thirty married; and of one hundred and eighty-two women, one hundred and four were single, and seventy-eight married: the proportion of bachelors to married men is as four to one; and the single to the married women, not quite two and a half to one. From the statistics of this institution, it may, therefore, be fairly inferred that marriage acts more beneficially upon men than women; and the Abbé Jamet argues from it, that the difference may be accounted for, by there being less to change in the habits of a woman than in those of a man; her education, and other strong links, binding her to a life of virtue, which she only continues, not commences, in the married state, and which often brings with it, to her, violent causes of excitement and anxiety. Mrs. Opie's pathetic tale of the Father and Daughter, if founded on fact, is but an exception to the rule, that grief affects the mind of woman more than that of man.

The abbé further remarks upon the same point, "that the difference that exists between the proportion of the insane in the two classes, married and single, which is in this instance so strikingly displayed, arises from several causes. First, some are born idiots, others are of families subject to hereditary madness: secondly, some, while young men, enter upon a dissipated course of life, which impoverishes the mental faculties: and lastly, a great number, in consequence of the conscription, marry late; or dans tous ces cas, la folie ne vient pas du célibat, mais le célibat vient de la folie." This conclusion must have been very satisfactory to the amiable ecclesiastic, and no doubt contributed to strengthen his opinions in favour of clerical celibacy.

The care of the insane, and the instruction of the deaf and dumb, are only two of the charitable uses to which this establishment is devoted. There is also a hospital for the sick and accidents, a girls' school for boarders, and a day school for the poor children in the neighbourhood. The sisters likewise visit the sick in the town, employ themselves as nurses in the most dangerous epidemics, distribute soup, wood, &c. to the indigent and aged in the adjacent parishes, and medicine from their dispensary.

The expenses of this noble asylum, and a gratuitous reception of a large number of patients, are defrayed by the private fortunes of those sisters who devote themselves and their worldly goods to this purpose, and also the sums paid by rich invalids for their admission: voluntary contributions have likewise much increased the funds.

Before the foundation of the Bon Sauveur, there being no establishment appropriated to the reception of the insane persons of the province, they were left to their fate, which of course varied according to their station in society and their means. The rich, and those who belonged to the middling classes, were taken care of by their friends; but the poor either roved about the country, the wretched objects of derision, or were thrown into a disgusting ill-regulated jail at Caen, and there abandoned. In 1783 might still be seen there the "Tour aux Foux," and to its damp vaults these unfortunate creatures were consigned, principally naked, and having nothing but a little straw for a bed. They were attached to the walls of the cells by heavy chains. Those who were in the upper story of the tower occasionally let down a canvas bag, into which the passers by dropped fruit and pieces of bread; and the few who recollect the circumstance say, that it was horrible to witness the avidity with which those on the ground-floor devoured the eatables that were thrown to them. When

the tower was pulled down, to make way for the erection of the present Palais de Justice, these poor lunatics were taken to the jail at Beaulieu, and it was not till the year 1820 that they were, to the number of forty, happily transferred to the Bon Sauveur.

On that occasion the superiority of mild measures over senseless and cruel violence was singularly and affectingly exemplified. Amongst these forty objects of pity was a woman of immense athletic powers, who had always been confined in a room with iron bars to the windows, and to change her straw it required six men to hold her down; for she had been exasperated until she became, poor creature, as savage as a beast of the forest. It was therefore thought impossible that she could be managed by the nuns, and she was brought to the Bon Sauveur chained hand and foot; but directly the cart arrived in the yard the Superior stepped into it, and exclaimed, as if unprepared for such a sight, "What, a woman in chains! take them off; there are no slaves here; she will in future be as free as I am." From this moment she was docility itself, and the voice of the nuns, or any one in a religious dress, had complete ascendancy over her. The delight of her companions in misfortune at the sudden change in their position was extreme, and the Superior and the chaplain never entered their rooms without receiving the strongest demonstrations of their affection and respect. In 1841 there were within the precincts of the Bon Sauveur one hundred and seventy-two nuns and novices, five hundred and forty-seven insane patients, and one hundred and sixty-two children, of which one hundred and thirty were deaf and dumb: besides these there were domestic servants, gardeners, stablemen, &c., amounting in the whole to upwards of eleven hundred persons. The number of the insane patients has considerably augmented since that period.

Within the walls of this community, charity—that

great moral virtue of the heart, which depends neither on creed nor colour for its existence, and which the Christian, the Mahometan, or the Gheber, the worshipper of the Great Spirit of the prairies, or the worshipper of Brahma, may all agree in reverencing—is exercised in all its purity and force. And whether this virtue be practised by Sir Jemsetjee Jeejeebhoy or an English peer, a French priest or a Russian Mujik, is immaterial, the evidences of it in either, elicit our respect and admiration, soften our estimate of character, and, while clinging stedfastly to our own opinions, dispose us to judge leniently of the creeds and intentions of others.

It was in the year 1790 that the Abbé Jamet, the present venerable head of this institution, became chaplain to the community; but the intellect which has, for fifty-three years, contributed to alleviate the mental sufferings of the insane, and cultivate the limited faculties of the deaf and dumb, is now itself decayed. Happy was it for his countrymen that his mind was spared in all its energy so long. He is now in his eighty-seventh year.

CHAPTER LIV.

Brummell is placed in the Bon Sauveur—His disinclination to leave the hotel—Distressing scene on the staircase—A last ray of reason—The ruling passion—Brummell arrives at the Bon Sauveur—Delighted at his reception—His compliment to the nuns—Occupies Bourrienne's rooms—Letter of the English clergyman—Melancholy picture of Brummell's last moments—His death.

INTO this haven of comfort poor Brummell drifted at last, and it was a sad pity for him that the current of his misfortunes did not set that way long before; or, that more strenuous exertions were not made to procure him such a desirable retreat, as soon as it became evident that he was, mentally and physically, unable to take care of himself. When the day arrived for his departure, some fears were entertained that he would object to leave his rooms at the hotel, and every precaution was taken to induce him to go quietly. His landlord, a day or two before, invited him to take a drive on the Cours, to which he consented, and a day and hour were named. At the appointed time, therefore, Monsieur Fichet, accompanied by Mr. Armstrong and his servant, went to his apartment, having previously had the carriage drawn up close to the door of the staircase, which was immediately under the *porte cochère.*

On entering his room, they found poor Brummell in his dressing-gown, seated in his easy chair, the Duchess's chair, near the fire-place, but without his wig; this he had placed on one knee, which he had raised, by setting his foot on the rail of a chair that stood in front of him. An old pewter shaving-box stood on the table close to him, and into this he kept dipping his brush, and working up a lather, which he transferred to his peruke. So

intent was he on what he was doing, that he never observed the entrance of the party, but continued painting away; his great object apparently being to make every hair of the wig lie flat. "Bon jour, Monsieur Brummell," said the landlord, desirous of withdrawing his attention from his occupation; contrary, however, to his usual habit, which even now was courteous in the extreme, he replied, without turning his head, or ceasing to ply his brush, "Laissez-moi tranquille." "But I have ordered a carriage for you to take a drive with me," continued the landlord; "you promised me that you would go, and the carriage is now at the door." Brummell, however, would not go, and excused himself by saying that he was not well, and would go another day. They then praised the weather, and a garden that he was to see: it was the merry month of May, but he knew it not. Expostulation, however, and every proposition that was likely to tempt him to move, failed, —he went on lathering and painting, evidently determined not to budge.

At length, finding all attempts at persuasion unsuccessful, Monsieur Fichet approached him, and snatching the wig from his knee, threw it on the table. This so irritated the poor fellow, that he ordered them to leave the room instantly, and threatened, if they did not, to turn them out: they had, therefore, no alternative left but to use force, and, taking him in their arms, for he would not walk, they carried him down the stairs. This rough usage turned his thoughts into another channel; he imagined they were taking him to jail, and the scene on the staircase was most distressing. It was in vain that they tried to pacify him, by assuring him that he was going to a much better and handsomer residence: he kicked and fought as violently as his swollen legs and reduced strength would permit; screaming and shouting at the very top of his voice,—"You are taking me to prison—loose me, scoundrels! I owe nothing:"

and then a shriek followed, that was heard at the end of the court; but his resistance was, of course, futile, and this, happily, he appeared to be aware of, directly he was put into the carriage, for he suddenly became perfectly tranquil.

On their way across the Place Royale, they met Monsieur de St. M——, with whom he had been intimate, though he had not seen him for two years; Brummell, however, to the utter astonishment of those who were with him, recognised him instantly, and, with the feeble ray of reason that flickered over the wreck of intellect, he showed, and for the last time, that the ruling passion even then predominated; for he immediately drew away from the window, and said, "That is Monsieur de St. M——;" and, looking at his tattered dressing-gown, added, "I did not bow to him, for I am not fit to be seen in such a *déshabille* as this." When they arrived at the gates of the Bon Sauveur, and the unfortunate Brummell heard the bolts withdrawn, he again thought that he was going to be incarcerated, and wept bitterly, muttering between his teeth, "A prison—a prison." His tears, indeed, fell fast, and did not cease until the carriage drew up in the court yard, and descending, he found himself surrounded by the nuns, whose kind and gentle manners soon dispelled his grief and fears. When the Superior came up, and took him by the hand, Brummell was quite delighted, and immediately after allowed one of the sisters, a young woman, to lead him into the house.

Though in a religious habit, he at first imagined she was the wife of Auguste, Mr. Armstrong's servant; and, turning to him, for he was supporting him on the other side, he said, "n'est-ce pas madame?" Auguste was rather abashed at this remark, but the nun smiled, while Brummell, totally unconscious of its absurdity, slily added, "Ah vous êtes marié! eh bien, je vous félicite; car . . ." and he turned towards the nun as he spoke, "vous êtes

bien une jolie femme." Thus accompanied he was taken to his apartments, where every comfort was awaiting him, and a blazing fire with an arm-chair in front of it; of this, he immediately took possession, expressing himself greatly delighted with his new quarters.

They had formerly been occupied by the celebrated Bourrienne, who had, like Brummell, seen the *bon* and *mauvais côté* of life, and, like him, terminated his vicissitudes in the refuge of the Bon Sauveur. When Bourrienne arrived there, he occasionally had "accès de fureur," but he eventually fell into a state of childishness, and was always writing, nobody could make out what, frequently without forming any distinct letter, and scribbling all kinds of marks. He died on the 7th February, 1834, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and without having recovered his intelligence.

The house in which Brummell lived, was quite detached from the principal building of the establishment, and did not look in the least as if it was intended for the reception of lunatics; the windows were without bars, and the garden in which it stood was filled with a profusion of roses and other flowers; the walks were nicely gravelled and edged with box, and so long as his strength and the weather permitted, he was wheeled up and down them in an easy chair by the servant, who was in constant attendance upon him *only*. In this oasis, poor Brummell, surrounded by comforts that he had long been a stranger to, passed the remainder of his days, not however destined to be numerous, but which, thanks to the humane conduct of the inmates of the institution, were spent in perfect tranquillity. The few friends who charitably paid him an occasional visit, always found him sitting before a blazing fire, and his man-servant, or one of the sœurs, for he was never left alone, sitting in the room to anticipate his every want. When asked by an old acquaintance, whom he did not however recognise, whether he was comfortable? Brummell replied, "Oh yes," and, turn-

ing to the nun who was standing by his chair, and taking her hand, he said, "this excellent nurse of mine is so kind to me that she refuses me nothing; I have all I wish to eat, and such a large fire; I never was so comfortable in all my life." The nuns observed, that he was the most docile patient that had ever entered the Bon Sauveur, and that nothing could exceed his politeness and gratitude for the attentions he received: expressions of this kind were always poured forth when they complied with any particular request: "Ah, madame, vous êtes trop bonne pour moi, je suis très reconnaissant." He scarcely ever thoroughly recognised his visitors; but, when his old landlord called, he knew him immediately, and said, "Bon jour, Fichet: table d'hôte toujours à cinq heures?" "Oui, monsieur," he replied. "Très bien," said Brummell, "très bien; je descendrai." To the last he retained a confused recollection of those persons whose countenances had been the most familiar to him, and they would occasionally bring to mind the remembrance of those friends from whom he had, during his residence at Caen, received obligations and kindness. In this state of second childhood he remained till the spring of the following year, apparently perfectly happy, and capable of answering questions relating to his wants, but wholly unconscious of his real position. Though one or two of his most intimate friends called to see him after he was placed in this asylum, the only visits that he received towards the immediate close of his life, were those of the English clergyman, and this gentleman, to whom I wrote on the subject, draws a melancholy picture of the state of his impaired intellect, when he attempted to excite in it any reflections or recollections of a serious nature. This point is one which certainly ought not to be evaded in the biography of any man; yet, remembering our own errors and infirmities, it should be touched upon with benevolence and charity—not in the pharisaical spirit of, "Stand off, I am holier than thou."

The following is an extract from his letter :—"Mr. Brummell was in an imbecile state when I arrived at Caen, and remained so until his death, incapable of remembering any occurrence five minutes together; but occasionally recalling some anecdote of days long since passed. Mr. Brummell appeared quite incapable of conversing on religious subjects. I failed in every attempt to lead his mind (if he can be said to have retained any power of mind) to their consideration. I never, in the course of my attendance upon the sick, aged, and dying, came in contact with so painful an exhibition of human vanity and apparent ignorance, and thoughtlessness, of and respecting a future state; for I have before visited persons whose mental powers were equally shattered, but still it was possible to touch some chord connected with religion, to which they responded, though perhaps weakly and imperfectly: with him there was some response, when sounded on worldly subjects; none on religious,—until a few hours before he died, when in reply to my repeated entreaties that he would try and pray, he said, 'I do try,' but he added something which made me doubt whether he understood me." About a week before Mr. —— paid him this, his last visit, his debility had continually increased; his hour was evidently approaching fast; nature was completely worn out; and her lamp, which had burnt too frequently before the altars of folly and pleasure, was now on the eve of expiring. This letter of the Rev. gentleman's is but a sad and painful prelude to the description of his last moments, the particulars of which I learned from the nun who had attended him from the time he entered the Bon Sauveur. "On the evening of his death," said that amiable woman, "about an hour before he expired, the debility having become extreme, I observed him assume an appearance of intense anxiety and fear, and he fixed his eyes upon me, with an expression of entreaty, raising his hands towards me, as he lay in the bed, and as though asking

for assistance (*ayant l'air d'implorer que je vienne à son secours,*) but saying nothing. Upon this, I requested him to repeat after me the *acte de contrition* of the Roman ritual, as in our prayer-books. He immediately consented, and repeated after me in an earnest manner (*un air pénétré*) that form of prayer. He then became more composed, and laid his head down on one side; but this tranquillity was interrupted, about an hour after, by his turning himself over, and uttering a cry, at the same time appearing to be in pain; he soon, however, turned himself back, with his face laid on the pillow towards the wall, so as to be hidden from us who were on the other side;—after this he never moved, dying imperceptibly." It was a quarter past nine in the evening of the 30th of March, 1840.

There cannot be a doubt that Brummell must, at some period of his life, have considered the subject of religion: indeed his letter in the ninth chapter of this volume shows that he was neither ignorant of the history of the Romish and Protestant churches, nor insensible to the difference between them; but it is equally certain that, whatever he may have done in early life, he did not, when at Caen, attend the public worship of that in which he had been brought up, even when consul. But though he never supported religion by his example, he was no sneering Sadducee: he never treated it with disrespect, nor ridiculed the observance of its duties in others; on the contrary, he always admonished his young associates if they showed any disposition to joke upon the subject. Unhappily, however, this furnishes no evidence that he ever felt the force or value of it in his life so deeply as he did the want of it in his dying moments, when he yielded to the nun's persuasion, and repeated after her the prayer of her church. Mr. —— says, that to his repeated exhortations that he would pray, he replied, "I do try," but that he "thought, from something he said afterwards, it was uncertain whether he had understood

him or not." Let us hope, however, that he did understand him, and that the words he subsequently murmured, which seemed to cast a doubt upon the subject, were the expressions of a ruined intellect, which had already wandered from the subject. Let us hope, too, that the overwhelming feeling, the "*air pénétré*," was the result of a return of consciousness such as sometimes visits on their death-beds those who are afflicted as he was,—that under its influence he eagerly clung to the support the nun offered him, and that his prayer was accepted by that all-merciful God to whom it was addressed. It was the only tribute that, in that awful moment, his startled mind and "broken and contrite heart" could offer, being then utterly unable to remember a prayer according to the liturgy of his own church. Such was the melancholy end of the gay and admired George Brummell!

Poor Brummell's death caused very little sensation in the town of Caen, for he had disappeared from its *salons* three years before. The English who had shown him kindness had long since left; and, amongst all the young men who had formerly delighted in his society, and interested themselves in his affairs, not one attended to see his remains laid in their last resting-place. They repose in the dreary Protestant cemetery of the town, a wilderness of weeds and fennel, which grow there in rank luxuriance. The grave is surrounded by an iron railing, and on a plain slab of black marble, inserted in the headstone erected by his family, is this inscription:—

In
Memory
of
GEORGE BRUMMELL, ESQ.,
Who departed this life,
On the 29th of March, 1840,
Aged 62 years.

For this discrepancy between the date that I have given

as the one of his death, and that inscribed on the tombstone, I cannot account: it is a singular mistake. The former was taken from the books of registration at the Hôtel de Ville, from which the following is an extract:—

Aujourd'hui trente-unième jour du mois de Mars, l'an mille huit cent quarante, à l'heure de midi, en l'hôtel de ville, devant nous Armand de Bernetz adjoint au maire de Caen; sont comparus Charles Armstrong, consul de Sa Majesté Britannique, et Charles Basile l'Abbé, gardien en la maison du Bon Sauveur, lesquels nous ont déclaré que le jour d'hier, à neuf heures un quart du soir, Georges Bryan Brummell, ancien consul Anglais, âgé de soixante-un ans, célibataire, est décédé en la maison du Bon Sauveur, ce dont nous nous sommes assuré. C'est pourquoi nous avons rédigé le présent acte, &c. &c. Signé, ——.

CONCLUSION.

While feelings of compassion must necessarily predominate at this melancholy termination of a life, the morning of which was so bright and sunny, and the noon seemingly so cloudless, a calm review of the alluring career that led to so long an evening of humiliation and misery, cannot fail to awaken, in the minds of many, reflections of a serious character; not only as connected with the individual himself, but on the society of which he was the courted, brilliant, and pampered ornament. The possession of commanding talents, enormous wealth, or high rank, will generally ensure any man a place in the fashionable world, and he will sometimes be allowed to indulge with impunity follies and caprices, nay, even something more than follies and caprices, that, in others, with less cleverness or riches, or of less aristocratic birth, would never be tolerated;—of this examples might easily be cited, were illustration necessary.

Brummell possessed neither of the foregoing adventitious, but powerful advantages to assist him in establishing himself on his pinnacle of fame, and yet he attained it. Eager for distinction, but conscious that he had not the industry and perseverance requisite to accomplish his purpose in any of the useful and honourable paths selected by other men, he chose an easy and amusing mode of arriving at his object; and, foolishly throwing aside the legitimate connexions and means of advancement that his father had left him, he frittered away the abilities that attracted the attention of Lord Erskine, and the commendation of Crabbe, in the miser-

able ambition of being a man of pleasure, and the leader of a set. Eton and the Tenth introduced him to the highest circles; his patrimony was sufficiently large to allow him to play the idler, and live on terms of intimacy with those he met there; he possessed acquirement enough to encounter any man at a dinner-table; and, with great powers of conversation, had a most extraordinary tact in exposing and satirizing the foibles and *gaucheries* of others. To these qualifications must be added his great elegance of person and manner, the same excellent taste in dress that he had in every thing else, and a fund of droll and ready wit: such accomplishments, with some knowledge of poetry and drawing, and a very creditable acquaintance with general literature, redeem his character from the popular imputation, that he was a mere creature of externals, a successful fop, though he laid the foundation of that opinion by his own humorous absurdities; in short, Brummell was endowed with every quality that could in any way contribute to render him agreeable, amusing, and ornamental, but not one that tended, in the most remote degree, to make him useful. Had the Beau been born an Owenite, it is difficult to say what the community of Utilitarians would have done with him.

As he turned over the pages of life, he found that impudence, well seasoned with wit, was one of the stepping-stones to notoriety; and also that a vain man, of whatever rank, was as easily cowed by ridicule, as a boy of the first form by an incipient Hercules. Of this discovery he took ample advantage, using it both as an offensive and defensive weapon; and, when he had once gained the rostrum of fashionable life, he kept it, and lashed most unmercifully many of those who, in their simplicity, had assisted in placing him there. He cared as little to *ménager* the Prince of Wales as he did his own valet; and when discarded by his Sovereign, he took care to apply the blister exactly on the most

sensitive point. But, whatever were his powers of pleasing or of ridicule, he was totally deficient in the judgment requisite to make the position he obtained by these means, of any solid advantage to him; and, in spite of his intimacies with great people, he did not accomplish either of the principal objects of a sensible man's life, especially in these very hard times,—he neither managed to marry well, nor to get a place—he did not even keep his own.

Yet, up to a certain point, Brummell's success in the line he marked out for himself was complete, and for years he reigned absolute as the dictator of the fashionable section of the London world. He had a run: so had Mesmer, so had mustard seed, Dr. Graham's connubial bed, the metallic tractors of Perkins, tar water, and the well known fox in Whittlebury forest. Like most men, however, whose absurd ambition is to make a great figure in a society which they have but slight, or perhaps no rational ground for entering, he fell a victim to his own vain and aspiring notions; for he at length became unable to meet the heavy calls upon his purse which the habits of such society entailed upon him, and which had never been more prodigal and dissipated since the voluptuous days of Charles the Second. This remark is particularly applicable to that portion of it into which Brummell was so early introduced—the royal circle of the Regency.

Excessive drinking was the prevailing vice of that day; and the presiding genius of the band of wits and epicures that graced the gorgeous halls of Carlton House, undermined his intellect and constitution with draughts of aromatic and luscious alcohol, until the judgment that had once been good, the generous impulses that had once been strong, were weakened and finally destroyed. It was then, when national distress was at its height, and tears accompanied the blessing of the poor man's meal, that debts, to the amount of nearly a million, were

heedlessly contracted, and the grand conceptions of the great Duke of Bridgwater were emulated at the palace,—a canal was seen flowing through the centre of the royal dining-tables full of gold and silver fish!

It was indeed "the gilded not the golden age;" and of those who were unfortunate enough to be tempted into this vortex of pleasure, there were few that did not eventually suffer from the extravagant ideas and dissolute habits acquired and fostered within its luxurious limits. One of them, whose talents had graced the government that their Royal Patron had formed in accordance with his early political principles, whose sparkling wit and convivial powers had so often administered to his pleasures,—the orator and the dramatist,—was doomed to breathe his last with the wretched prospect of having his eyes closed by a bailiff: another, as we have seen, became a fashionable mendicant, lived for four-and-twenty years on the charity of his friends, and died in a mad-house in a foreign country. Many others, more or less distinguished, likewise finished their career in bankruptcy of health, fortune, and peace of mind. But a life of pleasure will always bring with it its own punishment; and it is scarcely possible to conceive any homily, however powerfully written, any advice, however earnestly and kindly given, so calculated to deter those who are entering the world from adopting a course of senseless dissipation, as the contemplation of the last days and death-beds of "the first gentleman of his age," and his intimate companions, the Marquis of H——d and George Brummell.

Towards the close of their lives, these three were, indeed, wretched remnants of reasoning and responsible beings: two of them, struck with paralysis, and deprived of all control over the ordinary functions of nature, must have been truly harrowing objects of contemplation, and distressing to other senses than that of sight; their Royal Friend, when stretched upon his couch of sickness,

surrounded by a perfumed atmosphere, must also have felt, that corruption had seized upon his once elegant form before the grave was open to receive him; and it is said, that when nature reclaimed her earth, and God his soul, he met the unerring reaper of the great and humble with the hopeless exclamation, "Is this death?" The King has had his panegyrists, who have drawn his character in the brightest colours, none more so than his clerical biographer; and many of those who surrounded him in his latter days have very naturally raised their voices in his praise. "All the harm I wish the King," said Brummell, when George the Fourth was fast approaching his end, "is, that he would leave me but a small portion of the sums that the Marchioness of C—— and Sir W. K—— have already received." That Sovereign has also had his calumniators, who have suffered their pens to trace all the scurrilous invectives that mortified vanity and disappointed expectations could dictate—men too, who, at one period of their lives, were glad to accept his favours on his own terms. But to none of these slanderers or obsequious parasites must we turn for a fair estimate of his character; there is a popular voice which speaks more truthfully than a poet laureate, and more generously than the literary assassin—he had his faults, but he had his virtues; and yet, it is to be feared, that voice has declared an unfavourable verdict.

In the last act and deed of the Noble Marquis to whom I have alluded, is to be found the index of *his* life, and, if the reader should require illustrations of that life, he will find them amongst the licentious frescoes of Pompeii. We gaze on the splendid efforts of Poussin's classic pencil, representing the fabulous scenes taken from Pagan lore, and fancy that the old recumbent satyr, surrounded by a group of lewd and intoxicated Bacchantes, pouring over and around him from chalices brimfull the juice of the purple grape, are but the coarse brutalities of that mythology, and of that alone. Not

so; these scenes of heathen profligacy are but the type of those that have been enacted in the nineteenth century, in the *Tempio di Venere* of one of the patrician order of this country; of one, who, educated in the principles of Christianity, and having the means of blessing and being blessed, died without a claim on the genuine gratitude of his fellow creatures; for who were they that surrounded the death-bed of this miserable mortal? Menials, and those who had profited by his ill regulated passions; there was not one individual near him that could be said to have felt disinterested sorrow. Of this man it has been observed, "that he left the world without doing one really kind or generous action" —a dreadful epitaph.

Had Hogarth lived in these days, his burin would probably have handed down to posterity the deeds of this Charteris, this Pan of our times. The Shakespeare of Engravers would have delineated a "Reading of the Will," inferior, perhaps, in execution, but more pointed in its moral than that of the British Teniers. If that impure document had really been read in the presence of all those whom it concerned, the scene would have been one to which his bold and graphic crayon would have done ample justice: he would probably have placed us in the chamber of death, with the coffin dressed out in all the rich trappings of ceremonial mourning; we should have seen the noble relatives hearing with indifference the recital of those clauses which deprived them of wealth, won, not only in the hells of London and Paris, but from their needy, though gallant countrymen at Verdun; he would have immortalized the features of "that excellent man" who administered to his appetites; and round the man of law, he would have grouped the disappointed time-servers, and the base recipients of his favours.

The prostration of the physical powers of this emasculated being, was the effect of excessive indulgence; but

the bodily afflictions of Brummell, though similar, were brought on by different causes; they were the result of worry, poverty, disappointment, and mortification, embittering the close of a life, the early part of which, though not one of uncontrolled licentiousness, had certainly been devoted to pleasure. But, though, for the last two years previously to his being sheltered in a public hospital, he was without one of the thousand comforts which wealth placed at the command of this nobleman, and which palliated, in some degree, the details of such physical abasement, Brummell was at least spared the misery of knowing what his position really was; while his former friend was left to feel, not only that, to its fullest extent, but vexation and regret at the annihilation of his voluptuous pleasures. Despite the possession of vast riches, high rank, and the glittering George, how degraded the life and last moments of such a man, who, surrounded by the panders and minions of his excesses, "dies, and makes no sign!" How immeasurably inferior to the life and death of the honest, but erring artizan, who, after struggling for years through "a sea of troubles," is at last borne down by accumulated misery and privation, and drowns his cares in gin. No hireling stands by his bedside, watching with impatience for the moment that shall put him in possession of a degrading legacy: ere his spirit leaves the world, and his senses are obscured for ever, his humble mind reverts to his Redeemer; he may at least fix his glassy eye upon some object of affection; his last smile is thrown upon the wife he has cherished, or the child for whom he has laboured, but in vain, and lingers in death on his rigid features—the remembrance of this is *their* reward.

The chief causes that led to the decline and fall of ancient Rome, were the enervated licentiousness, low follies, and unbounded extravagance, of her emperors and patricians; not the political and social vices of her citizens, though they also contributed their share of

corruption. Open and unblushing depravity, like that of the late Duke of Queensberry and the Marquis of H——d, (who, inheriting his money, seems to have surpassed him in profligacy,) is, happily for our country, rarely seen; but, towards the close of the last century, extravagance became one of her characteristic vices, and it has gone on gradually increasing up to the present time: the engrossing object of each class being, apparently, to discover how it may best ape and rival the one above it, independently of every one endeavouring to outdo his neighbour in his own. Men who once possessed a rent-roll equal to the annual revenues of half-a-dozen German principalities, are outlawed, or emigrate to the Continent, and live from hand to mouth on the wreck of their splendid fortunes, or the contributions of their relatives and friends. What was the result of a serious consultation with the family lawyer, previously to the recent breaking up of the establishment of a Noble Earl, at which his Countess was present—tears of repentance at their extravagance? or a fit of hysterics, at the loss of her jewels and seasons in town? Neither—the lovely little simpleton is said to have run giggling from the library to the drawing-room, the family pictures and furniture in which were probably already pledged, and where some of her hangers-on were waiting to know the worst, and exclaimed, "Well, good people, now do guess what there is left." No one answered, though, perhaps, her manner had suddenly raised their hopes—"Six hundred a-year."

The two following anecdotes further illustrate the ridiculous notions of this set of fashionable noodles. According to the fiat of a noble outlaw, who long ago disappeared from the world, it is impossible to live in England, like a gentleman, under forty thousand pounds a-year. Having once had the means of acting up to such magnificent ideas, what extreme weakness to bring himself to a condition, so much below a just estimate of that character in his own eyes.

This grandiloquent assertion is of the same stamp as a reply that Brummell had the credit of giving, and seriously, to a widow lady of fashion, who asked him what sum her son would require to enable him to dress like the rest of the world? "My dear Madam, with strict economy, it might be done for eight hundred a-year." The Quarterly Review observes, that these are humorously selected instances of the absurdity of extravagant expenditure; "one man who spent all his wife's money, and lives in compulsory exile, another who wasted his talents in the frivolous ambition of being leader of the dandies, and is now deserted and forgotten by everybody, must, to be sure, have been very fine judges of what were the proper expenses of an English gentleman." The observation of the reviewer, in reference to the first of these two celebrated characters, is perfectly just; but is it not possible, nay, even probable, that Brummell, with his disposition for playing people off, was amusing himself at the lady's expense? as previously to his leaving London, he must, for many years, have adorned his elegant self for much less.

The extremes of affluence and destitution that exist at the present period are striking features in our social state, and they have become so great, that, if the latter remain unmitigated, the contrast will be too powerful not to have the effect of increasing the discontent which already prevails, and producing the most ruinous consequences; not that the misery of the destitute is so much aggravated by the fact, that others are in the possession of immense riches, as it is by a thoughtless and vicious misuse of them, which plays upon and excites their feelings. Those who suffer from the gnawing experience of penury do not reason; yet their ill-will is not originally pointed against those of benevolent disposition, however exalted by rank or wealth; but against those who disgrace the former, and use the latter without sense or charity: once exasperated by *them*, they grow regardless of distinctions,

and the just and kind of the same class are confounded with them, and included in their detestation.

Nothing contributed so powerfully to encourage a wanton and silly extravagance as the influence and example of George the Fourth: of his reckless expenditure and deplorable want of taste, the Pavilion remains a melancholy and ludicrous monument, resembling as it does a group of teapots, candlesticks, and extinguishers; and though the Court, in the succeeding and present reigns, has acted upon and exhibited principles and habits, in every way a perfect contrast to those which that Sovereign adopted, it can scarcely be hoped that the amiable and well-regulated example it now offers to the country, will eradicate, however it may discountenance, the spirit of inconsiderate prodigality which he infused into the upper classes of society.

Lamentable indeed are the specimens of disgraceful folly displayed by that section of it which may be denominated the aristocracy of pleasure, now so frequently exposed in the public prints. By such evidence, unfortunately no idle slander, who do we find made the turf a by-word for infamy of the lowest description? Whose jockey threw himself off, to avoid winning a race that his master had backed him to lose? Who clean lads out, and then excuse themselves upon the plea that when young they were treated in a similar manner? Who marks the cards? Who becomes the stake-holder of the price of a woman's seduction? Who is the prosecutor of his own strumpet, and by that means becomes the herald of his own gross tastes? And who are the fashionable bill-brokers, the jackals of eldest sons, and the willing instruments of their vices? Who? Unworthy members of the second estate, fashionable commoners, their dependants and toadies, and men who, having been enabled by money or interest to enter the profession of arms, have subsequently thought fit to engraft upon it the dirty occupation of usurers!

This is perhaps the most favourable opportunity for contrasting Brummell and his school with the coarse and riotous set of his own day, and the vulgar and worthless portion of fashionable society in the present. "On my first introduction to Carlton House," says one of the Beau's apologists, the epigrammatic Cecil, "during the favour of Brummell, Alvanley, and that set, there shone on the mill-pond a gleam of sunshine, such as Ruysdael or Hobbima would throw over their landscapes:" and he elsewhere observes, that "the Brummell school, if effeminate, conceited, and frivolous in their pursuit of pleasure, pursued it at least with less peril to his Majesty's lieges than the rufflers of more recent times. Melton, which owed its origin to their sportsmanship,* still attests that they were good riders and good fellows, though they smashed neither turnpike-gates nor policemen: they drank their claret without forcing buckets of gin down the throats of the swell mob; and, like certain insect tribes which prey upon each other, their victims were sought and found in their own order of society. It is not always that the scum floating on the surface of every great capital is of so innoxious a nature: theirs was the foam of champagne, not the frothing of *cocculus indicus*."

As the welfare of this nation depends as much on causes connected with its social state, as on those connected with its government or commercial prosperity, it is not astonishing that the country should execrate the existence of such a class as Cecil describes by the figurative phrase, "the frothing of *cocculus indicus*," and which has been identified by the notorious instances I have alluded to. The conduct of this set has done more to shake the fabric of society, and to lower and discredit the order to which some of them unluckily belong, than all the agitation and clamour of captious and conceited demagogues; for, the fact that the possession of a coronet makes a man's follies or vices doubly mischievous,

* Query.

is as indisputably true as it is pre-eminently unjust to condemn the whole peerage because some individuals of it are profligate men. Hundreds of commoners are to be found as bad, but they pass unobserved in the crowd in which the coronet makes the peer a marked man. It should also be borne in mind, especially in these days when the love of change and innovation is so rife, and Magna Charta scarcely remembered, that while the nobility of other great nations have neglected to show and maintain a high moral feeling, and have impeded the progress of rational liberty, it is to the predecessors of ours, to the barons of old, that England owes the earliest recognition of her political and social freedom. It is to their sturdy opposition to the encroachments of the Crown that the people are indebted for the liberal character of the constitution; and throughout the troubles or glories of English history, the effects of their noble conduct on that of their countrymen and descendants may be traced. We may indeed look over Europe in vain in search of a body of men who, taken generally and collectively, are endowed with more generous sentiments, solid information, or patriotic feeling. Shall we find them amongst our neighbours, whose *noblesse*, from having followed an opposite course, has been reduced to a very mockery of rank and aristocracy? or shall we seek for them amongst the slave-owners of Russia? In Hungary, or perhaps in Sweden, may be found a nobility that more nearly resembles that of Great Britain.

On the character and conduct of the peerage, the preservation of a high tone of feeling in our social condition materially depends, and the maintenance of the integrity of their order in the state is as necessary to that object as it is to the existence of the constitution: to endeavour, therefore, to lower their just prerogatives, or to libel them as a body, is not only discreditable, but insane. But they must uphold their own dignity, and purge their order of the scum, the "frothing of *cocculus*

indicus," that has of late manifested itself amongst them: for as the notoriety consequent upon vicious excesses is far greater than ever attends a quiet and benevolent routine of life, they will, if they neglect to do this, induce a growing contempt for their rank and privileges, and provide arguments by which those, who neither understand their usefulness, nor estimate their many virtues, will strenuously seek to injure them in the eyes of their countrymen. There are many members of this class who mix but little with the fashionable world, but the quiet utility and happy influence of whose lives and character, though unfelt and unappreciated at Almack's or Crockford's, extend far and wide round their own hall doors. Some there are also, who, while they enjoy the pleasures of that world, do not forget the responsibilities attached to their position, and who devote both time, talents, and energy to the public service and to the exercise of private benevolence; and some there are who, like Brummell, miserably waste their capabilities in one everlasting routine of dissipation and trivialities.

But even these should not be confounded with that worthless set of which I have spoken, whose conduct would not be tolerated by the respectable of any class, and is only equalled by the dregs of the very lowest. In Brummell, however, though there was much to amuse, there was little to admire or to commend, and it is probable that many of those who chose him as an agreeable acquaintance, would have hesitated to accord him their esteem. He realized in his person all Lord Chesterfield's ideas of a gentleman, and his worldly principles and rules of life also coincided with his lordship's notions of that character: let us recollect, however, that Brummell wore the bells of folly rather than the brand of vice; that he was neither a drunkard, nor a sensualist; and when comparing him with many of those who surrounded him, we may even find grounds for a modified panegyric, if such an expression be admissible. He had no striking

virtues, and lived for the enjoyment of the passing hour; yet in this respect he was no exception to those who constituted the world of fashion in his day, or do so in the present: there were, and are, thousands like him, neither better nor worse as to principles or feelings, but far his inferiors both in manners and tastes.

An elderly epicure, one of his contemporaries, in writing to a French friend, speaks of him thus: "Son caractère n'avait pas d'attrait pour moi. Il fut toujours considéré comme le prince des parasites et des flaneurs de son temps; il ne pouvait ni faire, ni conserver, de véritables amis parmi les gens de bien; et quant à moi, j'ai peu de sympathie avec les gens dont le siège du cœur est dans *l'estomac*, et qui ne cultivent avec succès que l'art de dîner en ville." This is caustic enough, and sufficiently droll, considering that the heart of the venerable critic had gravitated to the same region; but it is incorrect. Though fond of associating with great people, Brummell was never a tuft-hunter in the mean sense of the word; from a very early period of his life he lived with whom he pleased; he could command this by his superior manners and agreeable qualities, and never feared losing his place in society by being seen to notice persons of a lower grade; he knew his own powers too well for that. Never, until he was screwed up by the hydraulic press of poverty, did he lose his independence; it was complete everywhere, not only amongst his titled friends, but also with the Prince of Wales. When a favourite, he was never a parasite; and it is quite a mistake to suppose, that he owed his intimacy with the Heir-apparent to any thing approaching to servility, though certainly His Royal Highness was never destitute of flatterers; nor, unfortunately for himself, was he very unwilling to listen to their adulation. "Every one, from the highest to the lowest," says a contemporary writer, "conspired to spoil George Brummell; and who that knew him well could deny that, with all his faults, he was

the most gentlemanly and agreeable of companions? Never was there a man who, during his career, had so much influence in society." No one can refuse to admit this; and few will be disposed to doubt, that Brummell must have had some redeeming qualities, to secure the friendship of several members of the Royal family; to have been admitted to the intimacy of many men of the highest character in the country; and to have retained for so many years a hold upon their sympathies.

"Amongst the present generation," says the author from whose work the preceding extract was taken, "none have aspired to take his place; not only from a want of talent, but because, in his day, it was considered necessary that a well-bred man should still have some little tincture of the old school of politeness, and that feeling is now totally exploded." It is, indeed, highly improbable that a repetition of George Brummell will ever be seen, but not for the foregoing reasons only; the framework of fashionable society is so altered since his day, and the difficulties of entering it are so much diminished, that no great meed of praise would be accorded to any man who should be successful in the same line. But, even in the article of dress, it is doubtful whether he has left an equal, and the good taste displayed by him and his contemporaries is no longer seen; trowsers ruined our legs, and Macintosh has done pretty nearly the same thing for our bodies. On this point, however, one individual has, by a foreign author, been considered worthy of being mentioned as his successor, and the reader will no doubt be as much surprised and amused as I was on reading the name of the person thus indicated: "Le dirai-je," observes Monsieur Amédée Pichot dans son Voyage Historique et Littéraire en Angleterre et Ecosse, when speaking of the world of fashion and its frivolities, "Le Duc de Wellington lui-même est dans le monde le plus insignifiant des petits-mâitres;" and, in alluding to Brummell, he afterwards remarks, "Je ne sais aux mains

de qui son sceptre à passé aujourd'hui (1825); j'ai déja nommé le Général de Waterloo comme un des prétendans." But no one appears to have been so anxious that justice should be done the Beau's memory as Cecil Danby. "Our grand-nephews," he says, "will behold in George Brummell a great reformer, a man who dared to be cleanly in the dirtiest of times; a man who compelled gentlemen to quit the coach-box, and assume a place in their own carriage; a man who induced the ingenuous youth of Britain to prove their valour otherwise than by thrashing superannuated watchmen; a man, in short, who will survive for posterity as Charlemagne of the great empire of Clubs." Without waiting to discuss whether these were, or were not, "the dirtiest of times," it should be observed that combs, and hair and nail brushes, were not then in general and indiscriminate use amongst the members of the clubs in St. James's street; now, they are not only to be found in the dressing-rooms of White's and Brookes's, but in those of every other club in London. I have not yet heard of tooth-brushes, but that is a matter of taste; *l'appetit vient en mangeant.* I will further remark, in addition to these abominations, that the consumption of ornamental wafers is enormous, and that thousands of her Majesty's loyal subjects daily spit upon their Queen's head.

In conclusion, I leave Brummell's claim to a reputation for *usefulness* to his friend Cecil Danby; but I cannot on my conscience sanction an assertion that would deprive Lord John R——l of the credit of being the "great reformer" of this century. As to the Beau's immortality, I fear it will be far more evanescent than that of the tailor Stultz; for the memory of the Baron is perpetuated in cast-iron, on the road from Kehl to Fribourg. The poodle, even, of Count d'O——y has the advantage of him, for *he* has been immortalized by the pencil of Landseer, and succeeding generations will admire the dog, when his master is clean forgotten. But

where, indeed, is this Antinous now? the Park and Longchamps echo, "Where?" where will he be some twenty years hence? I sincerely hope, not like poor Brummell, in a Bon Sauveur; and the vigorous and comprehensive mind, that had the *courage morale* to wear a sky-blue coat, and the tightest of pantaloons, going, going, gone!—without leaving one essay on the philosophy of dress, or one *brochure* on whiskers. Alas! for the renown of such men. Lucius Verus was an emperor, or he would never have been remembered as a Beau; and it is greatly to be dreaded, that in spite of his ardent admirer, Cecil, his friend and panegyrist, Mr. Thomas Raikes, and his satirical censor, Pelham—in spite of Beppo, and the stanza in Don Juan—nay, in spite even of his *tie*—that posterity will hardly accord to George Bryan Brummell one line in the annals of history.

APPENDIX.

PATIENCE is certainly one of the most valuable qualities of the human mind, and, when that of a reader has been tried by two volumes octavo, few persons, at any rate few authors, will feel disposed to question the validity of his claim to that virtue. But there is a point at which the most patient become impatient, and those who read these memoirs to the close without murmuring at their length, (if indeed there should be any such,) will in all probability, and with great justice, exclaim, Why am I to be tormented with an Appendix? How is it that my eyes are not suffered to repose on the two monosyllables that have supplanted the time honoured Finis—THE END?

My answer to these questions is—that necessity, which the reader will admit has no law, compelled me to adopt this course, for the materials of which the following chapter is composed were only sent to me while the last sheets of this volume were going through the press. Had they come into my possession at an earlier period, they would, it is true, have been more acceptable; but even now, though it is impossible to introduce them in those parts of the narrative to which they more properly apply, I think they will not be deemed superfluous. Of the authenticity of these mysterious materials, (I say mysterious, because they were addressed to me and forwarded to the publisher by some person or persons unknown,) there seems little reason to entertain any doubt, for some of the anecdotes are from the pen of

one of Brummell's contemporaries, who appears not a little anxious that justice should be done to the independent spirit of his friend. To avoid confusion, I have, with some little attention to routine in the arrangement, formed the whole of this anonymous gossip into one letter; and preserving, as nearly as possible, the words in which it was communicated to me, I now present it to the reader. My principal Junius commences thus :—

Sir, I see by an advertisement in the newspapers, that you are about to publish some account of the once celebrated George Brummell. I happened to know him well enough to be aware that a very false impression respecting him exists amongst young men of the present generation; and there are certain anecdotes told respecting him, of which very inaccurate versions are given, I more particularly allude to those of the "Snuff Box," and the "Fat Friend."

I knew Brummell at Eton; he was in the fifth form, and I in the Lower school, but I well remember his appearance—he had a fair, florid complexion, and a quantity of light curly hair, which it was the fashion in those days to wear long enough to hang upon the shoulders. He was a strong, muscular boy, with short limbs; and I can, even now, distinctly recollect seeing him, with thick shoes and striped worsted stockings drawn over his knees, (quite clean and tight,) going to play at foot-ball—in summer he used to be on the river, not at cricket in the playing fields. The first time I saw him is thoroughly impressed upon my recollection. I was returning at night from my tutor's, who lived at a house which has since then been Dame Angelo's; while coming along the lane I heard music, and, on clearing the end of the house, which was then Harrington's, since then Holt's, I saw three boys dressed in fantastic dresses, making a mock serenade under the window of Miss Susan Heath, the eldest daughter of the Head Master. The instruments which thus interpreted their feelings for this lady were a

hurdy-gurdy, a triangle, and a French horn, the last being played by Brummell *mi;* who held the other two, I do not remember, but the scene was so infinitely amusing, that I could never forget it. I did not at that time know his name, but I soon learnt it; afterwards I was often fagged by him, and his gaiety and good-nature to lower boys were felt and acknowledged.

He must have left Eton early in 1794; he had then a high nose, which was broken down by a kick from a horse soon after he went into the Tenth Dragoons, and the good looks he carried from Eton were greatly impaired by that unlucky accident. In the regiment he soon became the pet of the officers, and, after a time, was invited, as a matter of course, into whatever society the Prince of Wales frequented. He began life with about forty thousand pounds; his father had been a kind of secretary to the first Earl of Liverpool, and the position that young Brummell won for himself in early life, ill accorded with that which he was born to, and in which many grave persons thought he should have continued.

Lady Hester Stanhope took him to task for what she called his presumption, and for the airs he gave himself, ending with an exhortation to bear himself more humbly. Brummell's answer was this: "My dear Lady Hester, if I were to do as you advise me, do you think I could stand in the middle of the pit at the opera, and beckon to Lorne[1] on one side, and Villiers[2] on the other, *and see them come to me?*" I also recollect being told by one of the leading fashionables of my day, that when Lady Charlotte Jenkinson[3] came out, in all the pride of youth and her *début*, her father, Lord Liverpool, was told that she had danced with Mr. George Brummell;

[1] George William, sixth and late Duke of Argyle, already mentioned as one of Brummell's companions at Belvoir, and a kind friend to him when living at Calais.

[2] The present Earl of Jersey.

[3] The present Lady Verulam.

on hearing which the old Lord, remembering only the situation which his father had held under him, and knowing nothing of his son's real position in society, objected to him as an unfit partner for his daughter, and desired that such an occurrence might not happen again.

After Brummell left Eton, I saw nothing of him for many years: he lived with his regiment, and in the society of the Prince of Wales, until the rupture took place between them. I know not what version you have got of that important incident in Brummell's life,—mine is as follows. Brummell had never taken pains to please Mrs. Fitzherbert, who persuaded the Prince that his young associate laughed at and spoke disrespectfully of him behind his back. There was at this time a celebrated boxer called Big Ben; there was also a vulgar corpulent man, who rode daily in the Park, (as the Prince did then, on a remarkable roan horse,) whose name was Benjamin something or other, and Brummell got into the habit of speaking of the Prince of Wales amongst his intimates as "Our Ben:" this, and other expressions of a similar nature, were repeated to the Prince, who was gradually set against him.

It was, I believe, (at least such was generally reported to be the case at the clubs) shortly after this that Charles Ellis[1] invited the Prince to a party at Claremont: Brummell went as a matter of course, but the Prince met him almost at the door, and told him, with much tenderness of manner, that his presence was offensive to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and that the party would be destroyed if he did not return to London. The chaise was immediately turned round at the door, back to town went Brummell, and, from that moment, all intercourse with the Prince of Wales ceased; for when the misunderstanding once took place, Mrs. Fitzherbert and her friends rapidly effected their object, and the estrangement became complete on both sides.

[1] The present Lord Seaford.

With this event, which, if I recollect right, took place about the year 1804, was connected the much talked-of incident of the snuff-box. It was the fashion in those days to indulge in a luxury of snuff-boxes. I have seen at Sir George C——d's a tray handed round the table covered with such boxes, to be examined and criticised. Brummell had also a collection chosen with his singular sagacity and good taste, and one of them had been seen and admired by the Prince, who said, "Brummell, this box must be mine; go to Gray's, and order any box you like in lieu of it." Brummell begged that it might be one with his Royal Highness's miniature; and the Prince, pleased and flattered at the suggestion, gave his assent to the request. Accordingly, the box was ordered, and Brummell took great pains with the pattern and form, as well as with the miniature and the diamonds round it. When some progress had been made, the portrait was shown to the Prince, who was charmed with it, suggested slight improvements and alterations, and took the liveliest interest in the work as it proceeded. All in fact was on the point of being concluded when the scene at Claremont took place. A day or two after this, Brummell thought he might as well go to Gray's and inquire about the box: he did so, and was told that special directions had been sent by the Prince of Wales that the box was not to be delivered: it never was, nor was the one returned for which it was to have been an equivalent. It was this, I believe, more than any thing besides, which induced Brummell to bear himself with such unbending hostility towards the Prince of Wales. He felt that he had treated him unworthily, and, from this moment, he indulged himself by saying the bitterest things. When pressed by poverty, however, and, as I suppose, somewhat broken in spirit, he at a later period recalled the Prince's attention to the subject of the snuff-box. Colonel Cooke (who was at Eton called "Cricketer Cooke," afterwards known as "Kangaroo Cooke,") when passing

through Calais saw Brummell, who told him the story, and requested that he would inform the Prince Regent that the promised box had never been given, and that he was now constrained to recall the circumstance to his recollection. The Regent's reply was—"Well, Master Kang, as for the box it is all nonsense, but I suppose the poor devil wants a hundred guineas, and he shall have them;" and it was in this ungracious manner that the money was sent, received, and acknowledged.[1]

I have lived long enough in the world to know that it is useless to "kick against the pricks," to defend poor Brummell, and, in so doing, to assail the once glorious Prince of Wales; the experiment, even in these days, is not worth hazarding; but be assured, that there is nothing so true of George the Fourth, as what an officer of his daughter's household once said to me; "He hates without a cause, and never forgives." But Brummell, before he sunk under the pressure of poverty, always withstood the Prince of Wales, like a man whose feelings had been injured. Well do I remember an instance of this, one night after the opera. I was standing near the stove of the lower waiting-room, talking to several persons, of whom *one* is now alive. The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was also standing there, and waiting for his carriage, which used to drive up what was then Market-lane, now the Opera Arcade. Presently, Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends, and not seeing the Prince or his party, he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed out, Brummell was gradually pressed backwards, until he was all but driven against the Regent, who distinctly saw him, but who of course would not move. In order to stop him, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the Prince's suite tapped him on the back, when Brummell immediately

[1] I have heard Brummell speak of this affair of the snuff-box, but never heard him say that he received the hundred guineas.

turned sharply round, and saw that there was not much more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales's. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move; they looked straight into each other's eyes; the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail, or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step, till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince. It is impossible to describe the impression made by this scene on the by-standers; there was in his manner nothing insolent, nothing offensive; by retiring with his face to the Regent he recognized his rank, but he offered no apology for his inadvertence, (as a mere stranger would have done,) no recognition as an acquaintance; as man to man, his bearing was adverse and uncompromising. This was the footing on which they then stood, and on which they still continued to stand to each other, when that incident took place, which has been so often misrepresented, and of which I know not what version you may have received—I mean when Brummell said, in the Prince's hearing, "Who's your fat friend?"

Lord Alvanley, Brummell, Henry Pierrepoint, and Sir Harry Mildmay, gave at the Hanover-square rooms a fête, which was called the Dandies' ball. Alvanley was a friend of the Duke of York's; Harry Mildmay young, and had never been introduced to the Prince; Pierrepoint knew him slightly, and Brummell was at daggers-drawing with his Royal Highness. No invitation, therefore, was sent to the Prince, but the ball excited much interest and expectation; and to the surprise of the Amphitryons, a communication was received from his Royal Highness, intimating his wish to be present. Nothing, therefore, was left, but to send him an invitation, which was done in due form, and in the names of the

four spirited givers of the ball. The next question was, how they were to receive their guest, which, after some discussion, was arranged thus:—When the approach of the Prince was announced, each of the four gentlemen took, in due form, a candle in his hand. Pierrepoint, as knowing the Prince, stood nearest the door, with his wax light, and Mildmay, as being young and void of offence, opposite. Alvanley, with Brummell opposite, stood immediately within the other two. The Prince at length arrived, and, as was expected, spoke civilly and with recognition to Pierrepoint, and then turned, and spoke a few words to Mildmay;—advancing, he addressed several sentences to Alvanley, and then turned towards Brummell, looked at him, but as if he did not know who he was, or why he was there, and without bestowing upon him the slightest symptom of recognition. It was then, at the very instant he passed on, that Brummell, seizing with infinite fun and readiness the notion that they were unknown to each other, said across to his friend, and aloud, for the purpose of being heard, "Alvanley, who's your fat friend?" Those who were in front, and saw the Prince's face, say that he was cut to the quick, by the aptness of the satire.

That Brummell seized every opportunity that came in his way of teazing the Regent, may be judged from the following circumstance, which passed before my own eyes:—His Royal Highness was going to the Picture-Gallery in Pall-mall, and Brummell, who was walking with some other man about ten yards in front of me, was exactly opposite the door of the exhibition, as the low dark-red carriage stopped. Brummell evidently saw it, and saw who was in it, though he pretended not to do so, and when the two sentries presented arms, he, with an air of affected surprise and mock dignity, which was most amusing, gravely raised his hat, as if the salute had been to him: as he did this he paused, turning his head very graciously towards the sentries, and his back to the

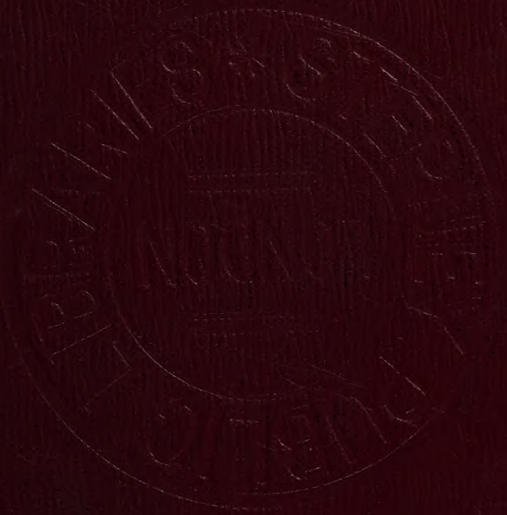
carriage window, which he was quite close to. I saw, as I passed, the Regent's angry look, but he said nothing. There was a time in my life when I used to meet Brummell very frequently at suppers, which then took place at White's after the opera: there are, however, many still living, who knew him more intimately than I did. He was not a *fop*, as many now think he was: he was better dressed than any man of his day, and we should all have dressed like him if we could have accomplished it. The tie of the neckcloth, and the polished surface of the boot-top, were then great objects of attention, and no one rivalled him in those attributes.

His great power, however, was in his conversation: no one got the better of him in the bantering, humorous sort of talk which suits London clubs and drawing-rooms; in this qualification he was certainly the strongest man of his day. I greatly enjoyed and delighted in his lively and odd turns of expression, and unexpected amusing views and thoughts: he was never profound, never learned, but always gay, and to the point: every-day incidents, people, and things, were the subjects best suited to his purpose. Thirty years ago, I could have repeated numberless specimens of his droll turns in conversation; one only occurs to me at the moment: "Come to Brighton, my dear fellow," he said to the present Lord Liverpool, then Cecil Jenkinson, "let us be off to-morrow; we'll eat currant-tart, and live in chintz and salt-water." This is a specimen of the ludicrous manner in which he expressed the commonest thoughts. The power of Brummell's conversational talents, however, was amongst men; I think that women distrusted and feared him; he made more than one attempt to connect himself by marriage with some one of the great families at whose houses he visited; but he had no success in that endeavour; and I cannot call to mind any particular *liaison*, of any kind, which marked his influence over women.

Brummell's reputation, as it stands amongst those who

did not know him, is far below that which his accomplishments justly entitle him to. In thus addressing you, I have no other motive but to aid in showing that he was no ordinary man, that he had great powers in society, and won his way by them. His education was defective, and he had no steady principles; he lived for himself and society, without higher or nobler motives; but he was not a mere insolent puppy, as some imagine, &c., &c.

To the anonymous individuals who communicated these memoranda I beg leave to offer my best thanks. To my principal correspondent I feel particularly indebted; for, as it is very possible that Brummell's character, under my delineation, may not be drawn with that accuracy which he, in his praiseworthy zeal for his friend, could wish it to be, the insertion of his own opinions has given him an opportunity of correcting any unfavourable impressions that mine may have made.

I will also add, (this time positively in conclusion,) that should any other of Brummell's contemporaries or friends feel disposed to favour me with a little more gossip, they will, if of the fair sex, secure my everlasting admiration, and if of my own, a deep conviction of their good-nature.—Reader, *Vale!*

THE END.